Ben. Johnson's

PLAYS,

IN

TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING,

EPICŒNE: or, the SILENT WOMAN.
EVERY MAN in his HUMOUR.
EVERY MAN out of his HUMOUR.
The *ALCHEMIST.*

DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL,

For GEORGE RISK, GEORGE EWING, and WILLIAM SMITH, Booksellers, in *Dame's-street.*

MDCC XXIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPICOENE,

OR, THE

SILENT WOMAN.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES.

By *BEN. JOHNSON.*

Ut ſis tu ſimilis Celî, Byrrhique latronum,
Non ego ſim Caprî, neque Sulcî. Cur metuas me?
Horat.

DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL,

For GEORGE RISK at *Shakeſpear's* Head, GEORGE EWING at the *Angel* and *Bible*, and WILLIAM SMITH at the *Hercules*, Bookſellers in *Dame's-ſtreet*,

MDCCXXIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the truly Noble by all Titles,

Sir *Francis Stuart.*

SIR,

MY Hope is not ſo nouriſh'd by Example, as it will conclude, that this dumb Piece ſhou'd pleaſe you, becauſe it hath pleas'd others before: But by Truſt, that when you have read it, you will find it worthy to have diſpleas'd none. This makes, that I now number you, not only in the Names of Favour, but the Names of Juſtice, to what I write, and do preſently call you to the Exerciſe of that nobleſt and manlieſt Virtue, as coveting rather to be freed in my Fame, by the Authority of a Judge, than the Credit of an Undertaker. Read therefore, I pray you, and cenſure. There is not a Line or Syllable in it changed from the Simplicity of the firſt Copy. And, when you ſhall conſider, through the certain Hatred of ſome, how much a Man's Innocency may be endanger'd by an uneven Accuſation; you will, I doubt not, ſo begin to hate the Iniquity of ſuch Natures, as I ſhall love the Contumely done me, whoſe end was ſo honourable, as to be wiped off by your Sentence.

Your unprofitable, but true Lover,

Ben. Johnſon.

PROLOGUE.

Truth says, of old, the Art of making Plays
Was to content the People; and their praise
Was to the Poet Money, Wine, and Bays.
But in this Age, a Sect of Writers are,
That, only, for particular likings care,
And will taste nothing that is popular.
With such we mingle neither Brains nor Breasts;
Our Wishes, like to those make publick Feasts,
Are not to please the Cooks taste, but the Guests.
Yet, if those cunning Palates hither come,
They shall find Guests entreaty, and good room;
And though all relish not, sure there will be some,
That, when they leave their Seats, shall make 'em say,
Who wrote that Piece, could so have wrote a Play:
But that, he knew, this was the better way.
For, to present all Custard, or all Tart,
And have no other Meats to bear a part,
Or to want Bread, and Salt, were but course Art.
The Poet prays you then, with better thought
To sit; and, when his Cates are all in brought,
Though there be none far-fet, there will dear bought,
Be fit for Ladies: some for Lords, Knights, Squires;
Some for your waiting Wench, and City-wires;
Some for your Men, and Daughters of White-Fryers.
Nor is it, only, while you keep your Seat
Here, that his Feast will last; but you shall eat
A week at Ordinaries on his broken Meat:
If his Muse be true,
Who commends her to you.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER.

THE ends of all, who for the Scene do write,
Are, or ſhould be, to Profit, and Delight.
And ſtill 't hath been the Praiſe of all beſt Times,
So Perſons were not touch'd, to tax the Crimes.
Then, in this Play, which we preſent to Night,
And make the Object of your Ear, and Sight,
On forfeit of your ſelves, think nothing true,
Leſt ſo you make the maker to judge you;
For he knows, Poet never Credit gain'd,
By writing Truths, but things (like Truths) well feign'd.
If any, yet, will (with particular ſlight
Of application) wreſt what he doth write;
And that he meant, or him, or her, will ſay,
They make a Libel, which he made a Play.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MOroſe, *a Gentleman that loves not Noiſe.*
Daup Eugene, *a Knight, his Nephew.*

Clerimont, *a Gent. his Friend.*

True-wit, *another Friend.*

Epicœne, *a young Gent. ſuppos'd the Sil. Wom.*

Joh. Daw, *a Knight, her Servant.*

Amarous La-Fool, *a Knight alſo.*

Thom. Otter, *a Land and Sea-Captain.*

Cutberd, *a Barber.*

Mute, *One of* Moroſe *his Servants.*

Mad. Haughty,
Mad. Centaure, } *Ladies Collegiate.*
Mad. Mavis,

Mrs. Mavis, *the Lady* Haughty's *Woman.*

Mrs. Otter, *the Captain's Wife.*

Pretenders.

Parſon. Pages. Servants.

The SCENE *LONDON.*

EPI-

EPICOENE,

OR, THE

Silent Woman.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Clerimont, Boy, True-wit.

HA' you got the Song yet perfect I ga' you, Boy?

[*He comes out making himself ready.*

Boy. Yes, Sir.

Cler. Let me hear it.

Boy. You ſhall, Sir; but i' faith let no body elſe.

Cler. Why, I pray?

Boy. It will get you the dangerous Name of a Poet in Town, Sir; beſides, me a perfect deal of ill-will at the Manſion you wot of, whoſe Lady is the Argument of it, where now I am the welcom'ſt Thing under a Man that comes there.

Cler. I think, and above a Man too, if the Truth were rackt out of you.

Boy. No faith, I'll confeſs before, Sir. The Gentlewomen play with me, and throw me o' the Bed; and car-

ry me into my Lady; and ſhe kiſſes me with her oil'd Face; and puts a Perruke o' my Head; and asks me an' I will wear her Gown? and I ſay, no: And then ſhe hits me a Blow o' the Ear, and calls me Innocent, and lets me go.

Cler. No Marvel, if the Door be kept ſhut againſt your Maſter, when the Entrance is ſo eaſy to you — well, Sir, you ſhall go there no more, leſt I be fain to ſeek your Voice in my Lady's Ruſhes, a fortnight hence. Sing, Sir. [*Boy ſings.*

Tru. Why, here's the Man that can melt away his time, and never feels it! what, between his Miſtreſs abroad, and his Engle at home, high Fare, ſoft Lodgings, fine Clothes, and his Fiddle; he thinks the Hours ha' no Wings, or the Day no Poſt-horſe. Well, Sir Gallant, were you ſtruck with the Plague this Minute, or condemn'd to any capital Puniſhment to Morrow, you would begin then to think, and value every Particle o' your Time, eſteem it at the true Rate, and give all for't.

Cler. Why what ſhould a Man do?

Tru. Why, nothing: or that, which when 'tis done, is as idle. Hearken after the next Horſe-race, or Hunting-match; lay Wagers, praiſe Puppy, or Pepper-corn, White-foot, Franklin; ſwear upon Whitemains Party; ſpeak aloud, that my Lords may hear you; viſit my Ladies at Night, and be able to give 'em the Character of every Bowler or Bettor o' the Green, Theſe be the Things, wherein your faſhionable Men exerciſe themſelves, and I for Company.

Cler. Nay, if I have thy Authority, I'll not leave yet. Come, the other are Conſiderations, when we come to have grey Heads, and weak Hams, moiſt Eyes, and ſhrunk Members. We'll think on 'em then; then we'll pray, and faſt.

Tru. I, and deſtine only that Time of Age to Goodneſs, which our Want of Ability will not let us employ in Evil?

Cler. Why, then 'tis Time enough.

Tru. Yes; as if a Man ſhould ſleep all the Term, and think to effect his Buſineſs the laſt Day, O, *Clerimont*, this time, becauſe it is an incorporeal thing, and not ſubject to Senſe, we mock our ſelves the fineſt out of it, with vanity,

nity, and Miſery indeed: not ſeeking an End of wretchedneſs, but only changing the Matter ſtill.

Cler. Nay, thou'lt not leave now———

Tru. See but our common Diſeaſe! with what Juſtice can we complain, that great Men will not look upon us, nor be at Leiſure to give our Affairs ſuch Diſpatch, as we expect, when we will never do it to our ſelves: not hear, nor regard our ſelves.

Cler. Foh, thou haſt read *Plutarch*'s Morals, now, or ſome ſuch tedious Fellow; and it ſhows ſo vilely with thee: 'Fore God, 'twill ſpoil thy Wit utterly. Talk me of Pins, and Feathers, and Ladies, and Ruſhes, and ſuch Things: and leave this *Stoicitie* alone, 'till thou mak'ſt Sermons.

Tru. Well, Sir; if it will not take, I have learn'd to loſe as little of my Kindneſs, as I can. I'll do good to no Man againſt his Will, certainly. When were you at the College?

Cler. What College?

Tru. As if you knew not!

Cler. No faith, I came but from Court Yeſterday.

Tru. Why, is it not arriv'd there yet, the News? A new Foundation, Sir, here i' the Town of Ladies, that call themſelves the Collegiates, an Order between Courtiers and Country-Madams, that live from their Husbands, and give Entertainment to all the Wits, and Braveries o' the Time, as they call 'em: Cry down, or up, what they like, or diſlike in a Brain or a Faſhion, with moſt *Maſculine*, or rather *Hermaphroditical* Authority: And every Day gain to their College ſome new Probationer.

Cle. Who is the Preſident?

Tru. The grave and youthful Matron, the Lady *Haughty*.

Cler. A Pox of her autumnal Face, her peic'd Beauty: There's no Man can be admitted till ſhe be ready, now a-days, till ſhe has painted, and perfum'd, and waſh'd, and ſcour'd, but the Boy here; and him ſhe wipes her oil'd Lips upon, like a Sponge. I have made a Song, I pr'ythee hear it, o' the Subject.

SONG.

STill to be neat, ſtill to be dreſt,
As you were going to a Feaſt;
Still to be powd'red, ſtill perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be preſum'd,
Though Arts hid Cauſes are not found,
All is not ſweet, all is not ſound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That make Simplicity a Grace;
Robes looſely flowing, Hair as free,
Such ſweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' Adulteries of Art;
They ſtrike mine Eyes, but not my Heart.

Tru. And I am clearly o' the other Side: I love a good Dreſſing before any Beauty o' the World. O, a Woman is then like a delicate Garden; nor is there one Kind of it: ſhe may vary every Hour; take often Counſel of her Glaſs, and chuſe the beſt. If ſhe have good Ears, ſhew 'em; good Hair, lay it out; good Legs, wear ſhort Cloaths; a good Hand, diſcover it often; practiſe any Art to mend Breath, cleanſe Teeth, repair Eye-brows, paint, and profeſs it.

Cler. How? publickly?

Tru. The doing of it, not the Manner: that muſt be private. Many Things, that ſeem foul i' the doing, do pleaſe, done. A Lady ſhould, indeed, ſtudy her Face, when we think ſhe ſleeps: Nor, when the Doors are ſhut, ſhould Men be enquiring; all is ſacred within, then. Is it for us to ſee their Perrukes put on, their falſe Teeth, their Complexion, their Eye-brows, their Nails? you ſee Guilders will not work, but inclos'd. They muſt not diſcover, how little ſerves, with the Help of Art, to adorn a great deal. How long did the Canvas hang afore *Ald-gate*? were the People ſuffer'd to ſee the City's Love and Charity, while they were rude Stone, before they were painted and burniſh'd? no: No more

ſtouki

ſhould Servants approach their Miſtreſſes but when they are compleat, and finiſh'd.

Cler. Well ſaid, my *True-wit.*

Tru. And a wiſe Lady will keep a Guard always upon the Place, that ſhe may do Things ſecurely. I once followed a rude Fellow into a Chamber where the poor Madam, for Haſte, and troubled, ſnatch'd at her Perruke, to cover her Baldneſs; and put it on the wrong Way.

Cler. O Prodigie!

Tru. And the unconſcionable Knave held her in Complement an Hour with that reverſt Face, when I ſtill look'd when ſhe ſhould talk from the tother Side.

Cler. Why? thou ſhouldſt ha' reliev'd her.

Tru. No faith, I let her alone, as we'll let this Argument, if you pleaſe, and paſs to another. When ſaw you *Dauphine Eugene?*

Cler. Not theſe three Days. Shall we go to him this Morning? he is very melancholick, I hear.

Tru. Sick o' the Uncle? is he? I met that ſtiff Piece of Formality, his Uncle, Yeſterday, with a huge Turbant of Night-caps on his Head, buckled over his Ears.

Cler. O, that's his Cuſtom when he walks abroad. He can endure no Noiſe, Man.

Tru. So I have heard. But is the Diſeaſe ſo ridiculous in him as it is made? they ſay he has been upon divers Treaties with the Fiſh-wives, and Orange-Women; and Articles propounded between them: marry the Chimney-ſweepers will not be drawn in.

Cler. No, nor the Broom-Men: they ſtand out ſtifly, He cannot endure a Coſtard-monger, he ſwoons if he hear one.

Tru. Methinks a Smith ſhould be ominous.

Cler. Or any Hammer-man. A Braſier is not ſuffer'd to dwell in the Pariſh, nor an Armorer. He would have hang'd a Pewterer's 'Prentice once on a *Shrove-Tueſday's* Riot, for being o' that Trade, when the reſt were quiet.

Tru. A Trumpet would fright him terribly, or the Hau'boys.

Cler. Out of his Senſes. The Waights of the City have a Penſion on him not to come near that Ward. This Youth practis'd on him one Night like the Bellman; and never

never left till he had brought him down to the Door, with a long Sword; and there left him flouriſhing with the Air.

Boy. Why, Sir? he hath choſen a Street to lie in, ſo narrow at both Ends, that it will receive no Coaches, nor Carts, nor any of theſe common Noiſes: And therefore, we that love him, deviſe to bring him ſuch as we may, now and then, for his Exerciſe, to breathe him. He would grow reſty elſe in his Eaſe; his Virtue would ruſt without Action. I entreated a Bareward, one Day, to come down with the Dogs of ſome four Pariſhes that way, and I thank him he did; and cryed his Games under Maſter *Moroſe's* Window, till he was ſent crying away, with his Head made a moſt bleeding Spectacle to the Multitude. And, another time, a Fencer, going to his Prize, had his Drum moſt tragically run through, for taking that Street in his Way, at my Requeſt.

Tru. A good Wag. How does he for the Bells?

Cler. O, i' the Queen's time, he was wont to go out of Town every *Saturday* at ten a Clock, or on Holyday Eves. But now, by Reaſon of the Sickneſs, the Perpetuity of Ringing has made him deviſe a Room, with double Walls, and treble Ceilings; the Windows cloſe ſhut and calk'd; and there he lives by Candlelight. He turn'd away a Man, laſt Week, for having a Pair of new Shooes that creak'd. And this Fellow waits on him now in Tennis-court Socks, or Slippers ſoal'd with Wooll: and they talk each to other in a Trunk. See, who comes here.

Dauphine, True-wit, Clerimont.

Dau. How now! what ail you Sirs? dumb?

Tru. Struck into Stone, almoſt, I am here, with Tales o' thine Uncle! There was never ſuch a Prodigy heard of.

Dau. I would you would once loſe this Subject, my Maſters, for my ſake. They are ſuch as you are, that have brought me into that Predicament I am with him.

Tru. How is that?

Dau. Marry, that he will diſinherit me. No more. He thinks, I, and my Company are Authors of all the ridiculous Acts and Mon'ments are told of him.

Tru. 'Slid, I would be the Author of more to vex him; that Purpoſe deſerves it: It gives the Law of plaguing him.

him. I'll tell thee what I would do. I would make a falſe Almanack, get it printed: and then ha' him drawn out on a Coronation Day to the Tower-warf, and kill him with the Noiſe of the Ordnance. Diſinherit thee! He cannot, Man. Art not thou next of Blood, and his Siſter's Son?

Dau. I, but he will thruſt me out of it, he vows, and marry.

Tru. How! that's a more portent. Can he endure no Noiſe, and will venture on a Wife?

Cle. Yes, why thou art a Stranger, it ſeems, to his beſt Trick, yet. He has employ'd a Fellow this half Year, all over *England*, to hearken him out a dumb Woman; be ſhe of any Form, or any Quality, ſo ſhe be able to bear Children: Her ſilence is Dowry enough, he ſays.

Tru. But I truſt to God he has found none.

Cle. No, but he has heard of one that's lodg'd i' the next Street to him, who is exceedingly ſoft Spoken; thrifty of her Speech; that ſpends but ſix Words a Day. And her he's about now, and ſhall have her.

Tru. Is't poſſible! who is his Agent i' the Buſineſs.

Cle. Marry a Barber; an honeſt Fellow, one that tells *Dauphine* all here.

Tru. Why you oppreſs me with Wonder! A Woman, and a Barber, and love no Noiſe!

Cle. Yes faith. The Fellow trims him ſilently, and has not the knack with his Sheers or his Fingers: And that continency in a Barber he thinks ſo eminent a Virtue, as it has made him chief of his Counſel.

Tru. Is the Barber to be ſeen? or the Wench?

Cle. Yes, that they are.

Tru. I pr'ythee *Dauphine*, let's go thither.

Dau. I have ſome Buſineſs now: I cannot i' faith.

Tru. You ſhall have no Buſineſs ſhall make you neglect this, Sir: we'll make her talk, believe it; or if ſhe will not, we can give out, at leaſt ſo much as ſhall interrupt the Treaty; we will break it. Thou art bound in Conſcience, when he ſuſpects thee without Cauſe, to torment him.

Dau. Not I, by any Means. I'll give no Suffrage to't. He ſhall never ha' that Plea againſt me, that I oppos'd the leaſt

eaſt Phant'ſie of his. Let it lye upon my Stars to be guilty, I'll be innocent.

Tru. Yes, and be poor, and beg; do, innocent: When ſome Groom of his has got him an Heir, or this Barber, if he himſelf cannot. Innocent. I pr'y thee, *Ned*, where lies ſhe? let him be innocent ſtill.

Cle. Why right over-againſt the Barber's; in the Houſe where Sir *John Daw* lyes.

Tru. You not mean to confound me!

Cle. Why?

Tru. Does he that would marry her know ſo much?

Cle. I cannot tell.

Tru. 'Twere enough of imputation to her with him.

Cle. Why?

Tru. The only talking Sir i' the Town! *Jack Daw*! And he teach her not to ſpeak, God b' w' you. I have ſome buſineſs too.

Cle. Will you not go thither then?

Tru. Not with the danger to meet *Daw*, for mine Ears.

Cle. Why? I thought you two had been upon very good Terms.

Tru. Yes, of keeping diſtance.

Cle. They ſay, he is a very good Scholar.

Tru. I, and he ſays it firſt. A Pox on him, a Fellow that pretends only to Learning, buys Titles, and nothing elſe of Books in him.

Cle. The World reports him to be very learned.

Tru. I am ſorry, the World ſhould ſo conſpire to belie him.

Cle. Good faith, I have heard very good Things come from him.

Tru. You may. There's none ſo deſperately ignorant to deny that: would they were his own, God b' w' you, Gentlemen.

Cle. This is very abrupt!

Enter Dauphine, Clerimont, *and* Boy.

Dau Come, you are a ſtrange open Man, to tell every thing thus.

Cle. Why, believe it *Dauphine*, *True-wit*'s a very honeſt Fellow.

Dau.

Dau. I think no other: But this frank Nature of his is not for Secrets.

Cle. Nay then, you are miſtaken *Dauphine:* I know where he has been well truſted, and diſcharg'd the truſt very truly, and heartily.

Dau. I contend not, *Ned*; but, with the fewer a buſineſs is carried, it is ever the ſafer. Now we are alone, if you'll go thither, I am for you.

Cle. When were you there?

Dau. Laſt Night: And ſuch a *Decameron* of Sport fallen out, *Boccace* never thought of the like. *Daw* does nothing but court her: And the wrong way. He would lie with her, and praiſes her Modeſty; deſires that ſhe would talk, and be free, and commends her Silence in Verſes; which he reads, and ſwears, are the beſt that ever Man made. Then rails at his Fortunes, Stamps, and Mutinies, why he is not made a Counſellor, and call'd to Affairs of State.

Cle. I pry'thee let's go. I would fain partake this. Some Water, Boy.

Dau. We are invited to Dinner together, he and I, by one that came thither to him, Sir *La-Foole.*

Cle. O, that's a precious Mannikin.

Dau. Do you know him?

Cle. I, and he will know you too, if e'er he ſaw you but once, though you ſhould meet him at Church in the midſt of Prayers. He is one of the *Braveries*, tho' he be none o' the *Wits*. He will ſalute a Judge upon the Bench, and a Biſhop in the Pulpit, a Lawyer when he is pleading at the Bar, and a Lady when ſhe is dancing in a Maſque, and put her out. He does give Plays, and Suppers, and invites his Gueſts to 'em, aloud out of his Window, as they ride by in Coaches. He has a Lodging in the Strand for the Purpoſe: Or to watch when Ladies are gone to the *China* Houſes, or the Exchange, that he may meet 'em by chance, and give 'em Preſents, ſome Two or three hundred Pounds worth of Toys, to be laught at. He is never without a Spare-Banquet, or Sweet-meats in his Chamber, their Women to alight at, and come up to for a Bait.

Dau. Excellent! He was a fine Youth laſt Night, but now

now he is much finer! What is his Chriſten Name? I ha' forgot.

Cle. Sir *Amorous La-foole.*

Boy. The Gentleman is here that owns that Name.

Cle. Heart, he's come to invite me to Dinner, I hold my Life.

Dau. Like enough: Pr'ythee let's ha' him up.

Cle. Boy, marſhal him.

Boy. With a Truncheon, Sir?

Cle. Away, I beſeech you. I'll make him tell us his Pedigree, now; and what Meat he has to Dinner; and who are his Gueſts; and, the whole courſe of his Fortunes with a Breath.

La-Foole, Clerimont, Dauphine.

La-F. Save dear Sir *Dauphine*, honour'd maſter *Clerimont.*

Cle. Sir *Amorous!* you have very much honeſted my Lodging, with your Preſence.

La-F. Good faith, it is fine Lodging! almoſt, as delicate a Lodging as mine.

Cle. Not ſo, Sir.

La-F. Excuſe me, Sir, if it were i' the Strand, I aſſure you. I am come, Maſter *Clerimont*, to intreat you to wait upon two or three Ladies, to Dinner, to Day.

Cle. How Sir! wait upon 'em? did you ever ſee me carry Diſhes?

La-F. No, Sir, diſpenſe with me; I meant, to bear 'em Company.

Cle. O, that I will, Sir: the doubtfulneſs o' your Phraſe, believe it, Sir, would breed you a Quarrel once an Hour, with the terrible Boys, if you ſhould keep 'em fellowſhip a Day.

La-F. It ſhould be extreamly againſt my Will, Sir, if I conteſted with any Man.

Cle I believe it, Sir; where hold you your Feaſt?

La-F. At *Tom Otters*, Sir.

Dau. Tom Otter? what's he?

La-F. Captain *Otter*, Sir; he is a kind of Gameſter, but he has had command both by Sea and by Land.

Dau. O, then he is *animal amphibium*?

La-F.

La-F. I, Sir: his Wife was the rich *China*-woman, that the Courtiers viſited ſo often; that gave the rare Entertainment. She commands all at Home.

Cle. Then, ſhe is Captain *Otter*.

La-F. You ſay very well, Sir; ſhe is my Kinſwoman, a *La-Foole* by the Mother-ſide, and will invite any great Ladies, for my ſake.

Dau. Not of the *La-Foole*'s of *Eſſex*?

La-F. No, Sir. the *La-Foole*'s of *London*.

Cle. Now, he's in.

La-F. They all come out of our Houſe, the *La-Foole*'s o' the North, the *La-Foole*'s of the Weſt, the *La-Foole*'s of the Eaſt and South—— we are as ancient a Family as any is in *Europe*—— but I my ſelf am deſcended lineally of the *French La-Foole*'s—— and, we do bear our Coat Yellow, or *Or*, checker'd *Azure*, and *Gules*, and ſome three or four Colours more, which is a very noted Coat, and has, ſometimes, been ſolemnly worn by divers Nobility of our Houſe ——but let that go, Antiquity is not reſpected now—— I had a Brace of fat Does ſent me, Gentlemen, and half a dozen of Pheaſants, a dozen or two of Godwits, and ſome other Fowl, which I would have eaten, while they are good, and in good Company—— there will be a great Lady, or two, my Lady *Haughty*, my Lady *Centaure*, Miſtreſs *Dol Mavis*—— and they come a' purpoſe, to ſee the ſilent Gentlewoman. Miſtreſs *Epicœne*, that honeſt Sir *John Daw* has promis'd to bring thither—— and then, Miſtreſs *Truſty*, my Lady's Woman, will be there too, and this honourable Knight, Sir *Dauphine*, with your ſelf Maſter *Clerimont*—— and we'll be very merry, and have Fidlers and dance—— I have been a mad Wag, in my time, and have ſpent ſome Crowns ſince I was a Page in Court, to my Lord *Lofty*, and after, my Lady's Gentleman Uſher, who got me knighted in *Ireland*, ſince it pleas'd my elder Brother to die—— I had as fair a Gold Jerkin on that Day, as any was worn in the Iſland-Voyage, or at *Cadiz*, none diſprais'd, and I came over in it hither, ſhow'd my ſelf to my Friends in Court, and after went down to my Tenants in the Country, and ſurvey'd my Lands, let new Leaſes, took their Money, ſpent it in the Eye o' the Land here upon Ladies—— and now I can take up at my Pleaſure.

Dau.

Dau. Can you take up Ladies, Sir?

Cle. O, let him breathe, he has not recover'd.

Dau. Would I were your half, in that commodity.

Cle. No, Sir, excuſe me: I meant Money, which can take up any thing. I have another Gueſt, or two, to invite, and ſay as much to, Gentlemen. I'll take my leave abruptly, in hope you will not fail——— Your Servant.

Dau. We will not fail you, Sir precious *La-Foole*; but ſhe ſhall, that your Ladies come to ſee: if I have Credit, afore Sir *Daw*.

Cle. Did you ever hear ſuch a Wind-ſucker, as this?

Dau. Or ſuch a Rook as the other! that will betray his Maſter to be ſeen. Come, 'tis time we prevented it.

Cle. Go.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Moroſe, Mute.

Mor. CAN not I, yet, find out a more compendious Method, than by this Trunk, to ſave my Servants the labour of Speech, and mine Ears the diſcord of Sounds? Let me ſee: all Diſcourſes but mine own afflict me, they ſeem harſh, impertinent, and irkſome. Is it not poſſible, that thou ſhouldſt anſwer me by Signs, and I apprehend thee, Fellow? ſpeak not though I queſtion you. [*At the Breaches ſtill the Fellow makes Legs or Signs.*] You have taken the Ring off from the Street Door, as I bad you? anſwer me not by ſpeech, but by ſilence; unleſs it be otherwiſe—— very good. And, you have faſtned on a thick Quilt, or Flockbed, on the outſide of the Door; that if they knock with their Daggers, or with Brickbats, they can make no Noiſe? but with your Leg, you anſwer, unleſs it be otherwiſe—— very good. This is not only fit Modeſty in a Servant, but good State and Diſcretion in a Maſter. And you have been with *Cutberd* the Barber, to have him come to me?--good. And, he will come preſently? anſwer me not but with your Leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe: if it be otherwiſe, ſhake your Head, or ſhrug.--So. Your *Italian*, and *Spaniard*, are wiſe in theſe! and it is a frugal and comely Gravity. How long

long will it be ere *Cutberd* come? ſtay, if an Hour, hold up your whole Hand; if half an Hour, two Fingers; if a quarter, one;—— good: half a quarter? 'tis well. And have you given him a Key, to come in without knocking? ——— good. And, is the Lock oil'd, and the Hinges to Day?—— good. And the quilting of the Stairs no where worn out and bare?—— very good. I ſee by much Doctrine, and Impulſion, it may be effected: ſtand by. The *Turk*, in this divine Diſcipline, is admirable, exceeding all the Potentates of the Earth; ſtill waited on by Mutes; and all his Commands ſo executed; yea, even in the War, (as I have heard) and in his Marches, moſt of his Charges and Directions given by Signs, and with Silence: An exquiſite Art! And I am heartily aſhamed, and angry oftentimes, that the Princeſs of *Chriſtendom* ſhould ſuffer a Barbarian to tranſcend 'em in ſo high a Point of Felicity. I will practiſe it, hereafter. How now? oh! oh! what Villain? what Prodigy of Mankind is that? look. Oh! cut his Throat, cut his Throat: What Murderer, Hell-hound, Divel can this be? [*One winds a Horn without again.*

Mut. It is a Poſt from the Court——

Mor. Out Rogue, and muſt thou blow thy Horn. too?

Mut. Alas, 'tis a Poſt from the Court, Sir, that ſays, he muſt ſpeak you, pain of Death——

Mor. Pain of thy Life, be ſilent.

Truewit, Moroſe, Cutberd.

Tru. By your leave, Sir, I am a Stranger here: Is your Name Maſter *Moroſe*? is your Name Maſter *Moroſe*? Fiſhes! *Pythagoreans* all? this is ſtrange. What ſay you, Sir, nothing? Has *Hippocrates* been here with is Club, among you? well Sir, I will believe you to be the Man at this time: I will venture upon you, Sir. Your Friends at Court commend 'em to you, Sir——

(*Mor.* O Men! O Manners! was there ever ſuch an Impudence?)

Tru. And are extreamly ſollicitous for you, Sir.

Mor. Whoſe Knave are you?

Tru. Mine own Knave, and your Compeer, Sir.

Mor. Fetch me my Sword——

Tru. You ſhall taſte the one half of my Dagger, if you do, (Groom) and you the other if you ſtir, Sir: Be patient, I!

charge

charge you, in the King's Name, and hear me without Inſurrection. They ſay, you are to marry? to marry, do you mark, Sir?

Mor. How then, rude Companion!

Tru. Marry, your Friends do wonder, Sir, the *Thames* being ſo near, wherein you may drown, ſo handſomely; or *London-Bridge*, at a low fall, with a fine Leap, to hurry you down the Stream; or, ſuch a delicate Steeple i' the Town, as *Bow*, to vault from; or, a braver Height, as *Paul's*; or, if you affected to do it nearer home, and a ſhorter way, an excellent Garret Window into the Street; or, a Beam in the ſaid Garret, with this Halter, [*He ſhews him a Halter.*] which they have ſent, and deſire, that you would ſooner commit your grave Head to this Knot, than to the Wedlock Nooſe, or take a little Sublimate, and go out of the World like a Rat, or, a Fly (as one ſaid) with a Straw i' your Arſe: Any way rather than to follow this Goblin *Matrimony*. Alas, Sir, do you ever think to find a chaſte Wife in theſe Times? now? when there are ſo many Maſques, Plays, Puritan Parlees, mad Folks, and other ſtrange Sights to be ſeen daily, private and publick? if you had liv'd in King *Etheldred's* time, Sir, or *Edward* the Confeſſor's, you might, perhaps, have found in ſome cold Country Hamlet, then, a dull froſty Wench, would have been contented with one Man: Now, they will as ſoon be pleas'd with one Leg, or one Eye. I'll tell you, Sir, the monſtrous Hazards you ſhall run with a Wife.

Mor. Good Sir! have I ever couzen'd any Friends of yours of their Land? bought their Poſſeſſions? taken forfeit of their Mortgage? begg'd a Reverſion from 'em? baſtarded their Iſſue? what have I done, that may deſerve this?

Tru. Nothing, Sir, that I know, but your Itch of Marriage.

Mor. Why? if I had made an aſſaſſinate upon your Father; vitiated your Mother: raviſhed your Siſters——

Tru. I would kill you, Sir, I would kill you, if you had.

Mor. Why? you do more in this, Sir: it were a Vengeance centuple, for all facinorous Acts, that could be nam'd, to do that you do———

Tru.

Tru. Alas, Sir, I am but a Meſſenger: I but tell you, what you muſt hear. It ſeems, your Friends are careful after your Soul's Health, Sir, and would have you know the Danger (but you may do your Pleaſure, for all them; I perſwade not, Sir) if, after you are married, your Wife do run away with a Vaulter, or the *Frenchman* that walks upon Ropes, or him that dances the Jig, or a Fencer, for his Skill at his Weapon; why it is not their Fault; they have diſcharged their Conſciences: when you know what may happen. Nay, ſuffer valiantly, Sir, for I muſt tell you, all the Perils that you are obnoxious to. If ſhe be fair, young, and vegetous, no Sweet-meats ever drew more Flies; all the yellow Doublets, and great Roſes i'the Town will be there. If foul and crooked, ſhe'll be with them, and buy thoſe Doublets and Roſes, Sir. If rich, and that you marry her Dowry, not her; ſhe'll reign in your Houſe, as imperious as a Widow. If noble, all her Kindred will be your Tyrants. If fruitful, as proud as *May*, and humourous as *April*; ſhe muſt have her Doctors, her Midwives, her Nurſes, her Longings every Hour; though it be for the deareſt Morſel of Man. If learned, there was never ſuch a Parrat, all your Patrimony will be too little for the Gueſts that muſt be invited, to hear her ſpeak *Latin* and *Greek*; and you muſt lye with her in thoſe Languages too, if you will pleaſe her. If preciſe, you muſt feaſt all the ſilenc'd Brethren, once in three Days; ſalute the Siſters; entertain the whole Family, or Wood of 'em; and hear long-winded Exerciſes, Singings, and Catechiſings, which you are not given to, and yet muſt give for; to pleaſe the zealous Matron your Wife, who, for the holy Cauſe, will cozen you over and above. You begin to ſweat, Sir? but this is not half, i'faith: you may do your Pleaſure notwithſtanding, as I ſaid before, I come not to perſwade you. Upon my faith, Maſter Serving-Man, if you do ſtir, I will beat you.

[*The Mute is ſtealing away.*

Mor. O, What is my Sin! what is my Sin?

Tru. Then, if you love your Wife, or rather, dote on her, Sir; O, how ſhe'll torture you! and take pleaſure i' your Torments! you ſhall lye with her but when ſhe liſts; ſhe will not hurt her Beauty, her Complexion; or it muſt be

be for that Jewel, or that Pearl, when ſhe does; every half Hour's Pleaſure muſt be bought anew; and with the ſame Pain and Charge you woo'd her at firſt. Then, you muſt keep what Servants ſhe pleaſe; what Company ſhe will; that Friend muſt not viſit you without her Licenſe; and him ſhe loves moſt, ſhe will ſeem to hate eagerlieſt, to decline your Jealouſie; or, feign to be jealous of you firſt; and for that cauſe go live with her ſhe-Friend, or Couſin at the College, that can inſtruct her in all the Myſteries of writing Letters, corrupting Servants, taming Spies; where ſhe muſt have that rich Gown for ſuch a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be ſerv'd in Silver; have the Chamber fill'd with a Succeſſion of Grooms, Footmen, Uſhers, and other Meſſengers; beſides Embroiderers, Jewellers, Tire-women, Semſters, Feather-men, Perfumers; while ſhe feels not how the Land drops away, nor the Acres melt, nor foreſees the Change, when the Mercer has your Woods for her Velvets; never weighs what her Pride coſts, Sir: ſo ſhe may kiſs a Page, or a ſmooth Chin, that has the Deſpair of a Beard; be a Stateſwoman, know all the News, what was done at *Salisbury*, what at the *Bath*, what at Court, what in Progreſs; or, ſo ſhe may cenſure Poets, and Authors, and Styles, and compare 'em, *Daniel* with *Spencer*, *Johnſon* with the t'other Youth, and ſo forth; or be thought cunning in Controverſies, or the very Knots of Divinity; and have often in her Mouth, the State of the Queſtion; and then skip to the *Mathematicks*, and Demonſtration and Anſwer, in Religion to one; in State to another; in Baud'ry to a Third.

Mor. O, O.

Tru. All this is very true, Sir. And then her going in Diſguiſe to that Conjurer, and this cunning Woman; where the firſt Queſtion is, how ſoon you ſhall die? next, if her preſent Servant love her? Next, that if ſhe ſhall have a new Servant? and how many? which of her Family would make the beſt Bawd, Male, or Female? What Precedence ſhe ſhall have by her next match? and ſets down the Anſwers, and believes 'em above the Scriptures. Nay, perhaps ſhe'll ſtudy the Art.

Mor.

Mor. Gentle Sir, ha' you done? ha' you had your Pleaſure o' me? I'll think of theſe things.

Tru. Yes, Sir: and then comes reeking Home of Vapour and Sweat, with going a-foot, and lies in a Month of a new Face, all Oil, and Birdlime; and riſes in Aſſes Milk, and is cleans'd with a new *fucus*: God b' w' you, Sir. One thing more, (which I had almoſt forgot.) This too, with whom you are to marry, may have made a conveyance of her Virginity afore-hand, as your wiſe Widows do of their States, before they marry, in truſt to ſome Friend, Sir: who can tell? or if ſhe have not done it yet, ſhe may do, upon the Wedding Day, or the Night before, and antidate you Cuckold. The like has been heard of in Nature. 'Tis no devis'd impoſſible Thing, Sir. God b' w' you, I'll be bold to leave this Rope with you, Sir, for a remembrance. Farewel, *Mute*.

Mor. Come, ha' me to my Chamber: But firſt ſhut the Door. O, ſhut the Door, ſhut the Door: Is he come again?

[*The Horn again.*

Cut. 'Tis I, Sir, your Barber.

Mor. O *Cutberd, Cutberd, Cutberd!* here has been a cut-throat with me: help me in to my Bed, and give me Phyſick with thy Counſel.

Daw, Clerimont, Dauphine, Epicœne.

Daw. Nay, an' ſhe will, let her refuſe, at her own Charges: 'tis nothing to me, Gentlemen. But ſhe will not be invited to the like Feaſts or Gueſts every Day.

Cle. O, by no Means, ſhe may not refuſe [*They diſſwade her privately.*] to ſtay at home, if you love your Reputation: 'Slight, you are invited thither o' purpoſe to be ſeen, and laught at by the Lady of the College, and her Shadows. This Trumpeter hath proclaim'd you.

Dau. Yo ſhall not go; let him be laught at in your ſtead, for not bringing you: and put him to his extemporal Faculty of fooling, and talking loud to ſatisfie the Company.

Cle. He will ſuſpect us, talk aloud. 'Pray Miſtreſs *Epicœne*, let's ſee your Verſes, we have Sir *John Daw*'s Leave: Do not conceal your Servant's Merit, and your own Glories.

Epi. They'll prove my Servant's Glories, if you have his Leave ſo ſoon.

Dau.

Dau. His vain Glories, Lady!

Daw. Shew 'em, shew 'em, Mistress, I dare own 'em.

Epi. Judge you, what Glories?

Daw. Nay, I'll read 'em my self, too: An Author must recite his own Works. It is a *Madrigal* of Modesty.

Modest, and fair, for fair and good are near
Neighbours, how ere——

Dau. Very good.

Cle. I, is't not?

Dau. *No noble Virtue ever was alone,*
But two in one.

Dau. Excellent!

Cle. That again, I pray Sir *John*.

Dau. It has something in't like rare Wit and Sense.

Cle. Peace.

Daw. *No noble Virtue ever was alone,*
But two in one.
Then, when I praise sweet Modesty, I praise
Bright Beauties Rays:
And having prais'd both Beauty and Modesty,
I have prais'd thee.

Dau. Admirable!

Cle. How it chimes, and crys tink i' the Close, divinely!

Dau. I, 'tis *Seneca*.

Cle. No, I think 'tis *Plutarch*.

Dor. The *Dor* on *Plutarch* and *Seneca*, I hate it: they are mine own Imaginations, by that Light. I wonder those Fellows have such Credit with Gentlemen!

Cle. They are very grave Authors.

Daw. Grave Asses! meer *Essayists!* a few loose Sentences, and that's all. A man would talk so, his whole Age! I do utter as good things every Hour, if they were collected and observ'd, as either of 'em.

Dau. Indeed! Sir *John*?

Cle. He must needs, living among the *Wits* and *Bravaries* too.

Dau. I, and being President of 'em, as he is.

Daw. There's *Aristotle*, a meer Common-place Fellow; *Plato*, a Discourter; *Thucydides*, and *Livie*, tedious

ous and dry; *Tacitus*, an entire Knot: ſometimes worth the untying, very ſeldom.

Cle. What do you think of the *Poets*, Sir *John*?

Daw. Not worthy to be nam'd for Authors. *Homer*, an old tedious prolix Aſs, talks of Curriers, and Chines of Beef. *Virgil*, of dunging of Land, and Bees. *Horace*, of I know not what.

Cle. I think ſo.

Daw. And ſo *Pindarus*, *Lycophron*, *Anacreon*, *Catullus*, *Seneca* the Tragœdian, *Lucan*, *Propertius*, *Tibullus*, *Martial*, *Juvenal*, *Auſonius*, *Statius*, *Politian*, *Valerius Flaccus*, and the reſt———

Cle. What a Sack-full of their Names he has got!

Dau. And how he pours 'em out! *Politian* with *Valerius Flaccus*!

Cle. Was not the Character right of him?

Dau. As could be made, i' faith.

Daw. And *Perſius*, a crabbed Cockſcomb, not to be endur'd.

Dau. Why? whom do you account for Authors, Sir *John Daw*?

Daw. *Syntagma Juris civilis*, *Corpus Juris civilis*, *Corpus Juris canonici*, the King of *Spain*'s Bible.

Dau. Is the King of *Spain*'s Bible an Author?

Cle. Yes, and *Syntagma*.

Dau. What was that *Syntagma*, Sir?

Daw. A civil Lawyer, a *Spaniard*.

Dau. Sure, *Corpus* was a *Dutch* Man.

Cle. I, both the *Corpuſſes*, I knew 'em: they were very corpulent Authors.

Daw. And, then there's *Vatablus*, *Pomponatius*, *Symancha*; the other are not to be receiv'd, within the thought of a Scholar.

Dau. 'Fore God, you have a ſimple learn'd Servant, Lady, in Titles.

Cle. I wonder that he is not called to the Helm, and made a Councellor!

Dau. He is one extraordinary.

Cle. Nay, but in ordinary! to ſay Truth, the State wants ſuch.

Dau. Why, that will follow.

Cle. I muſe a Miſtreſs can be ſo ſilent to the Dotes of ſuch a Servant.

Daw. 'Tis her Virtue, Sir. I have written ſomewhat of her Silence too.

Dau. In Verſe, Sir *John*?

Cle. What elſe?

Dau. Why? how can you juſtify your own being of a *Poet*, that ſo ſlight all the old *Poets*?

Daw. Why, every Man that writes in Verſe, is not a Poet; you have of the Wits that write Verſes, and yet are no Poets: They are Poets that live by it, the poor Fellows that live by it.

Dau. Why, would not you live by your Verſes, Sir *John*?

Cle. No, 'twere Pity he ſhould. A Knight live by his Verſes! He did not make 'em to that End, I hope.

Dau. And yet the noble *Sidney* lives by his, and the Noble Family not aſham'd.

Cle. I, he profeſt himſelf; but Sir *John Daw* has more Caution: He'll not hinder his own riſing i' the State ſo much! do you think he will? Your Verſes, good Sir *John*, are no Poems.

Daw. *Silence in Woman, is like Speech in Man;*
Deny't who can.

Dau. Not I, believe it: your Reaſon, Sir.

Daw. *Nor is't a Tale,*
That Female Vice ſhould be a Virtue Male,
Or maſculine Vice a Female Vertue be:
You ſhall it ſee
Prov'd with increaſe;
I know to ſpeak, and ſhe to hold her Peace.

Do you conceive me, Gentlemen?

Dau. No, faith; how mean you with Increaſe, Sir *John*?

Daw. Why, with increaſe is, when I court her for the common Cauſe of Mankind, and ſhe ſays nothing but *conſentire videtur*; and in time is *gravida*.

Dau. Then this is a Ballad of Procreation?

Cle. A Madrigal of Procreation; you miſtake.

Epi. 'Pray give me my Verſes again, Servant.

Daw. If you'll ask 'em aloud, you ſhall.

Cle.

Cle. See, here's *True-wit* again.

Clerimont, True-wit, Dauphine, Cutberd, Daw, Epicœne.

Cle. Where haſt thou been, in the Name of Madneſs, thus accoutred with thy Horn?

Tru. Where the Sound of it might have pierc'd your Senſes with Gladneſs, had you been in Ear-reach of it. *Dauphine*, fall down and worſhip me; I have forbid the Banes, Lad: I have been with thy virtuous Uncle, and have broke the Match.

Dau. You ha' not, I hope.

Tru. Yes, faith; an' thou ſhould'ſt hope otherwiſe, I ſhould repent me: This Horn got me Entrance; kiſs it. I had no other Way to get in, but by feigning to be a Poſt; but when I got in once, I prov'd none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a Poſt, or a Stone, or what is ſtiffer, with thundring into him the Incommodities of a Wife, and the Miſeries of Marriage. If ever *Gorgon* were ſeen in the Shape of a Woman, he hath ſeen her in my Deſcription. I have put him off o' that Scent for ever. Why do you not applaud and adore me, Sirs? why ſtand you mute? Are you ſtupid? You are not worthy o' the Benefit.

Dau. Did not I tell you? Miſchief!———

Cle. I would you had plac'd this Benefit ſomewhere elſe.

Tru. Why ſo?

Cle. 'Slight, you have done the moſt inconſiderate raſh, weak thing, that ever Man did to his Friend.

Dau. Friend! If the moſt malicious Enemy I have, had ſtudied to inflict an Injury upon me, it could not be a greater.

Tru. Wherein, for God's-ſake? Gentlemen, come to your ſelves again.

Dau. But I preſag'd thus much afore to you.

Cle. Would my Lips had been ſolder'd when I ſpake on't 'Slight, what mov'd you to be thus impertinent?

Tru. My Maſters, do not put on this ſtrange Face to pay my Courteſie: off with this Vizor. Have good turns done you, and thank 'em this Way?

Dau. 'Fore Heav'n, you have undone me. That which

I have plotted for, and been maturing now theſe four Months, you have blaſted in a Minute: Now I am loſt, I may ſpeak. This Gentlewoman was lodg'd here by me o' purpoſe, and, to be put upon my Uncle, hath profeſt this obſtinate Silence for my ſake, being my entire Friend, and one that for the requital of ſuch a Fortune as to marry him, would have made me very ample Conditions; where now, all my Hopes are utterly miſcarried, by this unlucky Accident.

Cle. Thus 'tis, when a Man will be ignorantly officious, do Services, and not know his Why: I wonder what courteous Itch poſſeſt you! You never did abſurder Part i' your life, nor a greater Treſpaſs to Friendſhip or Humanity.

Dau. Faith, you may forgive it beſt; 'twas your Cauſe principally.

Cle. I know it, would it had not.

Dau. How now *Cutberd*? what News?

Cut. The beſt, the happieſt that ever was, Sir. There has been a mad Gentleman with your Uncle this Morning (I think this be the Gentleman) that almoſt talk'd him out of his Wits, with threatning him from Marriage ——

Dau. On I pr'y thee.

Cut. And your Uncle, Sir, he thinks 'twas done by your procurement; therefore he will ſee the party you wot of preſently; and if he like her, he ſays, and that ſhe be ſo inclining to dumb, as I have told him, he ſwears he will marry her to day, inſtantly, and not defer it a minute longer.

Dau. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

Tru. Beyond our expectation! By this Light, I knew it would be thus.

Dau. Nay, ſweet *True-wit*, forgive me.

Tru. No, I was ignorantly officious, impertinent: this was the abſurd, weak Part.

Cle. Wilt thou aſcribe that to Merit now, was meer Fortune?

Tru. Fortune! meer Providence. Fortune had not a Finger in't. I ſaw it muſt neceſſarily in Nature fall out ſo: My *Genius* is never falſe to me in theſe things. Shew me how it could be otherwiſe.

Daw. Nay, Gentlemen, contend not, 'tis well now.

Tru. Alas, I let him go on with inconſiderate, and raſh, d what he pleas'd.

Cle.

Cle. Away, thou ſtrange Juſtifier of thy ſelf, to be wiſer than thou wert, by the Event.

Tru. Event! By this Light, thou ſhalt never perſwade me, but I foreſaw it, as well as the Stars themſelves.

Daw. Nay, Gentlemen, 'tis well now: Do you two entertain Sir *John Daw* with Diſcourſe, while I ſend her away with Inſtructions.

Tru. I'll be acquainted with her firſt, by your Favour.

Cle. Maſter *True-wit*, Lady, a Friend of ours.

Tru. I am ſorry I have not known you ſooner, Lady, to celebrate this rare Vertue of your Silence.

Cle. Faith, an' you had come ſooner, you ſhould ha' ſeen and heard her well celebrated in Sir *John Daw*'s Madrigals.

Tru. *Jack Daw*, God ſave you; when ſaw you *La-Foole*?

Daw. Not ſince laſt night, Maſter *True-wit*.

Tru. That's a Miracle! I thought you two had been inſeparable.

Daw. He's gone to invite his Gueſts.

Tru. God ſo! 'tis true! What a falſe Memory have I towards that Man! I am one: I met him even now, upon that he calls his delicate fine black Horſe, rid into a Foam, with poſting from Place to Place, and Perſon to Perſon, to give 'em the *Cue*———

Cle. Leſt they ſhou'd forget?

Tru. Yes: There was never poor Captain took more pains at a Muſter to ſhew Men, than he, at this Meal, to ſhew Friends.

Daw. It is his Quarter-Feaſt, Sir.

Cle. What! do you ſay ſo, Sir *John*?

Tru. Nay, *Jack Daw* will not be out, at the beſt Friends he has, to the Talent of his Wit: Where's his Miſtreſs, to hear and applaud him? Is ſhe gone?

Daw. Is Miſtreſs *Epicœne* gone?

Cle. Gone afore, with Sir *Dauphine*, I warrant, to the Place.

Tru. Gone afore! That were a manifeſt Injury, a diſgrace and a half; to refuſe him at ſuch a Feſtival-time as this being a Bravery, and a Wit too.

Cle. Tut, he'll ſwallow it like Cream: He's better read,

in *Jure Civili*, than to esteem any thing a Disgrace is offer'd him from a Mistress.

Daw. Nay, let her e'en go; she shall sit alone, and be dumb in her Chamber a Week together, for *John Daw*, I warrant her. Does she refuse me?

Cle. No, Sir, do not take it so to Heart: she does not refuse you, but a little neglect you. Good faith, *True-wit*, you were to blame, to put it into his Head, that she does refuse him.

Tru. Sir, she does refuse him palpably, however you mince it. An I were as he, I would swear to speak ne'er a word to her to day for't.

Daw. By this Light, no more I will not.

Tru. Nor to any body else, Sir.

Daw. Nay, I will not say so, Gentlemen.

Cle. It had been an excellent happy Condition for the Company, if you could have drawn him to it.

Daw. I'll be very melancholick, i' faith.

Cle. As a Dog, if I were as you, Sir *John*.

Tru. Or a Snail, or a Hog-Louse: I would roll my self up for this Day in troth, they should not unwind me.

Daw. By this Pick-tooth, so I will.

Cle. 'Tis well done: He begins already to be angry with his Teeth.

Daw. Will you go, Gentlemen?

Cle. Nay, you must walk alone, if you be right Melancholick, Sir *John*.

Tru. Yes, Sir, we'll dog you, we'll follow you afar off.

Cle. Was there ever such a two Yards of Knighthood measur'd out by Time, to be sold to Laughter?

Tru. A meer talking Mole! hang him: No Mushrom was ever so fresh. A Fellow so utterly nothing, as he knows not what he would be.

Cle. Let's follow him: But first, let's go to *Dauphin*, he's hovering about the House, to hear what News.

Tru. Content.

Morose, Epicane, Cutberd, Mute.

WElcome *Cutberd*; draw near with your fair Charge: and in her Ear, softly intreat her to unmask -- So, Is the Door shut? -- Enough. Now, *Cutberd*, with the same Discipline I use to my Family, I will question you. As I con-

conceive *Cutberd*, this Gentlewoman is ſhe you have provided, and brought, in hopes ſhe will fit me in the Place and Perſon of a Wife? Anſwer me not but with your Leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe: —— Very well done, *Cutberd*. I conceive beſides, *Cutberd*, you have been pre-acquainted with her Birth, Education, and Qualities, or elſe you would not prefer her to my Acceptance, in the weighty Conſequence of Marriage, —— This I conceive, *Cutberd*. Anſwer me not but with your Leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe. —— Very well done, *Cutberd*. [*He goes about Her, and views Her*] Give aſide now a little, and leave me to examine her Condition, and Aptitude to my Affection. She is exceeding fair, and of a ſpecial good Favour; a ſweet Compoſition, or Harmony of Limbs; her Temper of Beauty has the true Height of my Blood. The Knave hath exceedingly well fitted me without: I will now try her within. Come near, fair Gentlewoman; let not my Behaviour ſeem rude, though unto you, being rare, it may haply appear ſtrange [*She curtſies*] Nay, Lady, you may ſpeak, though *Cutberd* and my Man might not; for of all Sound, only the ſweet Voice of a fair Lady has the juſt length of mine Ears. I beſeech you, ſay, Lady, out of the firſt Fire of meeting Eyes (they ſay) Love is ſtricken: Do you feel any ſuch Motion ſuddenly ſhot into you, from any Part you ſee in me, ha, Lady? [*Curtſie*] Alas, Lady, theſe Anſwers by ſilent Curtſies from you, are too courtleſs and ſimple. I have ever had my Breeding in Court; and ſhe that ſhall be my Wife, muſt be accompliſhed with courtly and audacious Ornaments. Can you ſpeak, Lady?

Epi. Judge, you forſooth. [*She ſpeaks ſoftly.*

Mor. What ſay you, Lady? Speak out, I beſeech you.

Epi. Judge you, forſooth.

Mor. O my Judgment, a Divine Softneſs! But can you naturally, Lady, as I enjoyn theſe by Doctrine and Induſtry, refer your ſelf to the ſearch of my Judgment, and (not taking pleaſure in your Tongue, which is a Woman's chiefeſt Pleaſure) think it plauſible to anſwer me by ſilent Geſtures, ſo long as my Speeches jump right with what you conceive? [*Curtſie.*] Excellent! Divine! If it were poſſible ſhe ſhould hold out thus! Peace *Cutberd*, thou art made for ever, as thou haſt made me, if this Felicity have laſting:

but I will try her further. Dear Lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and I must have mine Ears banquetted with pleasant and witty Conferences, pretty Girds, Scoffs, and Dalliance in her, that I mean to chuse for my Bedpheere. The Ladies in Court think it a most desperate Impair to their quickness of Wit, and good Carriage, if they cannot give occasion for a Man to court 'em; and when an amorous Discourse is set on Foot, minister as good Matter to entine it, as himself: and do you alone so much differ from all them, that what they (with so much Circumstance) affect and toil for, to seem learn'd, to seem judicious, to seem sharp and conceited, you can bury in your self with silence, and rather trust your Graces to the fair Conscience of Vertue, than to the Worlds or your own Proclamation.

Epi. I should be sorry else.

Mor. What say you, Lady? Good Lady, speak out.

Epi. I should be sorry else.

Mor. That Sorrow doth fill me with Gladness. O *Morose*! thou art happy above Mankind! Pray that thou may'st contain thy self. I will only put her to it once more, and it shall be with the utmost Touch and Test of their Sex. But hear me, fair Lady; I do also love to see her whom I shall chuse for my Heifer, to be the first and principal in all Fashions, precede all the Dames at Court by a Fortnight, have her Council of Taylors, Linneners, Lace-women, Embroiderers, and sit with 'em sometimes twice a day upon *French* Intelligences, and then come forth varied like Nature, or oftner than she, and better, by the help of Art, her emulous Servant. This do I affect: And how will you be able, Lady, with this frugality of Speech, to give the manifold (but necessary) Instructions, for that Bodies, these Sleeves, those Skirts, this Cut, that Stitch, this Embroidery, that Lace, this Wyre, those Knots, that Ruff, those Roses, this Girdle, that Fan, the t'other Scarf, these Gloves? Ha! what say you, Lady?

Epi. I'll leave it to you, Sir.

Mor. How, Lady? pray you rise a Note.

Epi. I leave it to Wisdom, and you, Sir.

Mor. Admirable Creature! I will trouble you no more: I will not sin against so sweet a Simplicity. Let me now be bold to print on those divine Lips the Seal of being mine.

Cutberd,

Cutberd, I give thee the Leaſe of thy Houſe free; thank me not, but with thy Leg. —— I know what thou would'ſt ſay, She's poor, and her Friends deceaſed, ſhe has brought a wealthy Dowry in her Silence, *Cutberd*; and in reſpect of her Poverty, *Cutberd*, I ſhall have her more Loving and Obedient, *Cutberd*. Go thy ways, and get me a Miniſter preſently, with a ſoft low Voice, to marry us; and pray him he will not be impertinent, but brief as he can; away: ſoftly, *Cutberd*. Sirrah, conduct your Miſtriſs into the Dining-room, your now Miſtriſs. O my Felicity! How ſhall I be reveng'd on mine inſolent Kinſman, and his Plots, to fright me from Marrying! This Night I will get an Heir, and thruſt him out of my Blood, like a Stranger. He would be Knighted, for ſooth, and thought by that means to reign over me, his Title muſt do it: No, Kinſman, I will now make you bring me the tenth Lords, and the ſixteenth Ladies Letter, Kinſman; and it ſhall do you no good, Kinſman, Your Knighthood it ſelf ſhall come on its Knees, and it ſhall be rejected; it ſhall be ſued for its Fees to Execution, and not be redeem'd; it ſhall cheat at the Twelve-penny Ordinary, it Knighthood, for its Diet all the Term-time, and tell Tales for it in the Vacation to the Hoſteſs; or it Knighthood ſhall do worſe, take Sanctuary in *Coleharbor*, and faſt. It ſhall fright all it Friends with borrowing Letters; and when one of the fourſcore hath brought it Knighthood Ten Shillings, it Knighthood ſhall go to the *Cranes*, or the *Bear* at the *Bridgefoot*, and be drunk in Fear; it ſhall not have Money to diſcharge one Tavern-Reckoning, to invite the old Creditors to forbear it Knighthood, or the new, that ſhould be, to truſt it Knighthood. It ſhall be the tenth Name in the Bond, to take up the Commodity of Pipkins and Stone-Juggs; and the Part thereof ſhall not furniſh Knighthood forth for the attempting of a Baker's Widow, a Brown Baker's Widow. It ſhall give it Knighthood's Name, for a Stallion, to all gameſome Citizens Wives, and be refus'd, when the Maſter of a Dancing-School, or (*How* do you call him) the worſt Reveller in the Town is taken: It ſhall want Clothes, and by reaſon of that, Wit, to fool to Lawyers. It ſhall not have Hope to repair it ſelf by *Conſtantinople*, *Ireland*, or *Virginia*; but the beſt and laſt Fortune to

it. Knighthood ſhall be, to make *Doll Tear-Sheet* or *K*
Common a Lady, and ſo it Knighthood may eat.

True-wit, Dauphine, Clerimont, Cutberd.

Tru. Are you ſure he is not gone by?

Dau. No, I ſtaid in the Shop ever ſince.

Cle. But he may take the other End of the Lane.

Dau. No, I told him I would be here at this End: I a
pointed him hither.

Tru. What a Barbarian is it to ſtay then!

Dau. Yonder he comes.

Cle. And his Charge left behind him, which is a ve
good Sign, *Dauphine.*

Dau. How now, *Cutberd*, ſucceeds it, or no?

Cut. Paſt Imagination, Sir, *omnia ſecunda*; you co
not have pray'd to have had it ſo well: *Saltat ſenex*, a
is i' the Proverb, he does triumph in his Felicity, admi
the Party! He has given me the Leaſe of my Houſe to
and I am now going for a ſilent Miniſter to marry 'em, a
away.

Tru. 'Slight, get one o' the ſilenc'd Miniſters, a zeal
Brother would torment him purely.

Cut. Cum privilegio, Sir.

Dau. O, by no Means; let's do nothing to hinder
now: When 'tis done and finiſhed, I am for you, for a
Device of Vexation.

Cut. And that ſhall be within this half Hour, upon m
Dexterity, Gentlemen. Contrive what you can in t
mean Time, *bonis avibus.*

Cle. How the Slave doth *Latin* it!

Tru. It would be made a Jeſt to Poſterity, Sirs, t
Day's Mirth, if ye will.

Cle. Beſhrew his Heart that will not, I pronounce.

Dau. And for my part, what is't?

Tru. To tranſlate all *La Fool's* Company, and his Fe
hither, to day, to celebrate this Bride-ale.

Dau. I marry; but how will't be done?

Tru. I'll undertake the directing of all the Lady-gue
thither, and then the Meat muſt follow.

Cle. For God's ſake, let's effect it; it will be an exce
lent Comedy of Affliction, ſo many ſeveral Noiſes.

Dau. But are they not at the other Place already, think
you? *Tru.*

Tru. I'll warrant you for the College-honours: one o' their Faces has not the priming Colour laid on yet, nor the other her Smock ſleek'd.

Cle. O, but they'll riſe earlier than ordinary to a Feaſt.

Tru. Beſt go ſee, and aſſure our ſelves.

Cle. Who knows the Houſe?

Tru. I'll lead you; were you never there yet?

Dau. Not I.

Cle. Nor I.

Tru. Where ha' you liv'd then? Not know *Tom Otter*!

Cle. No: For God's Sake, what is he?

Tru. an excellent Animal, equal with your *Daw* or *La-Fool*, if not tranſcendent; and does *Latin* it as much as your Barber: He is his Wife's Subject, he calls her Princeſs, and at ſuch Times as theſe follows her up and down the Houſe like a Page, with his Hat off, partly for Heat, partly for Reverence. At this Inſtant he is marſhalling of his Bull, Bear, and Horſe.

Dau. What be thoſe, in the Name of *Sphinx*?

Tru. Why, Sir, he has been a great Man at the Bear-garden in his Time; and from that ſubtle Sport has ta'ne the witty Denomination of his chief carrowſing Cups. One he calls his Bull, another his Bear, another his Horſe. And then he has his leſſer Glaſſes, that he calls his Deer and his Ape; and ſeveral Degrees of them too; and never is well, nor thinks any Entertainment perfect, till theſe be brought out, and ſet o' the Cupboard.

Cle. For God's Love! we ſhould miſs this, if we ſhould not go.

Tru. Nay, he has a thouſand things as good, that will ſpeak him all Day. He will rail on his Wife, with certain Common Places, behind her Back; and to her Face.——

Dau. No more of him. Let's go ſee him, I petition you.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Otter, Mrs. *Otter*, *True-wit*, *Clerimont*, *Dauphine*.

Ott. NAY, good Princeſs, hear me *pauca verba*.

Mrs. Ott. By that Light, I'll ha' you chain'd up, with your Bull-dogs and Bear-dogs, if you be not civil the ſooner. I'll ſend you to Kennel, i' faith. You were beſt beat me with your Bull, Bear, and Horſe: Never a Time that the Courtiers or Collegiates come to the Houſe, but you make it a *Shrove-tueſday*! I would have you get your *Whitſontide*-Velvet-Cap, and your Staff i' your Hand, to entertain 'em: yes in troth, do.

Ott. Not ſo, Princeſs, neither; but, under Correction, ſweet Princeſs, gi' me Leave——Theſe things I am known to the Courtiers by: It is reported to them for my Humour, and they receive it ſo, and do expect it. *Tom Otter's* Bull, Bear, and Horſe, is known all over *England*, *in rerum natura*.

Mrs. Ott. 'Fore me, I will *na-ture* 'em over to *Paris-garden*, and *na-ture* you thither too, if you pronounce 'em again. Is a Bear a fit Beaſt, or a Bull, to mix in Society with great Ladies? Think i' your Diſcretion, in any good Polity.

Ott. The Horſe then, good Princeſs.

Mrs. Ott. Well, I am contented for the Horſe; they love to be well hors'd I know: I love it my ſelf.

Ott. And it is a delicate fine Horſe, this *Poetarum Pegaſus*. Under Correction, Princeſs, *Jupiter* did turn himſelf into a——*Taurus*, or Bull, under Correction, good Princeſs.

Mrs. Ott. By my Integrity, I'll ſend you over to the Bank ſide, I'll commit you to the Maſter of the Garden, if I hear but a Syllable more. Muſt my Houſe or my Roof be polluted with the Scent of Bears and Bulls, when it is perfum'd for great Ladies? Is this according to the Inſtrument, when I married you? That I would be Princeſs, and reign in mine own Houſe; and you would be my Subject, and obey me? What did you bring me, ſhould make

make you thus peremptory? Do I allow you your Half-crown a Day, to ſpend where you will, among your Gameſters, to vex and torment me at ſuch Times as theſe? Who gives you your Maintenance, I pray you? Who allows you your Horſe-meat and Mans-meat? your three Suits of Apparel a Year? your four Pair of Stockings, one Silk, three Worſted? your clean Linnen, your Bands and Cuffs, when I can get you to wear 'em? 'Tis mar'le you ha' 'em on now. Who graces you with Courtiers, or great Perſonages, to ſpeak to you out of their Coaches, and come home to your Houſe? Were you ever ſo much as look'd upon by a Lord or a Lady, before I married you, but on the *Eaſter* or *Whitſon* Holy-days? and then out at the Banquetting-houſe Window, when *Ned Whiting* or *George Stone* were at the Stake?

Tru. (For God's Sake, let's go ſtave her off him.)

Mrs. Ott. Anſwer me to that. And did not I take you up from thence, in an old greaſy Buff Doublet, with Points, and green Velvet Sleeves, out at the Elbows? You forget this.

Tru. (She'll worry him, if we help not in Time.)

Mrs. Ott. O, here are ſome o' the Gallants! Go to behave your ſelf diſtinctly, and with good Morality; or, I proteſt, I'll take away your Exhibition.

True-wit, Mrs. *Otter*, Cap. *Otter*, *Clerimont*, *Dauphine*, *Cutberd*.

Tru. By your Leave, fair Miſtreſs *Otter*, I'll be bold to enter theſe Gentlemen in your Acquaintance.

Mrs. Ott. It ſhall not be obnoxious, or difficile, Sir.

Tru How does my noble Captain? Is the Bull, Bear, and Horſe in *rerum natura* ſtill?

Ott. Sir, *Sic viſum ſuperis.*

Mrs. Ott. I would you would but intimate 'em, do. Go your ways in, and get Toaſts and Butter made for the the Woodcocks: That's a fit Province for you.

Cle. Alas, what a Tyranny is this poor Fellow married too!

Tru. O, but the Sport will be anon, when we get him looſe.

Dau. Dares he ever ſpeak?

Tru. No *Anabaptiſt* ever rail'd with the like Licenſe: but

but mark her Language in the mean Time, I beſeech you.

Mrs. Ott. Gentlemen you are very aptly come. My Couſin, Sir *Amorous*, will be here briefly.

Tru. In good time, Lady. Was not Sir *John Daw* here, to ask for him, and the Company?

Mrs. Ott. I cannot aſſure you, Mr. *True-wit*. Here was a very melancholy Knight in a Ruff, that demanded my Subject for ſome body, a Gentleman, I think.

Cle. I, that was he, Lady.

Mrs. Ott. But he departed ſtreight, I can reſolve you.

Dau. What an excellent choice Phraſe this Lady expreſſes in!

Tru. O, Sir! ſhe is the only authentical Courtier, that is not naturally bred one in the City.

Mrs. Ott. You have taken that Report upon Truſt, Gentlemen.

Tru. No, I aſſure you, the Court governs it ſo, Lady, in your Behalf.

Mrs. Ott. I am the Servant of the Court and Courtiers, Sir.

Tru. They are rather your Idolaters.

Mrs. Ott. Not ſo, Sir.

Dau. How now, *Cutberd*? Any Croſs?

Cut. O no, Sir, *Omnia bene*. 'Twas never better o' the Hinges, all's ſure. I have ſo pleas'd him with a Curate, that he's gone to't almoſt with the Delight he hopes for ſoon.

Dau. What is he for a Vicar?

Cut. One that has catch'd a Cold, Sir, and can ſcarce be heard ſix Inches off; as if he ſpoke out of a Bulruſh that were not pick'd, or his Throat were full of Pitch: a fine quick Fellow, and an excellent Barber of Prayers. I came to tell you, Sir, that you might *omnem movere lapidem* (as they ſay) be ready with your Vexation.

Dau. Gramercy, honeſt *Cutberd*; be thereabouts with thy Key to let us in.

Cut. I will not fail you, Sir: *Ad manum*.

Tru. Well, I'll go watch my Coaches.

Cle. Do; and we'll ſend *Daw* to you, if you meet him not.

Mrs. Ott. Is Mr. *True-wit* gone?

Dau.

Dau. Yes, Lady, there is ſome unfortunate Buſineſs fallen out.

Mrs. Ott. So I judg'd, by the Phiſiognomy of the Fellow that came in; and I had a Dream laſt Night too of the new Pageant, and my Lady Mayoreſs, which is always very ominous to me. I told it my Lady *Haughty* t'other Day, when her Honour came hither to ſee ſome *China* Stuffs; and ſhe expounded it out of *Artemidorus*, and I have found it ſince very true. It has done me many Affronts.

Cle. Your Dream, Lady?

Mrs. Ott. Yes, Sir, any thing I do but dream o' the City. It ſtain'd me a Damask Table-cloth, coſt me eighteen Pound at one Time; and burnt me a black Sattin Gown, as I ſtood by the Fire, at my Lady *Centaure's* Chamber, in the College, another Time. A third Time, at the Lord's Maſque, it dropt all my Wyre and my Ruff with Wax-candle, that I could not go up to the Banquet. A fourth Time, as I was taking Coach to go to *Ware*, to meet a Friend, it daſh'd me a new Suit all over (a Crimſon Sattin Doublet, and black Velvet Skirts) with a Brewer's Horſe, that I was fain to go in and ſhift me, and keep my Chamber a Leaſh of Days for the Anguiſh of it.

Dau. Theſe were dire Miſchances, Lady.

Cle. I would not dwell in the City, an 'twere ſo fatal to me.

Mrs. Ott. Yes, Sir; but I do take Advice of my Doctor, to dream of it as little as I can.

Dau. You do well, Miſtreſs *Otter*.

Mrs. Ott. Will it pleaſe you to enter the Houſe farther, Gentlemen?

Dau. And your Favour, Lady: But we ſtay to ſpeak with a Knight, Sir *John Daw*, who is here come. We ſhall follow you, Lady.

Mrs. Ott. At your own time, Sir. It is my Couſin Sir *Amorous* his Feaſt——

Dau. I know it, Lady.

Mrs. Ott. And mine together. But it is for his Honour, and therefore I take no Name of it, more than of the Place.

Dau. You are a bounteous Kinſwoman.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ott. Your Servant, Sir.

Clerimont, Daw, La-Fool, Dauphine, Otter.

Cle. Why, do you know it, Sir *John Daw*?

Daw. No, I am a Rook if I do.

Cle. I'll tell you then; she's married by this Time. And whereas you were put i' th' Head, that she was gone with Sir *Dauphine*, I assure you, Sir *Dauphine* has been the noblest, honestest Friend to you, that ever Gentleman of your Quality could boast of. He has discover'd the whole Plot, and made your Mistress so acknowledging, and indeed, so ashamed of her Injury to you, that she desires you to forgive her, and but grace her Wedding with your Presence to Day——She is to be married to a very good Fortune, she says, his Uncle old *Morose*: And she will'd me in Private to tell you, that she shall be able to do you more Favours, and with more Security now than before.

Daw. Did she say so, i'faith?

Cle. Why what do you think of me, Sir *John!* ask Sir *Dauphine*.

Daw. Nay, I believe you. Good Sir *Dauphine*, did she desire me to forgive her?

Cle. I assure you, Sir *John*, she did.

Daw. Nay then, I do with all my Heart, and I'll be jovial.

Cle. Yes, for look you, Sir, this was the Injury to you. *La-Foole* intended this Feast to honour her Bridal Day, and made you the Property to invite the College Ladies, and promise to bring her: and then at the time she would have appear'd (as his Friend) to have given you the *Dor*. Whereas now, Sir *Dauphine* has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kind of Satisfaction, that you shall bring all the Ladies to the Place where she is, and be very jovial; and there she will have a Dinner, which shall be in your Name: and so disappoint *La-Foole*, to make you good again, and (as it were) a saver i' the Man.

Daw. As I am a Knight, I honour her, and forgive her heartily.

Cle. About it then presently. *True-wit* is gone before to confront the Coaches, and to acquaint you with so much, if he meet you. Joyn with him, and 'tis well. See, here comes your *Antagonist*, but take you no notice, but be very jovial.

La-

La-F. Are the Ladies come, Sir *John Daw*, and your Miſtreſs? Sir *Dauphine*! you are exceeding welcome, and honeſt Maſter *Clerimont*. Where's my Couſin? did you ſee no Collegiates, Gentlemen?

Dau. 'Collegiates! Do you not hear, Sir *Amorous*, how you are abus'd?

La-F. How, Sir!

Cle. Will you ſpeak ſo kindly to Sir *John Daw*, that has done you ſuch an Affront.

La-F. Wherein, Gentlemen? let me be a Sutor to you to know, I beſeech you!

Cle. Why Sir, his Miſtreſs is married to day to Sir *Dauphin*'s Uncle, your Couſin's Neighbour, and he has diverted all the Ladies, and all your Company thither, to fruſtrate your Proviſion, and ſtick a Diſgrace upon you. He was here, now to have ent c'd us away from you too: but we told him his own, I think.

La F. Has Sir *John Daw* wrong'd me ſo inhumanly?

Dau. He has done it, Sir *Amorous*, moſt maliciouſly and treacherouſly: but if you'll be rul'd by us, you ſhall quit him i'faith.

La-F. Good Gentlemen! I'll make one, believe it. How I pray?

Dau. Marry, Sir, get me your Pheaſants, and your Godwits, and your beſt Meat, and diſh it in Silver Diſhes of your Couſin's preſently, and ſay nothing, but clap me a clean Towel about you, like a Sewer; and bare-headed, march afore it with a good Confidence ('tis but over the Way, hard by) and we'll ſecond you, where you ſhall ſet it o'the Board, and bid 'em welcome to't which ſhall ſhow 'tis yours, and diſgrace his Preparation utterly: And for your Couſin, whereas ſhe ſhould be troubled here at home with care of making and giving Welcome, ſhe ſhall tranſfer all that labour thither, and be a principal Gueſt her ſelf, ſit rank'd with the College Honours, and be honour'd, and have her Health drunk as often, as bare, and as loud as the beſt of 'em.

La-F. I'll go tell her preſently. It ſhall be done, that's reſolv'd.

Cle. I thought he would not hear it out, but 'twould take him.

Dau.

Dau. Well, there be Gueſts, and Meat now, how ſha we do for Muſick?

Cle. The Smell of the Veniſon, going through th Street, will invite one Noiſe of Fidlers or other.

Dau. I would it would call the Trumpeters thither.

Cle. Faith, there is Hope, they have Intelligence of a Feaſts. There's good Correſpondence betwixt them an the *London* Cooks. 'Tis twenty to one but he have 'em.

Dau. 'Twill be a moſt ſolemn Day for my Uncle, and a excellent fit of Mirth for us.

Cle. I, if we can hold up the Emulation betwixt *Foole* and *Daw*, and never bring them to expoſtulate.

Daw. Tut, flatter 'em both (as *True-wit* ſays) and you may take their Underſtandings in a Purſe-net. They'll believe themſelves to be juſt ſuch Men as we make 'em, neither more nor leſs. They have nothing, not the uſe of their Senſes, but by Tradition.

Cle. See! Sir *Amorous* has his Towel on already. Have you perſuaded your Couſin? [*He enters like a Sewer.*

La F. Yes, 'tis very feaſible: She'll do any Thing, ſhe ſays, rather than the *La-Foole*'s ſhall be diſgrac'd.

Dau. She is a noble Kinſwoman. It will be ſuch a peſtling Device, Sir *Amorous*! It will pound all your Enemies Practices to Powder, and blow him up with his own Mine, his own Train.

La-F. Nay, we'll give Fire I warrant you.

Cle. But you muſt carry it privately, without any Noiſe, and take no Notice by any Means——

Ott. Gentlemen, my Princeſs ſays you ſhall have all her Silver Diſhes, *feſtinate*: and ſhe's gone to alter her Tire a little, and go with you——

Cle. And your ſelf too, Captain *Otter*.

Dau. By any Means, Sir.

Ott. Yes, Sir, I do mean it: But I would entreat my Couſin Sir *Amorous*, and you Gentlemen, to be Suitors to my Princeſs, that I may carry my Bull and my Bear, as well as my Horſe.

Cle. That you ſhall do, Captain *Otter*.

La F. My Couſin will never conſent, Gentlemen.

Dau. She muſt conſent, Sir *Amorous*, to Reaſon.

La-F. Why, ſhe ſays they are no *decorum* among Ladies.

Ott.

Ott. But they are *decora*, and that's better, Sir.

Cle. I, ſhe muſt hear Argument. Did not *Paſiphae*, who was a Queen, love a Bull? and was not *Caliſto*, the Mother of *Arcas*, turn'd into a Bear, and made a Star, Miſtreſs *Urſula*, i' the Heavens?

Ott. O God! that I could ha' ſaid as much! I will have theſe Stories painted i' the Bear-garden, *ex Ovidii Metamorphoſi.*

Dau. Where is your Princeſs, Captain? pray be our Leader.

Ott. That I ſhall, Sir.

Cle. Make Haſte, good Sir *Amorous.*

Moroſe, Epicœne, Parſon, Cutberd.

Mor. Sir, there's an Angel for your ſelf, and a Brace of Angels for your Cold. Muſe not at this Manage of my Bounty. It is fit we ſhould thank Fortune, double to Nature, for any Benefit ſhe confers upon us; beſides, it is your Imperfection but my Solace.

[*The Parſon ſpeaks as having a Cold.*

Par. I thank your Worſhip; ſo it is mine now.

Mor. What ſays he, *Cutberd*?

Cut. He ſays, *præſto*, Sir, whenſoever your Worſhip needs him he can be ready with the like. He got this Cold with ſitting up late, and ſinging Catches with Cloth-workers.

Mor. No more. I thank him.

Par. God keep your Worſhip, and give you much Joy with your fair Spouſe. (Umh, umh) [*He coughs.*

Mor. O, O, ſtay *Cutberd*! let him give me five Shillings of my Money back. As it is Bounty to reward Benefits, ſo is it Equity to mulct Injuries. I will have it, What ſays he?

Cut. He cannot change it, Sir.

Mor. It muſt be chang'd.

Cut. Cough again.

Mor. What ſays he?

Cut. He will cough out the reſt, Sir.

Par. (Umh, umh, umh.) [*Again.*

Mor. Away, away with him, ſtop his Mouth, away, I forgive it.——

Epi. Fye, Maſter *Moroſe*, that you will uſe this Violence to a Man of the Church.

Mor.

Mor. How!

Epi. It does not become your Gravity, or Breeding, (as you pretend in Cour.) to have offer'd this outrage on a Water-man, or any more boiſtrous Creature, much leſs on a Man of his civil Coat.

Mor. You can ſpeak then!

Epi. Yes, Sir.

Mor. Speak out I mean.

Epi. I Sir, why, did you think you had married a Statue, or a Motion only? one of the *French* Puppets, with the Eyes turn'd with a Wire? or ſome Innocent out of the Hoſpital, that would ſtand with her Hands thus, and a Plaiſe Mouth, and look upon you?

Mor. O Immodeſty! a manifeſt Woman! what *Cutberd?*

Epi. Nay, never quarrel with *Cutberd*, Sir, it is too 'ate now. I confeſs it doth bate ſomewhat of the Modeſty I had, when I writ ſimply Maid: But I hope I ſhall make it a Stock ſtill competent to the Eſtate and Dignity of your Wife.

Mor. She can talk!

Epi. Yes indeed, Sir.

Mor. What, Sirrah. None of my Knaves, there? where is this Impoſter, *Cutberd?*

Epi. Speak to him, fellow, ſpeak to him. I'll have none of this coacted, unnatural Dumbneſs in my Houſe, in a Family where I govern.

Mor. She is my Regent already! I have married a *Penthejilea*, a *Semiramis*, ſold my Liberty to a Diſtaff!

Truewit, Moroſe, Epicœne.

Tru. Where's Maſter *Moroſe?*

Mor. Is he come again! Lord have Mercy upon me.

Tru. I wiſh you all Joy, Miſtreſs *Epicœne*, with your grave and honourable Match.

Epi. I return you the Thanks, Maſter *True-wit*, ſo friendly a Wiſh deſerves.

Mor. She has Acquaintance too!

Tru. God ſave you, Sir, and give you all Contentment in your fair Choice, here. Before I was the Bird of Night to you, the Owl; but now I am the Meſſenger of Peace,

a

a Dove, and bring you the glad Wiſhes of many Friends to the Celebration of this good Hour.

Mor. What Hour, Sir?

Tru. Your Marriage Hour, Sir. I commend your reſolution, that (notwithſtanding all the Dangers I laid afore you, in the Voice of a Night-crow) would yet go on, and be your ſelf. It ſhews you are a Man conſtant to your own Ends, and upright to you Purpoſes, that would not be put off with Left-handed Cries.

Mor. How ſhould you arrive at the Knowledge of ſo much!

Tru. Why, did you ever hope, Sir, committing the ſecrecy of it to a Barber, that leſs than the whole Town ſhould know it? you might as well ha' told it the Conduit, or the Bake-houſe, or the Infantry that follow the Court, and with more Security. Could your Gravity forget ſo old and noted a Remnant, as *lippis & tonſoribus notum*? Well Sir, forgive it your ſelf now, the Fault, and be communicable with your Friends. Here will be three or four faſhionable Ladies from the College to viſit you preſently, and their Train of Minions and Followers.

Mor. Bar my Doors! bar my Doors! where are all my Eaters? my Mouths now? bar up my Doors, you Varlets.

Epi. He is a Varlet that ſtirs to ſuch an Office. Let 'em ſtand open. I would ſee him that dares move his Eyes toward it. Shall I have a *Barricado* made againſt my Friends, to be barr'd of any Pleaſure they can bring in to me with honourable Viſitation?

Mor. O *Amazonian* Impudence!

Tru. Nay, faith, in this, Sir, ſhe ſpeaks but reaſon: and methinks is more continent than you. Would you go to Bed ſo preſently, Sir, afore Noon? a Man of your Head and Hair ſhould owe more to that Reverend Ceremony, and not mount the Marriage-bed, like a Town-bull, or a Mountain-goat; but ſtay the due Seaſon; and aſcend it then with Religion and Fear. Thoſe Delights are to be ſteep'd in the Humour, and ſilence of the Night? and give the Day to other open Pleaſures, and Jollities of Feaſting, of Muſick, of Revels, of Diſcourſe, we'll have all, Sir, that may make your *Hymen* high and happy.

Mor.

Mor. O, my torment, my torment!

Tru. Nay, if you endure the firſt half Hour, Sir, ſo tediouſly, and with this irkſomneſs; what Comfort, or Hope, can this fair Gentlewoman make to herſelf hereafter, in the Conſideration of ſo many Years as are to come———

Mor. Of my Affliction. Good Sir, depart, and let her do it alone.

Tru. I have done, Sir.

Mor. That curſed Barber!

Tru. (Yes faith, a curſed Wretch indeed, Sir.)

Mor. I have married his Cittern, that's common to all Men. Some Plague, above the Plague———

Tru. (All *Ægypt*'s ten Plagues)

Mor. Revenge me on him.

Tru. 'Tis very well, Sir. If you laid on a Curſe or two more I'll aſſure you he'll bear 'em. As, that he may get the Pox with ſeeking to cure it, Sir? Or, that while he is curling another Mans Hair, his own may drop off? Or, for burning ſome Male-baud's Lock, he may have his Brains beat out with the Curling-iron?

Mor. No, let the Wretch live wretched. May he get the Itch, and his Shop ſo louſie, as no Man dare come at him, nor he come at no Man.

Tru. (I, and if he would ſwallow all his Balls for Pills, let not them purge him.)

Mor. Let his Warming-pan be ever cold.

Tru. (A perpetual Froſt underneath it, Sir.)

Mor. Let him never hope to ſee Fire again.

Tru. (But in Hell, Sir.)

Mor. His Chairs be always empty, his Sciſſars ruſt, and his Combs mould in their Caſes.

Tru. Very dreadful that! (And may he loſe the invention, Sir, of carving Lanterns in Paper.)

Mor. Let there be no Baud carted that Year, to employ a Baſon of his: But let him be glad to eat his Sponge for Bread.

Tru. And drink *lotium* to it, and much good do him.

Mor. Or, for want of Bread ——

Tru. Eat Ear-wax, Sir. I'll help you. Or, draw his own Teeth, and add them to the Lute-ſtring.

Mor.

Mor. No, beat the old ones to Powder, and make Bread of them.

Tru. (Yes, make Meal o'the Mill-ſtones.)

Mor. May all the Botches and Burns that he has cur'd on others, break out upon him.

Tru. And he now forget the cure of 'em in himſelf, Sir; or, if he do remember it, let him ha' ſcrap'd all his Linnen into Lint for't, and have not a Rag left him for to ſet up with.

Mor. Let him never ſet up again, but have the Gout in his Hands for ever. Now, no more, Sir.

Tru. O that laſt was too high ſet! you might go leſs with him i' faith, and be reveng'd enough: as, that he be never able to new-paint his Pole——

Mor. Good Sir, no more. I forgot my ſelf.

Tru. Or, want Credit to take up with a Comb-maker———

Mor. No more, Sir.

Tru. Or, having broken his Glaſs in a former deſpair, fall now into a much greater, of ever getting another———

Mor. I beſeech you, no more.

Tru. Or, that he never be truſted with trimming of any but Chimney-Sweepers———

Mor. Sir———

Tru. Or, may he cut a Colliers Throat with his Razor, by *Chance-medley*, and be hang'd for't.

Mor. I will forgive him, rather than hear any more. I beſeech you, Sir.

Daw, Moroſe, Truewit, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Truſty.

Daw. This way, Madam.

Mor. O, the Sea breaks in upon me! another Flood! an Inundation! I ſhall be overwhelm'd with Noiſe. It beats already at my Shores. I feel an Earthquake in my ſelf, for't.

Daw. 'Give you Joy, Miſtreſs.

Mor. Has ſhe Servants too!

Daw. I have brought ſome Ladies here to ſee and know you. [*She kiſſes them ſeverally as he preſents them.*] My Lady *Haughty*, this my Lady *Centaure*, Miſtreſs *Doll*, *Mavis*, Miſtreſs *Truſty* my Lady *Haughty*'s Woman. Where's your Husband?

band? let's ſee him: Can he endure no Noiſe? let me come to him.

Mor. What *Nomenclator* is this?

Tru. Sir *John Daw*, Sir, your Wife's Servant, this.

Mor. A *Daw*, and her Servant! O, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of me, an' ſhe have ſuch Servants.

Tru. Nay Sir, you muſt kiſs the Ladies, you muſt not go away, now; they come toward you to ſeek you out.

Hau. I' faith, Maſter *Moroſe*, would you ſteal a Marriage thus, in the midſt of ſo many Friends, and not acquaint us? Well, I'll kiſs you, notwithſtanding the juſtice of my Quarrel: you ſhall give me leave, Miſtreſs, to uſe a becoming familiarity with your Husband.

Epi. Your Ladyſhip does me an honour in it, to let me know he is ſo worthy your Favour: As you have done both him and me grace, to viſit ſo unprepar'd a Pair to entertain you.

Mor. Complement! Complement!

Epi. But I muſt lay the burden of that upon my Servant here.

Hau. It ſhall not need, Miſtreſs *Moroſe*; we will all bear, rather than one ſhall be oppreſt.

Mor. I know it: And you will teach her the Faculty, if ſhe be to learn it.

Hau. Is this the ſilent Woman?

Cen. Nay, ſhe has found her Tongue ſince ſhe was married, Maſter *True-wit* ſays.

Hau. O, Maſter *True-wit*! ſave you. What kind of Creature is your Bride here? ſhe ſpeaks methinks!

Tru. Yes, Madam, believe it, ſhe is a Gentlewoman of very abſolute Behaviour, and of a good Race.

Hau. And *Jack Daw* told us, ſhe could not ſpeak.

Tru. So it was carried in Plot, Madam, to put her upon this old Fellow, by Sir *Dauphine*, his Nephew, and one or two more of us: but ſhe is a Woman of an excellent Aſſurance, and an extraordinary happy Wit and Tongue. You ſhall ſee her make rare ſport with *Daw* 'ere Night.

Hau And he brought us to laugh at her?

Tru. That falls out often, Madam, that he that thinks himſelf the Maſter-wit, is the Maſter-Fool. I aſſure your Ladiſhip ye cannot laugh at her.

Hau.

Hau. No, we'll have her to the College: an' ſhe have Wit, ſhe ſhall be one of us! ſhall ſhe not *Centaure*? we'll make her a Collegiate.

Cen. Yes faith, Madam, and *Mavis*, and ſhe will ſet up a ſide.

Tru. Believe it, Madam, and Miſtriſs *Mavis*, ſhe will ſuſtain her Part.

Mav. I'll tell you that, when I have talk'd with her, and try'd her.

Hau. Uſe her very civilly, *Mavis*.

Mav. So I will, Madam.

Mor. Bleſſed Minute! that they would whiſper thus ever.

Tru. In the mean Time, Madam, would but your Ladiſhip help to vex him a little: you know his Diſeaſe, talk to him about the Wedding Ceremonies, or call for your Gloves, or———

Hau. Let me alone. *Centaure* help me. Maſter Bridegroom where are you?

Mor. O, it was too miracu'ouſly good to laſt!

Hau. We ſee no Enſigns of a Wedding here; no Character of a Bride-ale: where be our Skarves and our Gloves? I pray you, give 'em us. Let's know your Bride's Colours, and your's at leaſt.

Cen. Alas, Madam, he has provided none.

Mor. Had I known your Ladyſhip's Painter I would.

Hau. He has given it you, *Centaure*, i' faith. But do you hear, M. *Moroſe*, a Jeſt will not abſolve you in this manner. You that have ſuck'd the Milk of the Court, and from thence have been brought up to the very ſtrong Meats and Wine of it; being a Courtier from the Biggen to the Night-Cap, (as we may ſay) and you to offend in ſuch a high Point of Ceremony as this! and let your Nuptials want all Marks of Solemnity! How much Plate have you loſt to day, (if you had but regarded your Profit) what Gifts, what Friends, through your meer Ruſticity?

Mor. Madam———

Hau. Pardon me, Sir, I muſt inſinuate your Errors to you. No Gloves? no Garters? no Skarves? no *Epithalamium*? no Maſque?

Daw. Yes, Madam, I'll make an *Epithalamium*, I promiſe

n iſe my Miſtriſs, I have begun it already: will your Ladyſhip hear it?

Hau. I, good *Jack Daw.*

Mor. Will it pleaſe your Ladyſhip command a Chamber, and be private with your Friend? you ſhall have your choice of Rooms to retire to after: my whole Houſe is yours. I know it hath been your Ladyſhip's Errand into the City at other Times, however now you have been unhappily diverted upon me: But I ſhall be loth to break any honourable Cuſtom of your Ladyſhip's. And therefore, good Madam———

Epi. Come, you are a rude Bridegroom, to entertain Ladies of Honour in this Faſhion.

Cen. He is a rude Groom indeed.

Tru. By that Light you deſerve to be grafted, and have your Horns reach from one ſide of the Iſland to the other. Do not miſtake me, Sir, I but ſpeak this to give the Ladies ſome heart again, not for any malice to you

Mor. Is this your *Bravo* Ladies?

Tru. As God help me, if you utter ſuch another word, I'll take Miſtriſs Bride in, and begin to you in a very ſad Cup; do you ſee? Go too, know your Friends, and ſuch as love you.

Clerimont, Moroſe, True-wit, Dauphine, La-Foole, Otter, Miſtriſs Otter, &c.

By your leave Ladies. Do you want any Muſick? I have brought you variety of Noiſes. Play, Sirs, all of you. [*Muſick of Sorts.*

Mor. O, a Plot, a Plot, a Plot, a Plot, upon me! This day I ſhall be their Anvile to work on, they will grate me aſunder. 'Tis worſe than the noiſe of a Saw.

Cle. No, they are Hair, Roſin, and Guts. I can give you the Receipt.

Tru. Peace, Boys.

Cle. Play, I ſay.

Tru. Peace, Raſcals. You ſee who's your Friend now, Sir! Take Courage, put on a Martyr's reſolution. Mock down all their attemptings with Patience. 'Tis but a Day, and I will ſuffer Heroically. Should an Aſs exceed me in Fortitude? No, you betray your Infirmity with your hanging dull Ears, and make them inſult: bear up bravely, and

and conſtantly. Look you here, Sir, what Honour is done you unexpected, by your Nephew; a Wedding Dinner come, and a Knight Sewer before it, for the more Reputation: and fine Mrs. *Otter*, your Neighbour, in the Rump or Tail of it. [*La-Foole paſſes over ſewing the Meat.*

Mor. Is that *Gorgon*, that *Meduſa* come? Hide me, hide me.

Tru. I warrant you, Sir, ſhe will not transform you. Look upon her with a good Courage. Pray you entertain her, and conduct your Gueſts in. No, Miſtriſs Bride will you entreat in the Ladies? your Bridegroom is ſo ſhame-fac'd, here ———

Epi. Will it pleaſe your Ladyſhip, Madam?

Hau. With the Benefit of your Company, Miſtriſs.

Epi. Servant, pray you perform your Duties.

Daw. And glad to be commanded, Miſtriſs.

Cen. How like you her Wit, *Mavis*?

Mav. Very prettily, abſolutely well.

M. Ot. 'Tis my Place.

Mav. You ſhall pardon me, Miſtriſs *Otter*.

M. Ot. Why I am a Collegiate.

Mav. But not in Ordinary.

M. Ot. But I am.

Mav. We'll diſpute that within.

Cle. Would this had laſted a little longer.

Tru. And that they had ſent for the Heralds. Captain *Otter*, What News?

Ott. I have brought my Bull, Bear, and Horſe, in private, and yonder are the Trumpeters without, and the Drum, Gentlemen.

Mor. O, O, O. [*The Drum and Trumpets ſound.*

Ot. And we will have a rouſe in each of them, anon, for bold *Britons* i' faith.

Mor. O, O, O.

All. Follow, follow, follow.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Tru. WAS there ever poor Bridegroom ſo tormented? or Man indeed?

Cle. I have not read of the like in the *Chronicles* of the Land.

Tru. Sure, he cannot but go to Place of reſt, after all this Purgatory.

Cle. He may preſume it I think.

Tru. The Spitting, the Coughing, the Laughter, the Neeſing, the Farting, Dancing, noiſe of the Muſick, and her maſculine and loud Commanding, and urging the whole Family, makes him think he has married a *Fury*.

Cle. And ſhe carries it up bravely.

Tru. I, ſhe takes any Occaſion to ſpeak: that's the height on't.

Cle. And how ſoberly *Dauphine* labours to ſatisfie him, that it was none of his Plot!

Tru. And has almoſt brought him to the faith, i' the Article. Here he comes. Where is he now? what's become of him *Dauphine*?

Dau. O' hold me up a little, I ſhall go away i' the Jeſt elſe. He has got on his whole Neſt of Night-Caps, and lock'd himſelf up i' the Top o' the Houſe, as high as ever he can climb from the noiſe. I peep'd in at a Crany, and ſaw him ſitting over a Croſs-beam o' the Roof, like him o' the Sadler's Horſe in *Fleetſtreet*, upright: and he will ſleep there.

Cle. But where are your Collegiates?

Dau. With-drawn with the Bride in private.

Tru. O, they are inſtructing her i' the College-Grammar. If ſhe have Grace with them, ſhe knows all their Secrets inſtantly.

Cle. Methinks, the Lady *Haughty* looks well to day, for all my diſpraiſe of her i' the Morning. I think, I ſhall come about to thee again, *True-wit*.

Tru. Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the loſſes, Time and Years have made i' their Features with Dreſſings. And an intelligent Woman, if ſhe know by her ſelf the leaſt defect, will be moſt curious to hide it; and it becomes her. If ſhe be ſhort, let her ſit much, leſt when ſhe ſtands, ſhe be thought to ſit. If ſhe have an ill Foot, let her wear her Gown the longer, and her Shoe thinner. If a fat Hand, and ſcald Nails, let her carve the leſs, and act in Gloves. If a ſowre Breath let her never diſcourſe faſting, and always talk at her Diſtance. If ſhe have

black and rugged Teeth, let her offer the leſs at Laughter, eſpecially if ſhe laugh wide and open.

Cle. O, you ſhall have ſome Women, when they laugh, you would think they bray'd, it is ſo rude and ———

Tru. I, and others, that will ſtalk i' their Gate like an *Eſtrich*, and take huge ſtrides. I cannot endure ſuch a ſight. I love meaſure i' the Feet, and Number i' the Voice: they are gentleneſſes, that oftentimes draw no leſs than the Face.

Dau. How cam'ſt thou to ſtudy theſe Creatures ſo exactly? I would thou wouldſt make me a Proficient.

Tru. Yes, but you muſt leave to live i' your Chamber then a Month together upon *Amadis de Gaule*, or *Don Quixote*, as you are wont, and come abroad where the Matter is frequent, to Court, to Tiltings, publick Shows, and Feaſts, to Plays, and Church ſometimes: thither they come to ſhew their new Tyres too, to ſee, and to be ſeen. In theſe Places a Man ſhall find whom to love, whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever. The variety arreſts his Judgment. A Wench to pleaſe a Man comes not down dropping from the Ceiling, as he lies on his back droning a Tobacco-pipe. He muſt go where ſhe is.

Dau. Yes, and be never the near.

Tru. Out Heretick. That difference makes thee worthy it ſhould be ſo.

Cle. He ſays true to you, *Dauphine.*

Dau. Why?

Tru. A Man ſhould not doubt to overcome any Woman. Think he can vanquiſh 'em, and he ſhall: for though they deny, their deſire is to be tempted. *Penelope* her ſelf cannot hold out long. *Oſtend*, you ſaw, was taken at laſt. You muſt perſevere, and hold to your purpoſe. They would ſollicite us, but that they are afraid. Howſoever, they wiſh in their Hearts we ſhould ſoliicite them. Praiſe 'em, flatter 'em, you ſhall never want Eloquence or Truſt: even the Chaſteſt delight to feel themſelves that way rubb'd. With Praiſes you muſt mix Kiſſes too. If they take them, they'll take more. Though they ſtrive, they would be overcome.

Cle. O, but a Man muſt beware of Force.

Tru. It is to them an acceptable Violence, and has oft-

times the Place of the greateſt Courteſie. She that might have been forc'd, and you let her go free without touching, though then ſhe ſeem to thank you, will ever hate you after; and glad i' the Face, is aſſuredly ſad at the Heart.

Cle. But all Women are not to be taken always.

Tru. 'Tis true; no more than all Birds, or all Fiſhes. If you appear learned to an ignorant Wench, or jocund to a ſad, or witty to a fooliſh, why ſhe preſently begins to miſtruſt her ſelf. You muſt approach them i' their own Height, their own Line; for the contrary makes many that fear to commit themſelves to Noble and Worthy Fellows, run into the Embraces of a Raſcal. If ſhe love Wit, give Verſes, though you borrow 'em of a Friend, or buy 'em, to have good. If Valour, talk of your Sword, and be frequent in the mention of Quarrels, though you be ſtaunch in Fighting. If Activity, be ſeen o' your *Barbary* often, or leaping over Stools, for the Credit of your Back. If ſhe love good Cloathes or Dreſſing, have your learned Council about you every morning, your *French* Taylor, Barber, Linnener, *&c.* Let your Powder, your Glaſs, and your Comb be your dearеſt Acquaintance. Take more care for the Ornament of your Head, than the Safety; and wiſh the Commonwealth rather troubled, than a Hair about you. That will take her. Then if ſhe be covetous and craving, do you promiſe any thing, and perform ſparingly; ſo ſhall you keep her in appetite ſtill. Seem as you would give, but be like a barren Field, that yields little; or unlucky Dice to fooliſh and hoping Gameſters. Let your Gifts be ſlight and dainty, rather than precious. Let Cunning be above Coſt. Give Cherries at Time of Year, or Apricots; and ſay, they were ſent you out o' the Country, tho' you bought 'em in *Cheapſide.* Admire her Tires; like her in all Faſhions; compare her in every Habit to ſome Deity; invent excellent Dreams to flatter her, and Riddles; or, if ſhe be a Great one, perform always the Second Parts to her? like what ſhe likes, praiſe whom ſhe praiſes, and fail not to make the Houſhold and Servants yours, yea the whole Family, and ſalute 'em by their Names, ('tis but light Coſt, if you can purchaſe 'em ſo) and make her Phyſician your Penſioner, and her chief Woman. Nor will it be out of your gain to make Love to her too, ſo ſhe follow, not uſher her Lady's Pleaſure. All

Bab-

Blabbing is taken away, when ſhe comes to be a part of the Crime.

Dau. On what Courtly Lap haſt thou late ſlept, to come forth ſo ſudden and abſolute a Courtling?

Tru. Good faith, I ſhou'd rather queſtion you, that are ſo hearkning after theſe Myſteries. I begin to ſuſpect your Diligence, *Dauphine*. Speak, art thou in Love in earneſt?

Dau. Yes by my troth am I; 'twere ill diſſembling before thee.

Tru. With which of 'em, I pr'ythee?

Dau. With all the Collegiates.

Cle. Out on thee. We'll keep you at home, believe it, i' the Stable, an' you be ſuch a Stallion.

Tru. No, I like him well. Men ſhould love wiſely, and all Women; ſome one for the Face, and let her pleaſe the Eye; another for the Skin, and let her pleaſe the Touch; a third for the Voice, and let her pleaſe the Ear; and where the Objects mix, let the Senſes ſo too. Thou would'ſt think it ſtrange, if I ſhould make 'em all in love with thee afore Night!

Dau. I would ſay, thou hadſt the beſt *Philtre* i' the World, and couldſt do no more than Madam *Medea*, or Doctor *Foreman*.

Tru. If I do not, let me play the Mountebank for my Meat while I live, and the Bawd for my Drink.

Dau. So be it, I ſay.

Otter, Clerimont, Daw, Dauphine, Moroſe, True-wit, La-Foole, Mrs. *Otter*.

Ott. O Lord, Gentlemen, how my Knights and I have miſt you here!

Cle. Why, Captain, what Service? what Service?

Ott. To ſee me bring up my Bull, Bear, and Horſe to fight.

Daw. Yes faith, the Captain ſays we ſhall be his Dogs to bait 'em.

Dau. A good Employment.

Tru. Come on, let's ſee a Courſe then.

La-F. I am afraid my Couſin will be offended, if ſhe come.

Ott. Be afraid of nothing. Gentlemen, I have plac'd the Drum and the Trumpets, and one to give 'em the Sign

when you are ready. Here's my Bull for my ſelf, and my Bear for Sir *John Daw*, and my Horſe for Sir *Amorous*. Now ſet your Foot to mine, and yours to his, and——

La-F. Pray God my Couſin come not.

Ott. Saint *George* and Saint *Andrew*! Fear no Couſins. Come, ſound, ſound. *Et rauco ſtrepuerunt cornua cantu.*

Tru. Well ſaid, Captain, i' faith; well fought at the Bull.

Cle. Well held at the Bear.

Tru. Low, low, Captain.

Dau. O, the Horſe has kickt off his Dog already.

La-F. I cannot drink it, as I am a Knight.

Tru. Gods-ſo, off with his Spurs, ſome Body.

La-F. It goes againſt my Conſcience, my Couſin will be angry with it.

Daw. I ha' done mine.

Tru. You fought high and fair, Sir *John*.

Cle. At the Head.

Dau. Like an excellent Bear-dog.

Cle. You take no Notice of the Buſineſs, I hope.

Daw. Not a Word, Sir; you ſee we are jovial.

Ott. Sir *Amorous*, you muſt not equivocate. It muſt be pull'd down, for all my Couſin.

Cle. 'Sfoot, if you take not your Drink, they'll think you are diſcontented with ſomething? you'll betray all, if you take the leaſt Notice.

La-F. Not I, I'll both drink and talk then.

Ott. You muſt pull the Horſe on his Knees, Sir *Amorous*; fear no Couſins. *Facta eſt alea.*

Tru. O, now he's in his Vein, and bold. The leaſt Hint given him of his Wife now, will make him rail deſperately.

Cle. Speak to him of her.

Tru. Do you, and I'll fetch her to the hearing of it.

Dau. Captain He-*Otter*, your She-*Otter* is coming, your Wife.

Ott. Wife! Buz. *Titivilitium.* There's no ſuch thing in Nature. I confeſs, Gentlemen, I have a Cook, a Laundreſs, a Houſe-drudge, that ſerves my neceſſary Turns, and goes under that Title: But he's an Aſs that will be ſo uxorious to tie his Affections to one Circle. Come, the Name

Name dulls Appetite. Here, repleniſh again; another Bout. Wives are naſty ſluttiſh Animals.

Dau. O, Captain.

Ott. As ever the Earth bare, *tribus verbis.* Where's Maſter *True-wit*?

Daw. He's ſlipt aſide, Sir.

Cle. But you muſt drink and be jovial.

Daw. Yes, give it me.

La-F. And me too.

Daw. Let's be jovial.

La-F. As jovial as you will.

Ott. Agreed. Now you ſhall ha' the Bear, Couſin, and Sir *John Daw* the Horſe, and I'll ha' the Bull ſtill. Sound *Tritons* o' the *Thames*: *Nunc eſt bibendum, nunc pede libro*———

Mor. Villains, Murderers, Sons of the Earth, and Traytors, what do you there?

[*Moroſe ſpeaks from above, the Trumpets ſounding.*

Cle. O, now the Trumpets have wak'd him, we ſhall have his Company.

Ott. A Wife is a ſcurvy *Clogdogdo*, an unlucky thing, a very foreſaid Bear-Whelp, without any good Faſhion or Breeding; *mala beſtia.*

[*His Wife is brought out to hear him.*

Dau. Why did you marry one then, Captain?

Ott. A Pox———I married with ſix thouſand Pound, I. I was in Love with that. I ha' not kiſt my Fury theſe forty Weeks.

Cle. The more to blame you, Captain.

Tru. Nay, Mrs. *Otter*, hear him a little firſt.

Ott. She has a Breath worſe than my Grandmother's *Profecto.*

Mrs. *Ott.* O treacherous Liar. Kiſs me, ſweet Maſter *True-wit*, and prove him a ſlandering Knave.

Tru. I'll rather believe you, Lady.

Ott. And ſhe has a Perruke, that's like a Pound of Hemp, made up in Shoe-threads.

Mrs. *Ott.* O Viper, Mandrake!

Ott. A moſt vile Face! and yet ſhe ſpends me forty Pound a Year in *Mercury* and Hogs Bones. All her Teeth were made i' the *Black-Fryars*, both her Eye-brows i' the

Strand, and her Hair in *Silver-ſtreet*. Every part o' the Town owns a Piece of her.

Mrs. Ott. I cannot hold.

Ott. She takes her ſelf aſunder ſtill when ſhe goes to Bed, into ſome twenty Boxes; and about next Day Noon is put together again, like a great *German* Clock; and ſo comes forth, and rings a tedious Larum to the whole Houſe, and then is quiet again for an Hour, but for her Quarters. Ha' you done me Right Gentlemen?

Mrs. Ott. No, Sir, I'll do you Right with my Quarters, with my Quarters.

[*She falls upon him, and beats him.*

Ott. O, hold, good Princeſs.

Tru. Sound, ſound.

Cle. A Battel, a Battel.

Mrs. Ott. You notorious ſtinkardly Bearward, does my Breath ſmell?

Ott. Under Correction, dear Princeſs. Look to my Bear and my Horſe, Gentlemen.

Mrs. Ott. Do I want Teeth, and Eye-brows, thou Bull-Dog?

Tru. Sound, ſound ſtill.

Ott. No, I proteſt, under correction——

Mrs. Ott. I, now you are under Correction, you proteſt: but you did not proteſt before Correction, Sir. Thou *Judas*, to offer to betray thy Princeſs! I'll make thee an Example—— [Moroſe *deſcends with a long Sword.*

Mor. I will have no ſuch Examples in my Houſe, Lady *Otter*.

Mrs. Ott. Ah——

Mor. Mrs. *Mary Ambree*, your Examples are dangerous. Rogues. Hell-hounds, *Stentors*, out of my Doors, you Sons of Noiſe and Tumult, begot on an ill *May-day*, or when the Gally-foiſt is afloat to *Weſtminſter*! A Trumpeter could not be conceiv'd but then.

Dau. What ails you, Sir?

Mor. They have rent my Roof, Walls, and all my Windows aſunder, with their brazen Throats.

Tru. Beſt follow him, *Dauphine*.

Dau. So I will.

Cle. Where's *Daw* and *La-Fool*?

Ott.

Ott. They are both run away, Sir. Good Gentlemen, help to pacifie my Princeſs, and ſpeak to the great Ladies for me. Now muſt I go lie with the Bears this Fortnight, and keep out o' the Way, till my Peace be made, for this Scandal ſhe has taken. Did you not ſee my Bull-head, Gentlemen?

Cle. Is't not on, Captain?

Tru. No; but he may make a new one, by that is on.

Ott. O, here 'tis. An' you come over, Gentlemen, and ask for *Tom Otter*, we'll go down to *Ratcliff*, and have a Courſe i' faith, for all theſe Diſaſters. There is *bona ſpes* left.

Tru. Away, Captain, get off while you are well.

Cle. I am glad we are rid of him.

Tru. You had never been, unleſs we had put his Wife upon him. His Humour is as tedious at laſt, as it was ridiculous at firſt.

Haughty, Mrs. *Otter*, *Mavis*, *Daw*, *La-Foole*, *Centaure*, *Epicœne*, *True-wit*, *Clerimont*.

Hau. We wonder'd why you ſhriek'd ſo, Mrs. *Otter*.

Mrs. *Ott.* O God, Madam, he came down with a huge long naked Weapon in both his Hands, and look'd ſo dreadfully! Sure he's beſide himſelf.

Mav. Why, what made you there, Mrs. *Otter*?

Mrs. *Ott.* Alas, Mrs. *Mavis*, I was chaſtiſing my Subject, and thought nothing of him.

Daw. Faith, Miſtreſs, you muſt do ſo too. Learn to chaſtiſe. Miſtreſs *Otter* corrects her Husband ſo, he dares not ſpeak, but under Correction.

La-F. And with his Hat off to her: 'twould do you good to ſee.

Hau. In ſadneſs, 'tis good and mature Counſel; practiſe it, *Moroſe*. I'll call you *Moroſe* ſtill now, as I call *Centaure* and *Mavis*; we four will be all one.

Cen. And you'll come to the College, and live with us?

Hau. Make him give Milk and Honey.

Mav. Look how you manage him at firſt, you ſhall have him ever after.

Cen. Let him allow you your Coach and four Horſes,

you

your Woman, your Chambermaid, your Page, your Gentleman-Uſher, your *French* Cook, and four Grooms.

Hau. And go with us to *Bedlam*, to the *China* houſes, and to the *Exchange*.

Cen. It will open the Gate to your Fame.

Hau. Here's *Centaure* has immortaliz'd her ſelf, with taming of her wild Male.

Mav. I, ſhe has done the Miracle of the Kingdom.

Epi. But Ladies, do you count it lawful to have ſuch Plurality of Servants, and do 'em all Graces?

Hau. Why not? Why ſhould Women deny their Favours to Men? Are they the poorer, or the worſe?

Daw. Is the *Thames* the leſs for the Dyer's Water, Miſtriſs?

La-F. Or a Torch, for lighting many Torches?

Tru. Well ſaid, *La-Foole*; what a new one he has got?

Cen. They are empty Loſſes Women fear in this Kind.

Hau. Beſides, Ladies ſhould be mindful of the Approach of Age, and let no Time want his due Uſe. The beſt of our Days paſs firſt.

Mav. We are Rivers, that cannot be call'd back, Madam: She that now excludes her Lovers, may live to lie a forſaken Beldam, in a frozen Bed.

Cen. 'Tis true, *Mavis*: And who will wait on us to Coach then? or write, or tell us the News then? make *Anagrams* of our Names, and invite us to the Cockpit, and kiſs our Hands all the Play-time, and draw their Weapons for our Honours?

Hau. Not one.

Dau. Nay, my Miſtriſs is not altogether unintelligent of theſe things; here be in preſence have taſted of her Favours.

Cle. What a Neighing Hobby-Horſe is this!

Epi. But not with intent to boaſt 'em again, Servant. And have you thoſe excellent Receipts, Madam, to keep your ſelves from bearing of Children?

Hau. O, yes, *Moroſe*: How ſhould we maintain our Youth and Beauty elſe? Many Births of a Woman make her Old, as many Crops make the Earth Barren.

Moroſe,

Moroſe, *Dauphine*, *True-wit*, *Epicæne*, *Clerimont*, *Daw*, *Haughty*, *La-Foole*, *Centaure*, *Mavis*, Mrs. *Otter*, *Truſty*.

Mor. O my curſed Angel that inſtructed me to this Fate!

Dau. Why, Sir?

Mor. That I ſhould be ſeduc'd by ſo fooliſh a Devil as a Barber will make!

Dau. I would I had been worthy, Sir, to have partaken your Counſel; you ſhould never have truſted it to ſuch a Miniſter.

Mor. Would I could redeem it with the loſs of an Eye, (Nephew) a Hand, or any other Member.

Dau. Marry, God forbid, Sir, that you ſhould geld yourſelf, to anger your Wife.

Mor. So it would rid me of her! and, that I did ſupererogatory Penance in a Belfry, at *Weſtminſter-Hall*, i' the *Cockpit*, at the fall of a Stag, the *Tower-wharf*, (what Place is there elſe?) *London-Bridge*, *Paris-Garden*, *Pelinſgate*, when the Noiſes are at their height, and lowdeſt. Nay, I would fit out a Play, that were nothing but Fights at Sea, Drum, Trumpet, and Target!

Dau. I hope there ſhall be no ſuch need, Sir. Take Patience, good Uncle. This is but a Day, and 'tis well worn too now.

Mor. O, 'twill be ſo for ever, Nephew, I foreſee it, for ever. Strife and Tumult are the Dowry that comes with a Wife.

Tru. I told you ſo, Sir, and you would not believe me.

Mor. Alas, do not rub thoſe Wounds, Maſter *True-wit*, to blood again; 'twas my negligence. Add not Affliction to Affliction. I have perceiv'd the Effect of it, too late, in Madam *Otter*.

Epi. How do you, Sir?

Mor. Did you ever hear a more unneceſſary Queſtion? As if ſhe did not ſee! Why, I do as you ſee, Empreſs, Empreſs.

Epi. You are not well, Sir! you look very ill! Something has diſtemper'd you.

Mor. O horrible, monſtrous Impertinencies! Would not

not one of theſe have ſerv'd, do you think, Sir? Would not one of theſe have ſerv'd?

Tru. Yes, Sir but theſe are but Notes of Female Kindneſs, Sir; certain Tokens that ſhe has a Voice, Sir.

Mor. O, is't ſo? Come and be no otherwiſe——— What ſay you?

Epi. How do you feel your ſelf, Sir?

Mor. Again that!

Tru. Nay, look you Sir, you would be Friends with your Wife upon unconſcionable Terms; her Silence———

Epi. They ſay you are run mad, Sir.

Mor. Not for Love, I aſſure you, of you; do you ſee?

Epi. O Lord, Gentlemen! Lay hold on him, for God's ſake. What ſhall I do? Who's his Phyſician (can you tell) that knows the State of his Body beſt, that I might ſend for him? Good Sir, ſpeak; I'll ſend for one of my Doctors elſe.

Mor. What, to poiſon me, that I might die Inteſtate, and leave you poſſeſt of all?

Epi. Lord, how idly he talks, and how his Eyes ſparkle! He looks green about the Temples! Do you ſee what blue Spots he has?

Cle. I, it's Melancholy.

Epi. Gentlemen, for Heaven's ſake, counſel me. Ladies! Servant, you have read *Pliny* and *Paracelſus*; ne'er a word now to comfort a poor Gentlewoman? Ay me! what Fortune had I, to marry a diſtracted Man?

Daw. I'll tell you, Miſtriſs———

Tru. How rarely ſhe holds it up!

Mor. What mean you, Gentlemen?

Epi. What will you tell me, Servant?

Daw. The Diſeaſe in Greek is called Μανία, in Latin, *Inſania, Furor, vel Ecſtaſis Melancholica*, that is, *Egreſſio*, when a Man *ex Melancholico evadit fanaticus*.

Mor. Shall I have a Lecture read upon me alive?

Daw. But he may be but *Phreneticus* yet, Miſtriſs; and *Phrenetis* is only *Delirium*, or ſo.

Epi. I, that is for the Diſeaſe, Servant; but what is this to the Cure? We are ſure enough of the Diſeaſe.

Mor. Let me go.

Tru. Why, we'll entreat her to hold her Peace, Sir.

Mor.

Mor. O, no; labour not to ſtop her. She is like a Conduit-pipe, that will guſh out with more force when ſhe opens again.

Hau. I'll tell you, *Moroſe*, you muſt talk Divinity to him altogether, or Moral Philoſophy.

La-F. I, and there's an excellent Book of Moral Philoſophy, Madam, of *Raynard* the Fox, and all the Beaſts, call'd *Done's* Philoſophy.

Cen. There is indeed, Sir *Amorous La-Foole.*

Mor. O miſery!

La-F. I have read it, my Lady *Centaure*, all over to my Couſin here.

Mrs. *Ott.* I, and 'tis a very good Book as any is, of the Moderns.

Daw. Tut, he muſt have *Seneca* read to him, and *Plutarch*, and the Ancients; the Moderns are not for this Diſeaſe.

Cle. Why, you diſcommend them too, to day, Sir *John.*

Daw. I, in ſome Caſes; but in theſe they are beſt, and *Ariſtotle's Ethicks.*

Mav. Say you ſo, Sir *John*? I think you are deceiv'd; you took it upon truſt.

Hau. Where's *Truſty*, my Woman? I'll end this Difference. I pr'ythee, *Otter*, call her. Her Father and Mother were both mad, when they put her to me.

Mor. I think ſo. Nay, Gentlemen, I am tame. This is but an Exerciſe, I know, a Marriage-Ceremony, which I muſt endure.

Hau. And one of them (I know not which) was cured with the *Sick Man's Salve*; and the other with *Green's Groats-worth of Wit.*

Tru. A very cheap Cure, Madam.

Hau. I, it's very feaſible.

Mrs. *Ott.* My Lady call'd for you, Miſtreſs *Truſty*: you muſt decide a Controverſie.

Hau. O, *Truſty*, which was it you ſaid, your Father or your Mother, that was cur'd with the *Sick Man's Salve?*

Truſ. My Mother, Madam, with the *Salve.*

Tru. Then it was the *Sick Woman's Salve.*

Truſ.

Truſ. And my Father with the *Groats-worth of Wit.* But there was other Means us'd: We had a Preacher that would preach Folk aſleep ſtill; and ſo they were preſcrib'd to go to Church, by an old Woman that was their Phyſician, thrice a week———

Epi. To ſleep?

Truſ. Yes, forſooth: and every night they read themſelves aſleep on thoſe Books.

Epi. Good faith, it ſtands with great reaſon. I would I knew where to procure thoſe Books.

Mor. Oh.

La-F. I can help you with one of 'em, Miſtreſs *Moroſe*, the *Groats-worth of Wit.*

Epi. But I ſhall diſfurniſh you, Sir *Amorous*: Can you ſpare it?

La-F. O yes, for a Week, or ſo; I'll read it my ſelf to him.

Epi. No, I muſt do that, Sir; that muſt be my Office.

Mor. Oh, oh!

Epi. Sure he would do well enough, if he could ſleep.

Mor. No, I ſhould do well enough, if you could ſleep. Have I no Friend, that will make her drunk, or give her a little *Ladanum*, or *Opium?*

Tru. Why, Sir, ſhe talks ten times worſe in her ſleep.

Mor. How!

Cle. Do you not know that, Sir? never ceaſes all night.

Tru. And ſnores like a *Porcpiſce.*

Mor. O, redeem me, Fate; redeem me, Fate. For how many Cauſes may a Man be divorc'd, Nephew?

Dau. I know not, truly, Sir.

Tru. Some Divine muſt reſolve you in that, Sir, or Canon-Lawyer.

Mor. I will not reſt, I will not think of any other Hope or Comfort, till I know.

Cle. Alas, poor Man!

Tru. You'll make him mad indeed, Ladies, if you purſue this.

Hau. No, we'll let him breathe now, a quarter of an hour, or ſo.

Cle. By my Faith, a large Truce.

Hau.

Hau. Is that his Keeper, that is gone with him?

Dau. It is his Nephew, Madam.

La-F. Sir *Dauphine Eugenie.*

Cen. He looks like a very pitiful Knight———

Daw. As can be. This Marriage has put him out of all.

La F. He has not a Penny in his Purſe, Madam———

Daw. He is ready to cry all this day.

La-F. A very Shark; he ſet me i'th' nick t'other night at *Primero.*

Tru. How theſe Swabbers talk!

Cle. I, *Otter*'s Wine has ſwell'd their Humours above a Spring-tide.

Hau. Good *Moroſe*, let's go in again. I like your Couches exceeding well; we'll go lie and talk there.

Epi. I wait on you, Madam.

Tru. 'Slight, I will have 'em as ſilent as Signs, and their Poſt too, ere I ha' done. Do you hear, Lady-Bride? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble Wench, continue this Diſcourſe of *Dauphine* within; but praiſe him exceedingly; magnifie him with all the height of Affection thou canſt; (I have ſome purpoſe in't) and but beat off theſe two Rooks, *Jack Daw*, and his Fellow, with any Diſcontentment hither, and I'll honour thee for ever.

Epi. I was about it here. It angred me to the Soul, to hear them begin to talk ſo malepart.

Tru. Pray thee perform it, and thou winn'ſt me an Idolater to thee everlaſting.

Epi. Will you go in, and hear me do it?

Tru. No, I'll ſtay here. Drive 'em out of your Company, 'tis all I ask; which cannot be any way better done, than by extolling *Dauphine*, whom they have ſo ſlighted.

Epi. I warrant you; you ſhall expect one of 'em preſently.

Cle. What a Caſt of Caſtrils are theſe, to hawk after Ladies thus?

Tru. I, and ſtrike at ſuch an Eagle as *Dauphine.*

Cle. He will be mad, when we tell him. Here he comes.

Clerimont, True-wit, Dauphine, Daw, La-Foole.

Cle. O Sir, you are welcome.

Tru.

Tru. Where's thine Uncle?

Dau. Run out o' door's in's Night-caps, to talk with a *Caſuiſt* about his Divorce. It works admirably.

Tru. Thou would'ſt ha' ſaid ſo, an' thou hadſt been here! The Ladies have laugh'd at thee moſt comically, ſince thou went'ſt, *Dauphine.*

Cle. And ask'd if thou wert thine Uncle's Keeper.

Tru. And the Brace of Baboons anſwer'd, Yes; and ſaid, thou wert a pitiful poor Fellow, and didſt live upon Poſts, and hadſt nothing but three Suits of Apparel, and ſome few Benevolences that the Lords ga' thee to fool to 'em, and ſwagger.

Dau. Let me not live, I'll beat 'em; I'll bind 'em both to Grand Madam's Bed-poſts, and have 'em baited with Monkeys.

Tru. Thou ſhalt not need, they ſhall be beaten to thy hand, *Dauphine.* I have an Execution to ſerve upon 'em, I warrant thee ſhall ſerve; truſt my Plot.

Dau. I, you have many Plots! So you had one, to make all the Wenches in love with me.

Tru. Why, if I do it not yet afore Night, as near as 'tis, and that they do not every one invite thee, and be ready to ſearch for thee, take the Mortgage of my Wit.

Cle. 'Fore God, I'll be his Witneſs; thou ſhalt have it, *Dauphine:* Thou ſhalt be his Fool for ever, if thou doſt not.

Tru. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill be the better Eſtate. Do you obſerve this Gallery, or rather Lobby indeed? Here are a couple of Studies, at each end one: Here will I act ſuch a *Tragicomedy* between the *Guelphs* and the *Ghibellines*, *Daw* and *La-Foole*—— which of 'em comes out firſt, will I ſeize on: (You two ſhall be the *Chorus* behind the Arras, and whip out between the *Acts*, and ſpeak.) If I do not make 'em keep the Peace for this remnant of the Day, if not of the Year, I have fail'd once ——— I hear *Daw* coming: Hide, and do not laugh, for Gods ſake.

Daw. Which is the way into the Garden, trow?

Tru. O, *Jack Daw*! I am glad I have met with you. In good faith, I muſt have this Matter go no further between you: I muſt ha' it taken up.

Daw.

Daw. What Matter, Sir? Between whom?

Tru. Come, you diſguiſe it, Sir *Amorous* and you. If you love me, *Jack*, you ſhall make uſe of your Philoſophy now, for this once, and deliver me your Sword. This is not the Wedding the *Centaur*'s were at, though there be a She one here. The Bride has entreated me I will ſee no Blood-ſhed at her Bridal; you ſaw her whiſper me e're-while.

Daw. As I hope to finiſh *Tacitus*, I intend no Murder.

Tru. Do you not wait for Sir *Amorous*?

Daw. Not I, by my Knighthood.

Tru. And your Scholarſhip too?

Daw. And my Scholarſhip too.

Tru. Go to, then I return you your Sword, and ask you mercy; but put it not up, for you will be aſſaulted. I underſtood that you had apprehended it, and walkt here to brave him; and that you had held your Life contemptible, in regard of your Honour.

Daw. No, no; no ſuch thing, I aſſure you He and I parted now, as good Friends as could be.

Tru. Truſt not you to that Viſor. I ſaw him ſince Dinner with another Face: I have known many Men in my time vex'd with Loſſes, with Deaths, and with Abuſes; but ſo offended a Wight as Sir *Amorous*, did I never ſee or read of. For taking away his Gueſts, Sir, to day, that's the Cauſe, and he declares it behind your back with ſuch Threatnings and Contempts—— He ſaid to *Dauphine*, You were the errant'ſt Aſs——

Dau. I, he may ſay his Pleaſure.

Tru. And ſwears, you are ſo proteſted a Coward, that he knows you will never do him any manly or ſingle Right; and therefore he will take his Courſe.

Daw. I'll give him any Satisfaction, Sir——— but fighting.

Tru. I, Sir; but who knows what Satisfaction he'll take: Blood he thirſts for, and Blood he will have; and whereabouts on you he will have it, who knows, but himſelf?

Daw. I pray you, Maſter *True-wit*, be you a Mediator.

Tru. Well, Sir, conceal your ſelf then in this Study till I return. [*He puts him up*] Nay, you muſt be content to be

be lock'd in; for, for mine own Reputation, I would not have you ſeen to receive a Publick Diſgrace, while I have the Matter in managing. Gods ſo, here he comes; keep your Breath cloſe, that he do not hear you ſigh. In good faith, Sir *Amorous*, he is not this way; I pray you be merciful, do not murder him; he is a Chriſtian, as good as you: You are arm'd as if you ſought a revenge on all his Race. Good *Dauphine*, get him away from this Place. I never knew a Man's Choler ſo high, but he would ſpeak to his Friends, he would hear Reaſon. *Jack-Daw*, *Jack*! aſleep?

Daw Is he gone, Maſter *True-wit*?

Tru. I; did you hear him?

Daw O God, yes.

Tru. What a quick Ear Fear has?

Daw. But is he ſo arm'd, as you ſay?

Tru. Arm'd? did you ever ſee a Fellow ſet out to take Poſſeſſion?

Daw I, Sir.

Tru. That may give you ſome light to conceive of him; but 'tis nothing to the principal. Some falſe Brother i' the Houſe has furniſh'd him ſtrangely; or, if it were out o' the Houſe, it was *Tom Otter*.

Daw. Indeed he's a Captain, and his Wife is his Kinſwoman.

Tru. He has got ſome bodies old two hand Sword, to mow you off at the Knees: And that Sword hath ſpawn'd ſuch a Dagger!——— But then he is ſo hung with Pikes, Halberds, Peitronels, Callivers, and Muskets, that he looks like a Juſtice of Peace's Hall: A Man of two thouſand a Year is not ſeſs'd at ſo many Weapons as he has on. There was never Fencer challeng'd at ſo many ſeveral Foils. You would think he meant to murder all St. *Pulchre*'s Pariſh. If he could but victual himſelf for half a Year in his Breeches, he is ſufficiently arm'd to over-run a Country.

Daw. Good Lord! what means he, Sir? I pray you, Maſter *True-wit*, be you a Mediator.

Tru. Well, I'll try if he will be appeas'd with a Leg or an Arm; if not, you muſt die once.

Daw. I would be loth to loſe my Right Arm, for writing *Madrigals*.

Tru.

Tru. Why, if he will be ſatisfied with a Thumb, or a Little-finger, all's one to me. You muſt think, I'll do my beſt.

Daw. Good Sir, do.

Cle. What haſt thou done?

[*He puts him up again, and then came forth.*

Tru. He will let me do nothing, Man; he does all afore me; he offers his left Arm.

Cle. His Left Wing, for a *Jack Daw.*

Daw. Take it, by all means.

Tru. How! Maim a Man for ever, for a Jeſt? What a Conſcience haſt thou?

Daw. 'Tis no loſs to him; he has no Employment for his Arms, but to eat Spoon-meat. Beſide, as good maim his Body, as his Reputation.

Tru. He is a Scholar and a Wit, and yet he does not think ſo. But he loſes no Reputation with us; for we all reſolv'd him an Aſs before. To your Places again.

Cle. I pray thee, let me be in at the other a little.

Tru. Look, you'll ſpoil all; theſe be ever your Tricks.

Cle. No, but I could hit of ſome things that thou wilt miſs, and thou wilt ſay are good ones.

Tru. I warrant you. I pray forbear, I'll leave it off elſe.

Dau. Come away, *Clerimont.*

Tru. Sir *Amorous*!

La-F. Maſter *True-wit.*

Tru. Whither were you going?

La-F. Down into the Court, to make water.

Tru. By no means, Sir; you ſhall rather tempt your Breeches.

La-F. Why, Sir?

Tru. Enter here, if you love your Life.

La-F. Why! why!

Tru. Queſtion till your Throat be cut, do: dally till the enraged Soul find you.

La-F. Who's that?

Tru. *Daw* it is: Will you in?

La-F. I, I, I'll in: What's the matter?

Tru. Nay, if he had been cool enough to tell us that, there

there had been ſome hope to atone you; but he ſeems ſo implacably enrag'd.

La-F. 'Slight, let him rage: I'll hide my ſelf.

Tru. Do, good Sir. But what have you done to him within, that ſhould provoke him thus? You have broke ſome Jeſt upon him afore the Ladies——

La-F. Not I, never in my Life, broke Jeſt upon any Man. The Bride was praiſing Sir *Dauphine*, and he went away in Snuff, and I followed him; unleſs he took Offence at me in his Drink ere-while, that I would not pledge all the Houſe full.

Tru. By my Faith, and that may be; you remember well: But he walks the Round up and down, through every Room of the Houſe, with a Towel in his Hand, crying, Where's *La-Foole*? Who ſaw *La-Foole*? And when *Dauphine*, and I demanded the Cauſe, we can force no Anſwer from him, but (O Revenge, how ſweet art thou! I will ſtrangle him in this Towel) which leads us to conjecture, that the main Cauſe of his Fury is, for bringing your Meat to day, with a Towel about you, to his diſcredit.

La-F. Like enough. Why, and he be angry for that. I'll ſtay here till his Anger be blown over.

Tru. A good becoming Reſolution, Sir; if you can put it on o' the ſudden.

La-F. Yes, I can put it on: Or, I'll away into the Country preſently.

Tru. How will you get out o' the Houſe, Sir? He knows you are i' the Houſe, and he'll watch you this ſe'nnight, but he'll have you: He'll out-wait a Serjeant for you.

La-F. Why, then I'll ſtay here.

Tru. You muſt think how to victual your ſelf in time then.

La-F. Why, ſweet Maſter *Tru-wit*, will you entreat my Couſin *Otter* to ſend me a cold Veniſon Paſty, a Bottle or two of Wine, and a Chamber-pot.

Tru. A Stool were better, Sir, of Sir *Ajax* his Invention.

La-F. I, that will be better indeed; and a Pallat to lie on.

Tru.

Tru. O, I would not adviſe you to ſleep, by any means.

La-F. Would you not, Sir? why, then I will not.

Tru. Yet there's another fear———

La-F. Is there, Sir? What is't?

Tru. No, he cannot break open this Door with his Foot ſure.

La-F. I'll ſet my Back againſt it, Sir. I have a good Back.

Tru. But then if he ſhould batter.

La-F. Batter! If he dare, I'll have an Action of Battery againſt him.

Tru. Caſt you the worſt. He has ſent for Powder already, and what he will do with it, no Man knows: perhaps blow up the Corner o' the Houſe where he ſuſpects you are. Here he comes; in quickly. [*He feigns as if one were preſent, to fright the other, who is run in to hide himſelf*] I proteſt, Sir *John Daw*, he is not this way: What will you do? Before God you ſhall hang no *Petard* here: I'll dye rather. Will you not take my word? I never knew one but would be ſatisfied. Sir *Amorous*, there's no ſtanding out: He has made a *Petard* of an old Braſs Pot, to force your Door. Think upon ſome Satisfaction, or Terms, to offer him.

La-F. Sir, I'll give him any Satisfaction: I dare give any Terms.

Tru. You'll leave it to me then?

La-F. I, Sir: I'll ſtand to any Conditions.

Tru. How now, what think you, Sirs? [*He calls forth* Clerimont *&* Dauphine.] Wer't not a difficult thing to determine, which of theſe two fear'd moſt?

Cle. Yes, but this fears the braveſt: The other, a whinilling Daſtard, *Jack Daw*! But *La-Foole*, a brave Heroick Coward! and is afraid in a great Look, and a ſtout Accent: I like him rarely.

Tru. Had it not been pity theſe two ſhould ha' been conceal'd?

Cle. Shall I make a Motion?

Tru. Briefly: For I muſt ſtrike while 'tis hot.

Cle. Shall I go fetch the Ladies to the *Cataſtrophe*?

Tru. Umh? I, by my troth.

Dau.

Dau. By no mortal means. Let them continue in the State of Ignorance, and err ſtill; think 'em Wits and fine Fellows, as they have done. 'Twere Sin to reform them.

Tru. Well, I will have 'em fetcht, now I think on't, for a private purpoſe of mine: Do, *Clerimont*, fetch 'em, and diſcourſe to 'em all that's paſt, and bring 'em into the Gallery here.

Dau. This is thy extreme Vanity now: Thou think'ſt thou wert undone, if every Jeſt thou mak'ſt were not publiſh'd.

Tru. Thou ſhalt ſee how unjuſt thou art preſently. *Clerimont*, ſay it was *Dauphine*'s Plot. Truſt me not, if the whole draft be not for thy good. There's a Carpet i' the next Room, put it on, with this Scarf over thy Face, and a Cuſhion o' thy Head, and be ready when I call *Amorous*. Away——— *John Daw*.

Daw. What good News, Sir?

Tru. Faith, I have followed, and argued with him hard for you I told him, you were a Knight, and a Scholar, and that you knew Fortitude did conſiſt *magis patiendo quam faciendo, magis ferendo quam feriendo.*

Daw. It doth ſo indeed, Sir.

Tru. And that you would ſuffer, I told him: So at firſt he demanded, by my troth, in my conceit, too much.

Daw. What was it, Sir?

Tru. Your upper Lip, and ſix o' your Fore-teeth.

Daw. 'Twas unreaſonable.

Tru. Nay, I told him plainly, you could not ſpare 'em all. So after long Argument (*pro & con*, as you know) I brought him down to your two Butter-Teeth, and them he would have.

Daw. O, did you ſo? Why, he ſhall have 'em.

Tru. But he ſhall not, Sir, by your leave. The Concluſion is this, Sir: Becauſe you ſhall be very good Friends hereafter, and this never to be remembred or upbraided; beſides, that he may not boaſt he has done any ſuch thing to you in his own Perſon; he is to come here in Diſguiſe, give you five Kicks in private, Sir, take your Sword from you

you, and lock you up in that Study during pleaſure: Which will be but a little while, we'll get it releas'd preſently.

Daw. Five Kicks? He ſhall ha' ſix, Sir, to be Friends.

Tru. Believe me, you ſhall not over-ſhoot your ſelf, to ſend him that word by me.

Daw. Deliver it, Sir; he ſhall have it with all my Heart, to be Friends.

Tru. Friends? Nay, an' he ſhould not be ſo, and heartily too, upon theſe Terms, he ſhall have me to Enemy while I live. Come, Sir, bear it bravely.

Daw. O God, Sir, 'tis nothing.

Tru. True. What's ſix Kicks to a man that reads *Seneca*?

Daw. I have had a Hundred, Sir.

Tru. Sir *Amorous*. No ſpeaking one to another, or rehearſing old Matters.

[Dauphine *comes forth, and kicks him.*

Daw. One, two, three, four, five. I proteſt, Sir *Amorous*, you ſhall have ſix.

Tru. Nay, I told you, you ſhould not talk. Come, give him ſix, and he will needs. Your Sword. Now return to your ſafe cuſtody; you ſhall preſently meet afore the Ladies, and be the deareſt Friends one to another—— Give me the Scarf now, thou ſhalt beat the other bare-fac'd. Stand by, Sir *Amorous*.

La-F. What's here? A Sword?

Tru. I cannot help it, without I ſhould take the Quarrel upon my ſelf. Here he has ſent you his Sword——

La-F. I'll receive none on't.

Tru. And he wills you to faſten it againſt a Wall, and break your Head in ſome few ſeveral Places againſt the Hilts.

La-F I will not, tell him roundly. I cannot endure to ſhed my own Blood.

Tru. Will you not?

La-F. No, I'll beat it againſt a fair flat Wal', if that will ſatisfie him? If not, he ſhall beat it himſelf, for *Amorous*.

Tru. Why, this is ſtrange ſtarting off, when a Man undertakes for you! I offer'd him another Condition; will you ſtand to that?

La-F. I, what is't?

Tru. That you will be beaten in private.

La F. Yes, I am content, at the Blunt.

Tru. Then you muſt ſubmit your ſelf to be hoodwink'd in this Scarf, and be led to him, where he will take your Sword from you, and make you bear a Blow over the Mouth, *Gules*, and tweaks by the noſe *ſans Nombre.*

La-F. I am content. But why muſt I be blinded?

Tru. That's for your good, Sir; becauſe if he ſhould grow inſolent upon this, and publiſh it hereafter to your diſgrace, (which I hope he will not do) you might ſwear ſafely, and proteſt, he never beat you, to your Knowledge.

La-F. O, I conceive.

Tru. I do not doubt but you'll be perfect good Friends upon't, and not dare to utter an ill Thought one of another in Future.

La-F. Not I, as God help me, of him.

Tru. Nor he of you, Sir. If he ſhould ——— Come Sir. All hid, Sir *John.* [Dauphine *enters to tweak him.*

La-F. Oh, Sir *John*, Sir *John*, Oh, o-o-o-o-o-Oh——

Tru. Good Sir *John*, leave tweaking, you'll blow his Noſe off. 'Tis Sir *John*'s pleaſure, you ſhould retire into the Study. Why, now you are Friends. All Bitterneſs between you, I hope, is buried; you ſhall come forth by and by, *Damon* and *Pythias* upon't, and embrace with all the rankneſs of Friendſhip that can be. I truſt, we ſhall have 'em tamer i' their Language hereafter. *Dauphine*, I worſhip thee. God's will, the Ladies have ſurpriz'd us.

Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. Otter, Epicœne, Truſty, Dauphine, True-wit, &c.

Having diſcovered Part of the paſt Scene above.

Hau. *Centaure*, how our Judgments were impos'd on by theſe adulterate Knights!

Cen. Nay, Madam *Mavis* was more deceiv'd than we; 'twas her Commendation utter'd 'em in the College.

Mav. I commended but their Wits, Madam, and their Braveries. I never look'd towards their Valours.

Hau. Sir *Dauphine* is valiant, and a Wit too, it ſeems.

Mav. And a Bravery too.

Hau. Was this his Project?

Mrs.

Mrs. Ott. So Maſter *Clerimont* intimates, Madam.

Hau. Good *Moroſe*, when you come to the College, will you bring him with you? he ſeems a very perfect Gentleman.

Epi. He is ſo, Madam, believe it.

Cen. But when will you come, *Moroſe*?

Epi. Three or four days hence, Madam, when I have got me a Coach and Horſes.

Hau. No, to Morrow, good *Moroſe*; *Centaure* ſhall ſend you her Coach.

Mav. Yes faith, do, and bring Sir *Dauphine* with you.

Hau. She has promis'd that, *Mavis*.

Mav. He is a very worthy Gentleman in his Exteriors, Madam.

Hau. I, he ſhews he is judicial in his Clothes.

Cen. And yet not ſo ſuperlatively neat as ſome, Madam, that have their Faces ſet in a Bark.

Hau. I, and have every Hair in Form.

Mav. That wear purer Linnen than our ſelves, and profeſs more Neatneſs than the *French Hermaphrodite*!

Epi. I, Ladies, they, what they tell one of us, have told a thouſand; and are the only thieves of our Fame, that think to take us with that perfume, or with that Lace, and laugh at us unconcionably when they have done.

Hau. But Sir *Dauphine*'s Careleſsneſs becomes him.

Cen. I could love a Man for ſuch a Noſe!

Mav. Or ſuch a Leg!

Cen. He has an exceeding good Eye, Madam!

Mav. And a very good Look.

Cen. Good *Moroſe*, bring him to my Chamber firſt.

Mrs. Ott. Pleaſe your Honours to meet at my Houſe, Madam.

Tru. See how they eye thee, Man! They are taken, I warrant thee.

Hau. You have unbrac'd our brace of Knights here, Maſter *True wit*.

Tru Not I, Madam; it was Sir *Dauphine*'s Ingine; who, if he have diſturniſh'd your Ladyſhip of any Guard or Service by it, is able to make the Place good again in himſelf.

Hau. There is no ſuſpicion of that, Sir.

Cen. Gods-lo, *Mavis*, *Haughty* is Kiſſing.

Mav. Let us go too, and take Part.

Hau. But I am glad of the Fortune (beſide the Diſcovery of two ſuch empty Caskets) to gain the Knowledge of ſo rich a Mine of Virtue as Sir *Dauphine*.

Cen. We would be all glad to ſtile him of our Friendſhip, and ſee him at the College.

Mav. He cannot mix with a ſweeter Society, I'll propheſie; and I hope he himſelf will think ſo.

Dau. I ſhould be rude to imagine otherwiſe, Lady.

Tru. Did not I tell thee *Dauphine*? why, all their Actions are governed by crude Opinion, without Reaſon or Cauſe; they know not why they do any thing, but as they are inform'd, believe, judge, praiſe, condemn, love, hate, and in emulation one of another, do all theſe things alike. Only they have a natural Inclination ſways 'em generally to the worſt, when they are left to themſelves. But purſue it now thou haſt 'em.

Hau. Shall we go in again, *Moroſe*?

Epi. Yes, Madam.

Cen. We'll entreat Sir *Dauphine*'s Company.

Tru. Stay, good Madam, the Interview of the two Friends, *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*: I'll fetch 'em out to you ſtraight.

Hau. Will you, Maſter *True-wit*?

Dau. I, but noble Ladies, do not confeſs in your Countenance, or outward Bearing to 'em, any diſcovery of their Follies, that we may ſee how they will bear up again, with what Aſſurance and Erection.

Hau. We will not, Sir *Dauphine*.

Cen. Mav. Upon our Honours, Sir *Dauphine*.

Tru. Sir *Amorous*, Sir *Amorous*. The Ladies are here.

La-F. Are they?

Tru. Yes; but ſlip out by and by, as their backs are turn'd, and meet Sir *John* here, as by Chance, when I call you. *Jack-Daw*.

Daw. What ſay you, Sir?

Tru. Whip out behind me ſuddenly, and no Anger i' your Looks to your Adverſary. Now, now.

La-F. Noble Sir *John Daw*! where ha' you been?

Daw.

Daw. To ſeek you, Sir *Amorous.*

La-F. Me! I honour you.

Daw. I prevent you, Sir.

Cle. They have forgot their Rapiers.

Tru. O, they meet in Peace, Man.

Dau. Where's your Sword, Sir *John?*

Cle. And yours, Sir *Amorous?*

Daw. Mine! My Boy had it forth, to mend the Handle, e'en now.

La-F. And my Gold Handle was broke too, and my Boy had it forth.

Dau. Indeed, Sir? How their Excuſes meet!

Cle. What a conſent there is i' the Handles?

Tru. Nay, there is ſo i' the Points too, I warrant you.

Mrs. Ott. O me! Madam, he comes again, the Madman! Away.

Moroſe, True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Mor. What make theſe naked Weapons here, Gentlemen?

[*He had found the two Swords drawn within.*

Tru. O, Sir! here hath like to been Murder ſince you went! A couple of Knights fallen out about the Bride's Favours: We were fain to take away their Weapons; your Houſe had been begg'd by this Time elſe ——

Mor. For what?

Cle, For Man-ſlaughter, Sir, as being acceſſary.

Mor. And for her Favours?

Tru. I, Sir, heretofore, not preſent. *Clerimont,* carry 'em their Swords now. They have done all the hurt they will do.

Dau. Ha' you ſpoke with a Lawyer, Sir?

Mor. O, no! There is ſuch a Noiſe i' the Court, that they have frighted me home with more violence than I went! Such ſpeaking, and counter-ſpeaking, with their ſeveral Voices of *Citations, Appellations, Allegations, Certificates, Attachments, Interrogatories, Referenc es, Convictions,* and *Afflictions* indeed, among the Doctors and Proctors! that the Noiſe here is Silence too't! a kind of calm Mid-night!

Tru. Why, Sir, if you would be reſolv'd indeed, I can

bring you hither a very ſufficient Lawyer, and a learned Divine, that ſhall inquire into every leaſt Scruple for you.

Mor. Can you, Maſter *True-wit?*

Tru. Yes, and are very ſober grave Perſons, that will diſpatch it a Chamber, with a Whiſper or two.

Mor. Good Sir, ſhall I hope this Benefit from you, and truſt myſelf into your Hands?

Tru. Alas, Sir! your Nephew and I have been aſham'd, and oft-times mad, ſince you went, to think how you are abus'd. Go in, good Sir, and lock your ſelf up till we call you; we'll tell you more anon, Sir.

Mor. Do your pleaſure with me, Gentlemen; I believe in you, and that deſerves no Deluſion——

Tru. You ſhall find none Sir; but heapt, heapt plenty of Vexation.

Dau. What wilt thou do now, *Wit?*

Tru. Recover me hither *Otter* and the Barber, if you can, by any means, preſently.

Dau. Why? to what purpoſe?

Tru. O, I'll make the deepeſt Divine, and graveſt Lawyer, out o' them two, for him———

Dau. Thou canſt not, Man, theſe are waking Dreams.

Tru. Do not fear me. Clap but a Civil Gown with a Welt o' the one, and a Canonical Cloak with Sleeves o' the other, and give 'em a few Terms i' their Mouths, if there come not forth as able a Doctor, and compleat a Parſon, for this turn, as may be wiſh'd, truſt not my Election: And I hope, without wronging the Dignity of either Profeſſion, ſince they are but Perſons put on, and for Mirth's ſake, to torment him. The Barber ſmatters *Latin*, I remember.

Dau. Yes, and *Otter* too.

Tru. Well then, if I make 'em not wrangle out this Caſe, to his no Comfort, let me be thought a *Jack Daw*, or *La-Foole*, or any thing worſe. Go you to your Ladies, but firſt ſend for them.

Dau. I will.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

La-Foole, Clerimont, Daw, Mavis.

La-F. WHere had you our Swords, Maſter *Clerimont*?

Cle. Why, *Dauphine* took 'em from the Madman.

La-F. And he took 'em from our Boys, I warrant you?

Cle. Very like, Sir.

La-F. Thank you, good Maſter *Clerimont*. Sir *John* *Daw* and I are both beholden to you.

Cle. Would I knew how to make you ſo, Gentlemen.

Daw. Sir *Amorous* and I are your Servants, Sir.

Mav. Gentlemen, have any of you a Pen and Ink? I would fain write out a Riddle in *Italian*, for Sir *Dauphine* to tranſlate.

Cle. Not I, in troth, Lady; I am no Scrivener.

Daw. I can furniſh you, I think, Lady.

Cle. He has it in the Haft of a Knife, I believe.

La-F. No, he has his Box of Inſtruments.

Cle. Like a Surgeon.

La-F. For the *Mathematicks*: his Square, his Compaſſes, his Braſs Pens, and Black-Lead, to draw Maps of every Place and Perſon where he comes.

Cle. How, Maps of Perſons!

La-F. Yes, Sir, of *Nomentack*, when he was here, and of the Prince of *Moldavia*, and of his Miſtriſs, Miſtriſs *Epicœne*.

Cle. Away! He has not found out her Latitude, I hope.

La-F. You are a pleaſant Gentleman, Sir.

Cle. Faith, now we are in private, let's wanton it a little, and talk waggiſhly. Sir *John*, I am telling Sir *Amorous* here, that you two govern the Ladies where e'er you come, you carry the Feminine Gender afore you.

Daw. They ſhall rather carry us afore them, if they will Sir.

Cle. Nay, I believe that they do, withal ——— But, that you are the prime Men in their Affections, and direct all their Actions———

Daw. Not I: Sir *Amorous* is.

La-F. I proteſt, Sir *John* is.

Daw. As I hope to riſe i' the State, Sir *Amorous*, you ha' the Perſon.

La-F. Sir *John*, you ha' the Perſon, and the Diſcourſe too.

Daw. Not I, Sir. I have no Diſcourſe——and then you have Activity beſide.

La-F. I proteſt, Sir *John*, you come as high from *Tripoly*, as I do every whit: and lift as many Joyn'd-Stools, and leap over 'em, if you would uſe it——

Cle. Well, agree on't together, Knights; for between you, you divide the Kingdom, or Commonwealth of Ladies Affections: I ſee it, and can perceive a little how they obſerve you, and fear you, indeed. You could tell ſtrange Stories, my Maſters, if you would, I know.

Daw. Faith, we have ſeen ſomewhat, Sir.

La-F. That we have——Velvet Petticoats, and wrought Smocks, or ſo.

Daw. I, and——

Cle. Nay, out with it, Sir *John*; do not envy your Friend the pleaſure of hearing, when you have had the delight of Taſting.

Daw. Why——a——do you ſpeak, Sir *Amorous*.

La-F. No, do you, Sir *John Daw*.

Daw. I' faith, you ſhall.

La-F. I' faith, you ſhall.

Daw. Why, we have been——

La-F. In the great Bed at *Ware* together in our time. On, Sir *John*.

Daw. Nay, do you, Sir *Amorous*.

Cle. And theſe Ladies with you, Knights?

La-F. No, excuſe us, Sir.

Daw. We muſt not wound Reputation.

La-F. No matter——they were theſe, or others. Our Bath coſt us fifteen Pound when we came Home.

Cle. Do you hear, Sir *John*? You ſhall tell me but one thing truly, as you love me.

Daw. If I can, I will, Sir.

Cle. You lay in the ſame Houſe with the Bride here?

Daw. Yes, and converſt with her hourly, Sir.

Cle.

Cle. And what Humour is ſhe of? is ſhe coming and open, free?

Daw. O, exceeding open, Sir. I was her Servant, and Sir *Amorous* was to be.

Cle. Come, you have both had Favours from her: I know, and have heard ſo much.

Daw. O, no, Sir.

La-F. You ſhall excuſe us, Sir; we muſt not wound Reputation.

Cle. Tut, ſhe is married now and you cannot hurt her with any Report, and therefore ſpeak plainly: How many Times, i'faith? which of you led firſt? ha?

La-F. Sir *John* had her Maidenhead, indeed.

Daw. O, it pleaſes him to ſay ſo, Sir; but Sir *Amorous* knows what's what, as well.

Cle. Doſt thou, i'faith, *Amorous*?

La-F. In a manner, Sir.

Cle. Why, I commend you, Lads. Little knows Don Bridegroom of this; nor ſhall he, for me.

Daw. Hang him, mad Ox.

Cle. Speak ſoftly; here comes his Nephew, with the Lady *Haughty*: He'll get the Ladies from you, Sirs, if you look not to him in time.

La-F. Why, if he do, we'll fetch 'em home again, I warrant you.

Haughty, Dauphine, Centaure, Mavis, Clerimont.

Hau. I aſſure you, Sir *Dauphine*, it is the Price and Eſtimation of your Vertue only, that hath embark'd me to this Adventure, and I could not but make out to tell you ſo, nor can I repent me of the Act, ſince it is always an Argument of ſome Vertue in our ſelves, that we love and affect it ſo in others.

Dau. Your Ladyſhip ſets too high a Price on my Weakneſs.

Hau. Sir, I can diſtinguiſh Gems for Pebbles———

Dau. (Are you ſo skilful in Stones?)

Hau. And howſoever I may ſuffer in ſuch a Judgment as yours, by admitting Equality of Rank or Society with *Centaure* or *Mavis*———

Dau. You do not, Madam; I perceive they are your meer Foile.

Hau. Then are you a Friend to Truth, Sir: It makes me love you the more. It is not the outward, but the inward Man that I affect. They are not apprehenſive of an eminent Perfection, but love flat and dully.

Cen. Where are you, my Lady *Haughty*?

Hau. I come preſently, *Centaure*. My Chamber, Sir, my Page ſhall ſhew you; and *Truſty*, my Woman, ſhall be ever awake for you: You need not fear to communicate anything with her, for ſhe is a *Fidelia*. I pray you wear this Jewel for my ſake, Sir *Dauphine*. Where's *Mavis*, *Centaure*.

Cen. Within Madam, a writing. I'll follow you preſently: I'll but ſpeak a word with Sir *Dauphine*.

Dau. With me, Madam?

Cen. Good Sir *Dauphine*, do not truſt *Haughty*, nor make any Credit to her, what ever you do beſides. Sir *Dauphine*, I give you this Caution, ſhe is a perfect Courtier, and loves no body, but for her Uſes; and for her Uſes ſhe loves all. Beſides, her Phyſicians give her out to be none o' the cleareſt, whether ſhe pay 'em or no, Heaven knows; and ſhe's above Fifty too, and Pargets! See her in a Forenoon. Here comes *Mavis*, a worſe Face than ſhe! You would not like this by Candle-light. If you'll come to my Chamber one o' theſe Mornings early, or late in an Evening, I'll tell you more. Where's *Haughty*, *Mavis*?

Mav. Within, *Centaure*.

Cen. What ha' you there?

Mav. An *Italian* Riddle for Sir *Dauphine*, (you ſhall not ſee it i'faith, *Centaure*) Good Sir *Dauphine*, ſolve it for me: I'll call for it anon.

Cle. How now, *Dauphine*? how doſt thou quit thy ſelf of theſe Females?

Dau. 'Slight they haunt me like Fairies, and give me jewels here; I cannot be rid of 'em.

Cle. O, you muſt not tell though.

Dau. Maſs, I forgot that: I was never ſo aſſaulted. One loves for Vertue, and bribes me with this: Another loves me with Caution, and ſo would poſſeſs me: A third brings me a Riddle here: And all are jealous, and rail each at other.

Cle.

Cle. A Riddle? Pray let me ſee't.

[*He reads the Paper.*

Sir Dauphine, *I choſe this way of Intimation for privacy. The Ladies here, I know, have both hope and purpoſe to make a Collegiate and Servant of you. If I might be ſo honour'd, as to appear at any end of ſo noble a Work, I would enter into a fame of taking Phyſick to morrow, and continue it four or five Days, or longer, for your Viſitation.* Mavis.

By my faith, a ſubtle one! Call you this a Riddle? what's their Plain-dealing, trow?

Dau. We lack *True-wit*, to tell us that.

Cle. We lack him for ſomewhat elſe too: His Knight's *Reformadoes* are wound up as high and inſolent as ever they were.

Dau. You jeſt.

Cle. No Drunkards, either with Wine or Vanity, ever confeſs'd ſuch Stories of themſelves. I would not give a Flies Leg in ballance againſt all the Women's Reputations here, if they could be but thought to ſpeak truth: And for the Bride, they have made their *Affidavit* againſt her directly———

Dau. What, that they have lain with her?

Cle. Yes; and tell Times and Circumſtances, with the Cauſe why, and the Place where. I had almoſt brought 'em to affirm, that they had done it to day.

Dau. Not both of 'em?

Cle. Yes faith; with a ſooth or two more I had effected it. They would ha' ſet it down under their Hands.

Dau. Why, they will be our Sport, I ſee, ſtill, whether we will or no.

True-wit, Moroſe, Otter, Cutberd, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Tru. O are you here? Come, *Dauphine*; go call your Uncle preſently: I have fitted my Divine and my Canoniſt, dyed their Beards and all. The Knaves do not know themſelves, they are ſo exalted and alter'd. Preferment changes any Man. Thou ſhalt keep one Door, and I another, and then *Clerimont* in the midſt, that he may have no means of eſcape from their Cavilling, when they grow hot once, and then the Women (as I have given the Bride her Inſtructions) to break in upon him i' the *l' envoy*. O, 'twill be full and twanging! Away, fetch him. Come, Maſter Doctor

or, and Maſter Parſon, look to your Parts now, and diſcharge 'em bravely; you are well ſet forth, perform it as well. If you chance to be out, do not confeſs it with ſtanding ſtill, or humming, or gaping one at another; but go on, and talk aloud, and eagerly; uſe vehement Action, and only remember your Terms, and you are ſafe. Let the Matter go where it will; you have many will do ſo. But at firſt be very ſolemn and grave, like your Garments, though you loſe your ſelves after, and skip out like a brace of Jugglers on a Table. Here he comes: ſet your Faces, and look ſuperciliouſly, while I preſent you.

Mor. Are theſe the two learned Men?

Tru. Yes, Sir; pleaſe you ſalute 'em?

Mor. Salute 'em? I had rather do any thing, than wear out Time ſo unfruitfully, Sir. I wonder how theſe common Forms, as *God ſave you, and You are welcome*, are come to be a Habit in our Lives? or, *I am glad to ſee you*! When I cannot ſee what the Profit can be of theſe Words, ſo long as it is no whit better with him, whoſe Affairs are ſad and grievous, that he hears this Salutation.

Tru. 'Tis true, Sir; we'll go to the matter then. Gentlemen, Maſter Doctor, and Maſter Parſon, I have acquainted you ſufficiently with the Buſineſs for which you are come hither; and you are not now to inform your ſelves in the State of the Queſtion, I know. This is the Gentleman who expects your Reſolution, and therefore when you pleaſe, begin.

Ott. Pleaſe you, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. Pleaſe you, good Maſter Parſon

Ott. I would hear the Canon-law ſpeak firſt.

Cut. It muſt give place to poſitive Divinity, Sir.

Mor. Nay, good Gentlemen, do not throw me into Circumſtances. Let your Comforts arrive quickly at me, thoſe that are. Be ſwift in affording me my Peace, if ſo I ſhall hope any. I love not your Diſputations, or your Court-tumults. And that it be not ſtrange to you, I will tell you. My Father, in my Education, was wont to adviſe me, that I ſhould always collect and contain my Mind,

not

not ſuffering it to flow looſely; that I ſhould look to what things were neceſſary to the carriage of my Life, and what not, embracing the one, and eſchewing the other: In ſhort, that I ſhould endear my ſelf to reſt, and avoid turmoil; which now is grown to be another Nature to me. So that I come not to your publick Pleadings, or your Places of Noiſe; not that I neglect thoſe things that make for the Dignity of the Common-wealth; but for the meer avoiding of Clamours, and Impertinencies of Orators, that know not how to be ſilent. And for the Cauſe of Noiſe, am I now a Suitor to you. You do not know in what a miſery I have been exercis'd this day, what a torrent of Evil! My very Houſe turns round with the Tumult! I dwell in a Wind-mill! The perpetual Motion is here, and not at *Eltham*.

Tru. Well, good Maſter Doctor, will you break the Ice? Maſter Parſon will wade after.

Cut. Sir, though unworthy, and the weaker, I will preſume.

Ott. 'Tis no preſumption, *Domine* Doctor.

Mor. Yet again!

Cut. Your Queſtion is, For how many cauſes a Man may have *Divortium legitimum*, a lawful Divorce. Firſt, you muſt underſtand the nature of the word Divorce, *a divertendendo*———

Mor. No excurſions upon Words, good Doctor; to the Queſtion briefly.

Cut. I anſwer then, the Canon-Law affords Divorce but in few Caſes; and the principal is in the common Caſe, the adulterous Caſe: But there are *duodecim impedimenta*, twelve Impediments, (as we call 'em) all which do not *dirimere contractum*, but *irritum reddere matrimonium*, as we ſay in the Canon-Law; *not take away the Bond, but cauſe a Nullity therein.*

Mor. I underſtood you before: Good Sir, avoid your Impertinency of Tranſlation.

Ott. He cannot open this too much, Sir, by your favour.

Mor. Yet more!

Tru. O, you muſt give the learned Men leave, Sir. To your Impediments, Maſter Doctor.

Cut.

Cut. The firſt is *impedimentum erroris.*

Ott. Of which there are ſeveral *ſpecies.*

Cut. I, as *error perſonæ.*

Ott. If you contract your ſelf to one Perſon, thinking her another.

Cut. Then, *error fortunæ.*

Ott. If ſhe be a Beggar, and you thought her rich.

Cut. Then, *error qualitatis.*

Ott. If ſhe prove ſtubborn or head-ſtrong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How? is that, Sir, a lawful Impediment? One at once, I pray you, Gentlemen.

Ott. I, *ante copulam*, but not *poſt copulam*, Sir.

Cut. Maſter Parſon ſays right. *Nec poſt nuptiarum benedictionem.* It doth indeed but *irrita reddere ſponſalia*, annul the Contract; after Marriage it is of no obſtancy.

Tru. Alas, Sir, what a Hope are we fallen from by this time.

Cut. The next is *Conditio*: If you thought her free-born, and ſhe prove a Bond-woman, there is Impediment of Eſtate and Condition.

Ott. I, but, Maſter Doctor, thoſe Servitudes are *ſublata* now, among us Chriſtians.

Cut. By your favour, Maſter Parſon———

Ott. You ſhall give me leave, Maſter Doctor.

Mor. Nay, Gentlemen, quarrel not in that Queſtion; it concerns not my Caſe: Paſs to the third.

Cut. Well then, the third is *votum*: If either Party have made a Vow of Chaſtity. But that Practice, as Maſter Parſon ſaid of the other, is taken away among us, thanks be to Diſcipline. The fourth is *cognatio*; if the Perſons be of Kin within the Degrees.

Ott. I: Do you know what the Degrees are, Sir?

Mor. No, nor I care not, Sir; they offer me no Comfort in the Queſtion, I am ſure.

Cut. But there is a Branch of this Impediment may, which is *cognatio ſpiritualis*: If you were her Godfather, Sir, then the Marriage is inceſtuous.

Ott. That *Comment* is abſurd and ſuperſtitious, Maſter Doctor: I cannot endure it. Are we not all Brothers and Siſters, and as much a-kin in that, as God-fathers and God-daughters.

Mor.

Mor. O me! To end the Controverſie, I never was a Godfather, I never was a Godfather in my Life, Sir. Paſs to the next.

Cut. The fifth is *crimen adulterii*; the known Caſe. The ſixth, *cultus diſparitas*, difference of Religion: Have you ever examin'd her, what Religion ſhe is of?

Mor. No, I would rather ſhe were of none, than be put to the trouble of it.

Ott. You may have it done for you, Sir.

Mor. By no means, good Sir; on to the reſt: Shall you ever come to an end, think you?

Tru. Yes he has done half, Sir. (On to the reſt.) Be patient, and expect, Sir.

Cut. The ſeventh is, *vis*; if it were upon compulſion or force.

Mor. O no, it was too voluntary, mine, too voluntary.

Cut. The eighth is, *ordo*; if ever ſhe have taken Holy Orders.

Ott. That's ſuperſtitious too.

Mor. No matter, Maſter Parſon; would ſhe would go into a Nunnery yet.

Cut. The ninth is, *ligamen*; if you were bound, Sir, to any other before.

Mor. I thruſt my ſelf too ſoon into theſe Fetters.

Cut. The tenth is, *publica honeſtas*; which is *inchoata quædam affinitas*.

Ott. I, or *affinitas orta ex ſponſalibus*; and is but *leve impedimentum*.

Mor. I feel no Air of Comfort blowing to me, in all this.

Cut. The eleventh is, *affinitas ex fornicatione*.

Ott. Which is no leſs *vera affinitas*, than the other, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. True, *quæ oritur ex legitimo matrimonio*.

Ott. You ſay right, venerable Doctor: And, *naſcitur ex eo, quod per conjugium duæ perſonæ efficiuntur una caro*——

Mor. Hey-day, now they begin.

Cut. I conceive you, Maſter Parſon: *Ita per fornicationem*

nem æque eſt verus pater, qui ſic generat———

Ott. Et vere filius qui ſic generatur———

Mor. What's all this to me?

Cle. Now it grows warm.

Cut. The twelfth and laſt is, *ſi forte coire nequibis.*

Ott. I, that is *impedimentum graviſſimum:* It doth utterly annul, and annihilate, that. If you have *manifeſtam frigiditatem*, you are well, Sir.

Tru. Why, there is comfort come at length, Sir. Confeſs your ſelf but a Man unable, and ſhe will ſue to be divorc'd firſt.

Ott. I, or if there be *morbus perpetuus, & inſanabilis*; as *Paralyſis, Elephantiaſis*, or ſo———

Dau. O, but *frigiditas* is the fairer way, Gentlemen.

Ott. You ſay troth, Sir, and as it is in the *Canon*, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. I conceive you, Sir.

Cle. Before he ſpeaks.

Ott. That *a Boy, or Child, under Years, is not fit for Marriage, becauſe he cannot reddere debitum.* So your *omnipotentes*———

Tru. Your *impotentes*, you whorſon Lobſter.

Ott. Your *impotentes*, I ſhould ſay, are *minime apti ad contrahenda matrimonium.*

Tru. Matrimonium? we ſhall have moſt un-matrimonial *Latin* with you: *Matrimonia*, and be hang'd.

Dau. You pu' 'em out, Man.

Cut. But then there will ariſe a Doubt, Maſter Parſon, in our Caſe, *poſt matrimonium*: that *frigitate præditus* (do you conceive me, Sir?)

Ott. Very well, Sir.

Cut. Who cannot *uti uxore, pro uxore*, may *habere eam pro ſorore.*

Ott. Abſurd, abſurd, abſurd, and meerly *Apoſtatical.*

Cut. You ſhall pardon me, Maſter Parſon, I can prove it.

Ott. You can prove a Will, Maſter Doctor, you can prove nothing elſe. Does not the Verſe of your own

Canon,

Canon ſay, *Hæc ſocianda vetant connubia, facta retractant*———

Cut. I grant you; but how do they *retractare*, Maſter Parſon?

Mor. (O, this was it I fear'd.)

Ott. In *æternum*, Sir.

Cut. That's falſe in Divinity, by your favour.

Ott. 'Tis falſe in Humanity, to ſay ſo. Is he not *prorſus inutilis ad thorum*? Can he *præſtare fidem datam*? I would fain know.

Cut. Yes; how if he do *convalere*?

Ott. He cannot *convalere*, it is impoſſible.

Tru. Nay, good Sir, attend the learned Men; they'll think you neglect 'em elſe.

Cut. Or, if he do *ſimulare* himſelf *frigidum, odio uxoris*, or ſo?

Ott. I ſay, he is *adulter manifeſtus* then.

Dau. (They diſpute it very learnedly, i'faith.)

Ott. And *proſtitutor uxoris*; and this is poſitive.

Mor. Good Sir, let me eſcape.

Tru. You will not do me that wrong, Sir?

Ott. And therefore if he be *manifeſte frigidus*, Sir———

Cut. I, if he be *manifeſte frigidus*, I grant you———

Ott. Why, that was my Concluſion.

Cut. And mine too.

Tru. Nay, hear the Concluſion, Sir.

Ott. Then, *frigiditatis cauſa*———

Cut. Yes, *cauſa frigiditatis*———

Mor. O, mine Ears!

Ott. She may have *libellum divortii* againſt you.

Cut. I, *divortii libellum* ſhe will ſure have.

Mor. Good *Eccho's*, forbear.

Ott. If you confeſs it———

Cut. Which I would do, Sir———

Mor. I will do any Thing———

Ott. And clear my ſelf in *foro conſcientiæ*———

Cut. Becauſe you want indeed———

Mor. Yet more?

Ott. Exercendi Poteſtate.

Epicœne, Moroſe, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. *Otter, Daw, True-wit, Dauphine, Clerimont, La-Foole, Otter, Cutberd.*

Epi. I will not endure it any longer. Ladies, I beſeech you help me. This is ſuch a Wrong as never was offer'd to poor Bride before: Upon her Marriage-day to have her Husband conſpire againſt her, and a couple of mercenary Companion's to be brought in for Forms-ſake, to perſwade a Separation! If you had Blood or Vertue in you, Gentlemen, you would not ſuffer ſuch Earwigs about a Husband, or Scorpions to creep between Man and Wife———

Mor. O the Variety and Changes of my Torment!

Hau. Let 'em be cudgell'd out of doors by our Grooms.

Cen. I'll lend you my Footman.

Mav. We'll have our Men blanket em i' the Hall.

Mrs. *Ott.* As there was one at our Houſe, Madam, for peeping in at the Door.

Daw. Content, i' faith.

Tru. Stay, Ladies and Gentlemen; you'll hear before you proceed?

Mav. I'ld ha' the Bridegroom blanketed too.

Cen. Begin with him firſt.

Hau. Yes, by my troth.

Mor. O, Mankind Generation!

Dau. Ladies, for my ſake forbear.

Hau. Yes, for Sir *Dauphine*'s ſake.

Cen. He ſhall command us.

La-F. He is as fine a Gentleman of his Inches, Madam, as any is about the Town, and wears as good Colours when he liſts.

Tru. Be brief, Sir, and confeſs your Infirmity; ſhe'll be a fire to be quit of you, if ſhe but hear that nam'd once, you ſhall not entreat her to ſtay; ſhe'll fly you like one that had the Marks upon him.

Mor. Ladies, I muſt crave all your Pardons———

Tru. Silence, Ladies.

Mor. For a Wrong I have done to your whole Sex, in marrying this fair and vertuous Gentlewoman———

Cle. Hear him, good Ladies.

Mor. Being guilty of an Infirmity, which before I conferr'd with theſe learned Men, I thought I might have conceal'd——— *Tru.*

Tru. But now being better inform'd in his Conſcience by them, he is to declare it, and give Satisfaction, by asking your publick Forgiveneſs.

Mor. I am no Man, Ladies.

All. How!

Mor. Utterly unabled in Nature, by reaſon of *Frigidity*, to perform the Duties, or any the leaſt Office of a Husband.

Mav. Now out upon him, prodigious Creature!

Cen. Bridegroom uncarnate!

Hau. And would you offer it to a young Gentlewoman?

Mrs. *Ott.* A Lady of her Longings?

Epi. Tut, A Device, a Device, this; it ſmells rankly, Ladies. A meer Comment of his own.

Tru. Why, if you ſuſpect that, Ladies, you may have him ſearch'd.

Daw. As the Cuſtom is, by a Jury of Phyſicians.

La-F. Yes Faith, 'twill be brave.

Mor. O me, muſt I undergo that?

Mrs. *Ott.* No, let Women ſearch him, Madam; we can do it our ſelves.

Mor. Out on me, worſe!

Epi. No, Ladies, you ſhall not need, I'll take him with all his Faults.

Mor. Worſt of all!

Cle. Why, then 'tis no Divorce, Doctor, if ſhe conſent not?

Cut. No, if the Man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte uxoris*, that we grant *libellum divortii*, in the Law.

Ott. I, it is the ſame in *Theology*.

Mor. Worſe, worſe than worſt!

Tru. Nay, Sir, be not utterly diſheartned; we have yet a ſmall Relick of Hope left, as near as our Comfort is blown out. *Clerimont*, produce your Brace of Knights. What was that, Maſter Parſon, you told me *in errore qualitatis*, e'en now? *Dauphine*, whiſper the Bride, that ſhe carry it as if ſhe were guilty and aſham'd.

Ott. Marry Sir, *in errore qualitatis* (which Maſter Doctor did forbear to urge) if ſhe be found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken up, that was *pro Virgine deſponſa*, eſpous'd for a Maid———

Mor. What then, Sir?

Otte-

Ott. It doth *dirimere contractum*, and *irritum reddere* too.

Tru. If this be true, we are happy again, Sir, once more. Here are an honourable brace of Knights that ſhall firm ſo much.

Daw. Pardon us, good Maſter *Clerimont.*

La-F. You ſhall excuſe us, Maſter *Clerimont.*

Cle. Nay, you muſt make it good now, Knights; there is no remedy: I'll eat no words for you, nor no Men: You know you ſpoke it to me?

Daw. Is this Gentleman-like, Sir?

Tru. *Jack Daw*, he's worſe than Sir *Amorous*; fiereer a great deal. Sir *Amorous*, beware, there be ten *Daw*'s in this *Clerimont.*

La-F. I'll confeſs it, Sir.

Daw. Will you, Sir *Amorous*? Will you wound Reputation?

La-F. I am reſolv'd.

Tru. So ſhould you be too, *Jack Daw*: What ſhould keep you off? She is but a Woman, and in diſgrace. He'll be glad on't.

Daw. Will he? I thought he would ha' been angry.

Cle. You will diſpatch, Knights; it muſt be done, i' faith.

Tru. Why, an' it muſt, it ſhall, Sir, they ſay. They'll ne'er go back. Do not tempt his Patience.

Daw. It is true indeed, Sir.

La-F. Yes, I aſſure you, Sir.

Mor. What is true, Gentlemen? what do you aſſure me?

Daw. That we have known your Bride, Sir———

La-F. In good faſhion. She was our Miſtriſs, or ſo——

Cle. Nay, you muſt be plain, Knights, as you were to me.

Ott. I, the Queſtion is, if you have *carnaliter*, or no?

La-F. *Carnaliter?* What elſe, Sir?

Ott. It is enough; a plain *Nullity.*

Epi. I am undone, I am undone!

Mor. O let me worſhip and adore you, Gentlemen!

Epi. I am undone!

Mor. Yes, to my Hand, I thank theſe Knights. Maſter Parſon, let me thank you otherwiſe. *Cen.*

Cen. And ha' they confeſs'd?

Mav. Now out upon 'em, Informers!

Tru. You ſee what Creatures you may beſtow your Favours on, Madams.

Hau. I would accept againſt 'em as beaten Knights, Wench, and not good Witneſſes in Law.

Mrs. *Ott.* Poor Gentlewoman, how ſhe takes it!

Hau. Be comforted, *Moroſe*, I love you the better for't.

Cen. So do I, I proteſt.

Cut. But Gentlemen, you have not known her ſince *Matrimonium*.

Daw. Not to day, Maſter Doctor.

La.F. No, Sir, not to day.

Cut. Why, then I ſay, for any Act before, the *Matrimonium* is good and perfect; unleſs the worſhipful Bridegroom did preciſely, before Witneſs, demand, if ſhe were *Virgo ante nuptias*.

Epi. No, that he did not, I aſſure you, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. If he cannot prove that, it is *ratum conjugium*, notwithſtanding the Premiſes; and they do no way *impedire*. And this is my Sentence, this I pronounce.

Ott. I am of Maſter Doctor's reſolution too, Sir; if you made not that demand *ante nuptias*.

Cor. O my Heart! wilt thou break! wilt thou break! This is worſt of all worſt worſts that Hell could have devis'd! Marry a Whore! and ſo much noiſe!

Dau. Come, I ſee now plain Confederacy in this Doctor and this Parſon, to abuſe a Gentleman. You ſtudy his affliction. I pray be gone, Companions. And Gentlemen, I begin to ſuſpect you, for having Parts with 'em. Sir, will it pleaſe you hear me?

Mor. O, do not talk to me; take not from me the pleaſure of dying in Silence, Nephew.

Dau. Sir, I muſt ſpeak to you. I have been long your poor deſpis'd Kinſman, and many a hard Thought has ſtrengthned you againſt me: But now it ſhall appear if either I love you or your Peace, and prefer them to all the World beſide. I will not be long or grievous to you, Sir. If I free you of this unhappy Match abſolutely, and inſtantly, after all this trouble, and almoſt in your deſpair, now——

Mor. (It cannot be.)

Dau.

Dau. Sir, that you be never troubled with a murmur of it more. what ſhall I hope for, or deſerve of you?

Mor. O, what thou wilt, Nephew: Thou ſhalt deſerve me, and have me.

Dau. Shall I have your Favour perfect to me, and Love hereafter?

Mor. That, and any thing beſide. Make thine own Conditions. My whole Eſtate is thine; manage it, I will become thy Ward.

Dau. Nay, Sir, I will not be ſo unreaſonable.

Epi. Will Sir *Dauphine* be mine Enemy too?

Dau. You know I have been long a Suitor to you, Uncle, that out of your Eſtate, which is Fifteen hundred a Year, you would allow me but Five hundred during Life, and aſſure the reſt upon me after; to which I have often, by my ſelf and my Friends, rendered you a Writing to ſign, which you would never conſent or incline to. If you pleaſe but to effect it now———

Mor. Thou ſhalt have it, Nephew: I will do it, and more.

Dau. If I quit you not preſently, and for ever of this Cumber, you ſhall have power inſtantly, afore all theſe, to revoke your Act, and I will become whoſe Slave you will give me to, for ever.

Mor. Where is the Writing? I will ſeal to it, that, or to a Blank, and write thine own Conditions.

Epi. O me, moſt unfortunate wretched Gentlewoman.

Hau. Will Sir *Dauphine* do this?

Epi. Good Sir, have ſome compaſſion on me.

Mor. O, my Nephew knows you helike; away, *Crocodile.*

Cen. He does it not ſure without good ground.

Dau. Here, Sir.

Mor. Come, Nephew, give me the Pen; I will ſubſcribe to any thing, and ſeal to what thou wilt, for my Deliverance. Thou art my Reſtorer. Here, I deliver it thee as my Deed, If there be a Word in it lacking, or writ with falſe Orthography, I proteſt before——— I will not take the Advantage.

[*He takes off* Epicœne's *Perruke.*

Dau. Then here is your Releaſe, Sir; you have married

a

Boy, a Gentleman's Son, that I have brought up this half year, at my great Charges, and for this Compoſition, which I have now made with you. What ſay you, Maſter Doctor? This is *juſtum impedimentum*, I hope, *error perſonæ*.

Ott. Yes, Sir, *in primo gradu*.

Cut. In primo gradu.

[*He pulls off their Beards and Diſguiſe.*

Dau. I thank you, good Doctor *Cutberd* and Parſon *Otter*. You are beholden to 'em Sir, that have taken this pains for you; and my Friend Maſter *True-wit*, who enabled 'em for the Buſineſs. Now you may go in and reſt, be as private as you will, Sir, I'll not trouble you, till you trouble me with your Funeral, which I care not how ſoon it come. *Cutberd*, I'll make your Leaſe good. Thank me not, but with your Leg, *Cutberd*. And *Tom Otter*, your Princeſs ſhall be reconcil'd to you. How now, Gentlemen! do you look at me?

Cle. A Boy!

Dau. Yes, Miſtreſs *Epicœne*.

Tru. Well, *Dauphine*, you have lurch'd your Friends of the better half of the Garland, by concealing this part of the Plot: But much good do it thee, thou deſerv'ſt it, Lad. And *Clerimont*, for thy unexpected bringing theſe two to Confeſſion, wear my part of it freely. Nay, Sir *Daw*, and Sir *La-Foole*, you ſee the Gentlewoman that has done you the Favours! We are all thankful to you, and ſo ſhould the Woman-kind here, ſpecially for lying on her, though not with her! You meant ſo, I am ſure. But that we have ſtuck it upon you to day, in your own imagin'd Perſons, and ſo lately, this *Amazon*, the Champion of the Sex, ſhould beat you now thriftily, for the common Slanders which Ladies receive from ſuch Cuckows as you are. You are they, that when no merit of Fortune can make you hope to enjoy their Bodies, will yet lie with their Reputations, and make their Fame ſuffer. Away, you common Moths of theſe, and all Ladies Honours. Go, travel to make Legs and Faces, and come home with ſome new Matter to be laught at; you deſerve to live in an Air as corrupted as that wherewith you feed Rumor. Madams, you are mute, upon this new *Metamorphoſis*? But here ſtands ſhe that has vindicated your Fames. Take heed of

ſuch

ſuch *inſects* hereafter, and let it not trouble you, that you have diſcover'd any Myſteries to this young Gentleman: He is (a'moſt) of Years, and will make a good Viſitant within this Twelvemonth. In the mean time, we'll all undertake for his Secrecy, that can ſpeak ſo well of his Silence. Spectators, if you like this Comedy, riſe chearfully, and now *Moroſe* is gone in, clap your Hands. It may be, that Noiſe will cure him, at leaſt pleaſe him.

THE END.

EVERY MAN

IN HIS

HUMOUR.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES.

Haud tamen invideas vati, quem pulpita
paſcunt. JUVEN.

DUBLIN:

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MDCC XXIX.

TO THE

Moſt Learned, and my Honour'd Friend,

Mr. *CAMBDEN.*

CLARENTIAUX.

SIR,

THERE are, no doubt, a Supercilious Race in the World, who will eſteem all Office, done you in this kind, an Injury; ſo ſolemn a Vice it is with them to uſe the Authority of their Ignorance, to the crying down of *Poetry*, or the Profeſſors: But my Gratitude muſt not leave to correct their Error; ſince I am none of thoſe that can ſuffer the Benefits conferr'd upon my Youth to periſh with my Age. It is a frail Memory that remembers but preſent things: And, had the Favour of the times ſo conſpir'd with my Diſpoſition, as it could have brought forth o-

ther, or better, you had had the ſame Proportion, and Number of the Fruits, the firſt. Now I pray you to accept this; ſuch, wherein neither the Confeſſion of my Manners ſhall make you bluſh; nor of my Studies, repent you to have been the Inſtructer: And for the Profeſſion of my Thankfulneſs, I am ſure it will, with good Men, find either Praiſe or Excuſe.

Your True Lover,

Ben. Johnſon.

PROLOGUE.

THough Need make many Poets, *and ſome ſuch*
As Art and Nature have not better'd much;
Yet ours, for want, hath not ſo lov'd the Stage,
As he dare ſerve th' ill Cuſtoms of the Age,
Or purchaſe your delight at ſuch a rate,
As, for it, he himſelf muſt juſtly hate:
To make a child now ſwadled, to proceed
Man, and then ſhoot up in one beard and weed,
Paſt threeſcore Years: or, with three ruſty Swords,
And help of ſome few Foot *and* Half-foot *Words,*
Fight over York, *and* Lancaſter's *long Jars,*
And in the Tyring-houſe bring Wounds to Scars.
He rather prays, you will be pleas'd to ſee
One ſuch to Day, as other Plays ſhould be;
Where neither Chorus *wafts you o'er the Seas,*
Nor creaking Throne comes down, the Boys to pleaſe;
Nor nimble Squib is ſeen, to make afeard,
The Gentlewomen; nor roul'd Bullet heard
To ſay, it thunders; nor tempeſtuous Drum,
Rumbles, to tell you when the Storm doth come;
But Deeds, and Language, ſuch as Men do uſe,
And Perſons, ſuch as Comedy *would chuſe;*
When ſhe would ſhew an Image of the Times,
And ſport with Human Follies, not with Crimes.
Except we make 'em ſuch, by loving ſtill
Our popular Errors, when we know th' are ill.
I mean ſuch Errors *as you'll all confeſs,*
By laughing at them, they deſerve no leſs:
Which when you heartily do, there's Hope left, then,
You, that have ſo grac'd Monſters, may like Men.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Kno'well, *an old Gentleman.*
Ed. Kno'well, *his Son.*
Brain-worm, *the Father's Man.*
Mr. Stephen, *a Country Gull.*
Down-right, *a plain Squire.*
Well-bred, *his Half Brother.*
Juſt. Clement, *an old merry Magiſtrate.*
Roger Formal, *his Clark.*
Kitely, *a Merchant.*
Dame Kitely, *his Wife.*
Mrs. Bridget, *his Siſter.*
Mr. Matthew, *the Town-Gull.*
Caſh, Kitely's *Man.*
Cob, *a Water-bearer.*
Tib, *his Wife.*
Cap. Bobadil, *a Paul's Man.*

The SCENE *LONDON.*

Every

Every Man in his Humour.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Kno'well, Brain-worm, Mr. *Stephen.*

Kno'well.

Goodly Day toward! and a freſh Morning!
Brain-worm,
Call up your young Maſter: Bid him riſe, Sir.
Tell him, I have ſome Buſineſs to employ him.

Brai. I will, Sir, preſently.

Kno. But hear you, Sirrah,
If he be at his Book, diſturb him not.

Brai. Well Sir.

Kno. How happy yet, ſhould I eſteem my ſelf,
Could I (by any Practice) wean the Boy
From one vain Courſe of Study, he affects.
He is a Scholar, if a Man may truſt
The liberal Voice of Fame, in her Report,
Of good Accompt in both our *Univerſities*,
Either of which hath favour'd him with Graces:
But their Indulgence muſt not ſpring in me
A fond Opinion, that he cannot err.
My ſelf was once a Student, and, indeed,
Fed with the ſelf-ſame humour he is now,

Dreaming on nought but idle *Poetry*,
That fruitleſs and unprofitable Art;
Good unto none, but leaſt to the Profeſſors,
Which, then, I thought the Miſtreſs of all Knowledge:
But ſince, Time and the Truth have wak'd my Judgment,
And Reaſon taught me better to diſtinguiſh
The vain from th' uſeful Learnings. Couſin *Stephen*!
What News with you, that you are here ſo early?

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to ſee how you do, Uncle.

Kno. That's kindly done, you are welcome, Couz.

Step. I, I know that, Sir, I would not ha' come elſe. How does my Couſin *Edward*, Uncle?

Kno. O, well Couz, go in and ſee: I doubt he be ſcarce ſtirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an' he have e'er a Book of the Sciences of Hawking and Hunting? I would fain borrow it.

Kno. Why, I hope you will not a Hawking now, will you?

Step. No, wuſſe, but I'll practiſe againſt next Year, Uncle: I have bought me a Hawk, and a Hood, and Bells, and all; I lack nothing but a Book to keep it by.

Kno. O, moſt ridiculous.

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, Uncle; why you know an' a Man have not Skill in the Hawking and Hunting-Languages now-a-days, I'll not give a ruſh for him. They are more ſtudied than the *Greek*, or the *Latin*. He is for no Gallants Company without 'em: And by gads-lid I ſcorn it, I, ſo I do, to be a Conſort for every *Humdrum*, hang 'em Scroyles, there's nothing in 'em i' the World. What do you talk on it? Becauſe I dwell at *Hogſden*, I ſhall keep Company with none but the Archers of *Finsbury*, or the Citizens that come a Ducking to *Iſlington* Ponds? A fine Jeſt i' faith! Slid a Gentleman mun ſhow himſelf like a Gentleman: Uncle, I pray you be not angry, I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no Novice.

Kno. You are a prodigal abſurd Cockſcomb, Go to.
Nay, never look at me, it's I that ſpeak.
Take't as you will, Sir, I'll not flatter you.
Ha' you not yet found means enow to waſte
That which your Friends have left you, but you muſt

Go

Go caſt away your Money on a Kite,
And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done?
O it's comely! this will make you a Gentleman!
Well, Couſin, well! I ſee you are e'en paſt Hope
Of all reclaim: I, ſo, now you are told on it,
You look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do?

Kno. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, Kinſman;
Learn to be wiſe, and practiſe how to thrive,
That would I have you do: And not to ſpend
Your Coin on every Bauble that you fancy,
Or every fooliſh Brain that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each Place,
Nor thruſt your ſelf on all Societies,
Till Mens Affections, or your own Deſert,
Should worthily invite you to your Rank.
He that is ſo reſpectleſs in his Courſes,
Oft ſells his Reputation at a cheap Market.
Nor would I, you ſhould melt away your ſelf
In flaſhing bravery, leſt while you affect
To make a blaze of Gentry to the World,
A little puff of Scorn extinguiſh it,
And you be left like an unſav'ry Snuff,
Whoſe Property is only to offend.
I'd ha' you ſober, and contain your ſelf;
Not that your Sail be bigger than your Boat;
But moderate your Expences now (at firſt)
As you may keep the ſame Proportion ſtill.
Nor ſtand ſo much on your Gentility,
Which is an Airy, meer borrow'd thing,
From dead Mens Duſt, and Bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here?

Servant, Mr. *Stephen, Kno'well, Brain-worm.*

Serv. Save you, Gentlemen.

Step. Nay, we do not ſtand much on our Gentility, Friend; yet you are welcome, and I aſſure you mine Uncle here is a Man of a thouſand a Year, *Middleſex* Land: He has but one Son in all the World, I am his next Heir (at the common Law) Maſter *Stephen*, as ſimple as I ſtand here, if my Couſin dye (as there's hope he will) I have a pretty Living o' mine own too, beſide, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, Sir.

Step. In good time, Sir? why! and in very good time, Sir: You do not flout, Friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, Sir.

Step. Not you, Sir? you were not beſt, Sir; an' you ſhould, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too; go to: And they can give it again ſoundly too, an' need be.

Serv. Why, Sir, let this ſatisfie you; good faith, I had no ſuch intent.

Step. Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that preſently.

Serv. Good Maſter *Stephen*, ſo you may, Sir, at your pleaſure.

Step. And ſo I would, Sir, good my ſaucy Companion! an' you were out o' mine Uncle's Ground, I can tell you; though I do not ſtand upon my Gentility neither in't.

Kno. Couſin! Couſin! will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whorſon baſe Fellow! a Mechanical Serving-man! By this Cudgel, an' 'twere not for ſhame, I would—

Kno. What would you do, you peremptory Gull?
If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.
You ſee, the honeſt Man demeans himſelf
Modeſtly to'ards you, giving no reply
To your unſeaſon'd, quarrelling, rude Faſhion:
And ſtill you huff it, with a kind of Carriage
As void of Wit, as of Humanity.
Go, get you in; 'fore Heaven, I am aſham'd
Thou haſt a Kinſman's Intereſt in me.

Serv. I pray, Sir, is this Maſter *Kno'well*'s Houſe?

Kno. Yes marry is it, Sir.

Serv. I ſhould enquire for a Gentleman here, one Maſter *Edward Kno'well*; do you know any ſuch, Sir, I pray you?

Kno. I ſhould forget my ſelf elſe, Sir.

Serv. Are you the Gentleman? cry you Mercy, Sir: I was requir'd by a Gentleman i' the City, as I rode out at this end o' the Town, to deliver you this Letter, Sir.

Kno. To me, Sir! What do you mean? pray you remember your Court'ſie. (*To his moſt ſelected Friend Maſter* Edward Kno'well.) What might the Gentleman's Name be, Sir, that ſent it? nay, pray you be cover'd.

Serv. One Maſter *Well-bred*, Sir.

Kno.

Kno. Maſter *Well bred*! A young Gentleman? is he not?
Serv. The ſame, Sir, Maſter *Kitely* married his Siſter:
The rich Merchant i' the *Old Jewry*.
Kno. You ſay very true. *Brain-worm.*
Brai. Sir.
Kno. Make this honeſt Friend drink here: Pray you go in.
This Letter is directed to my Son:
Yet I am *Edward Kno'well* too, and may,
With the ſafe Conſcience of good Manners, uſe
The Fellow's Error to my Satisfaction.
Well, I will break it ope (old Men are curious)
Be it but for the Stile's Sake, and the Phraſe,
To ſee if both do anſwer my Son's Praiſes,
Who is almoſt grown the Idolater,
Of this young *Well-bred*: What have we here? what's this?

The LETTER.

'WHY, *Ned*, I beſeech thee, haſt thou forſworn 'all thy Friends i' the *Old Jewry*? or doſt thou 'think us all *Jews* that inhabit there? yet if thou doſt, 'come over, and but ſee our Frippery; change an old Shirt 'for a whole Smock with us: Do not conceive that Anti-'pathy between us and *Hogſden*, as was between *Jews* 'and *Hogs-fleſh*. Leave thy vigilant Father alone, to 'number over his green Apricots, Evening and Morning, 'o' the North-weſt Wall: An' I had been his Son, I had 'ſav'd him the Labour long ſince, if taking in all the young 'Wenches that paſs by at the back-door, and codling every 'Kernel of the Fruit for 'em, would ha' ſerv'd. But pr'y 'thee come over to me quickly, this Morning; I have ſuch 'a preſent for thee (our *Turky* Company never ſent the 'like to the *Grand- ignior*.) One is a Rimer, Sir, o' your 'own Batch, your own Leven; but doth think himſelf 'Poet-Major o' the Town, willing to be ſhown, and wor-'thy to be ſeen. The other—I will not venture his De-'ſcription with you, till you come, becauſe I would ha' 'you make hither with an Appetite. If the worſt of 'em 'be not worth your Journey, draw your Bill of Charges, 'as unconſcionable as any *Guild-hall* Verdict will give it 'you, and you ſhall be allow'd your *Viaticum*.

From the Wind-Mill.

From

From the *Burdello*, it might come as well,
The *Spittle*, or *Pict-hatch*. Is this the Man
My Son hath ſung ſo, for the happieſt Wit,
The choiceſt Brain, the Times have ſent us forth?
I know not what he may be in the Arts,
Nor what in Schools; but ſurely, for his Manners,
I judge him a prophane and diſſolute Wretch:
Worſe by Poſſeſſion of ſuch great good Gifts,
Being the Maſter of ſo looſe a Spirit.
Why, what unhallow'd Ruffian would have writ
In ſuch a ſcurrillous manner, to a Friend!
Why ſhould he think, I tell my Apricots,
Or play th' *Heſperian* Dragon with my Fruit,
To watch it? Well, my Son, I had thought
T' had had more Judgment, t' have made Election
Of you Companions, than t' have ta'en on truſt
Such petulant, jeering Gameſters, that can ſpare
No Argument, or Subject from their Jeſt.
But I perceive Affection makes a Fool
Of any Man, too much the Father. *Brain-worm.*

Brai. Sir.

Kno. Is the Fellow gone that brought this Letter?

Brai. Yes, Sir, a pretty while ſince.

Kno. And where's your young Maſter?

Brai. In his Chamber, Sir.

Kno. He ſpake not with the Fellow, did he?

Brai. No, Sir, he ſaw him not.

Kno. Take you this Letter, and deliver it my Son;
But with no Notice that I have open'd it, on your Life.

Brai. O Lord, Sir, that were a Jeſt indeed!

Kno. I am reſolv'd I will not ſtop his Journey,
Nor practiſe any violent means to ſtay
The unbridled Courſe of Youth in him; for that
Reſtrain'd, grows more impatient; and in kind
Like to the eager, but the generous Grey-hound,
Who ne'er ſo little from his Game with-held,
Turns Head, and leaps up at his Holder's Throat.
There is a way of winning more by Love,
And urging of the Modeſty, than Fear:
Force works on ſervile Natures, not the free.
He that's compell'd to Goodneſs, may be good;

But

But 'tis but for that Fit: where others, drawn
By Softneſs and Example, get a Habit.
Then, if they ſtray, but warn 'em; and the ſame
They ſhould for Virtu' have done, they'll do for Shame.

Edw. Kno'well, Brain-worm, Mr. Stephen.

E. Kno. Did he open it, ſay'ſt thou?

Brai. Yes, o' my Word, Sir, and read the Contents.

E. Kno. That ſcarce contents me. What Countenance (pr'y thee) made he, i' th' reading of it? was he angry, or pleas'd?

Brai. Nay, Sir, I ſaw him not read it, nor open it, I aſſure your Worſhip.

E. Kno. No? how know'ſt thou then, that he did either?

Brai. Marry, Sir, becauſe he charg'd me, on my Life, to tell no body that he open'd it; which unleſs he had done, he would never fear to have it reveal'd.

E. Kno. That's true: well I thank thee *Brain-worm.*

Step. O, *Brain-worm*, did'ſt thou not ſee a Fellow here in a what'ſha'-call-him Doublet? he brought mine Uncle a Letter e'en now.

Brai. Yes, Maſter *Stephen*, what of him?

Step. O, I ha' ſuch a Mind to beat him—Where is he? canſt thou tell?

Brai. Faith, he is not of that Mind: he is gone, Maſter *Stephen.*

Step. Gone, which way? when went he? how long ſince?

Brai. He is rid hence: he took Horſe at the Street-door.

Step. And I ſtaid i' the Fields! horſon *ſcander-bag* Rogue! O that I had but a Horſe to fetch him back again.

Brai. Why, you may ha' my Miſtreſs's Gelding, to ſave your longing, Sir.

Step. But I ha' no Boots, that's the ſpight on't.

Brai. Why, a fine Whiſp of Hay, roul'd hard, Maſter *Stephen.*

Step. No faith, it's no Boot to follow him, now: let him e'en go and hang. Pr'y thee, help to truſs me a little. He does ſo vex me——

Brai.

Brai. You'll be worſe vex'd when you are truſs'd, Maſter *Stephen*. Beſt keep unbrac'd, and walk your ſelf 'till you be cold; your Choller may founder you elſe.

Step. By my Faith, and ſo I will; now thou tell'ſt me on't: How do'ſt thou like my Leg, *Brain-worm*?

Brai. A very good Leg, Maſter *Stephen*; but the Woollen Stocking do's not commend it ſo well.

Step. Foh, the Stockings be good enough, now Summer is coming on for the Duſt: I'll have a Pair of Silk againſt Winter, that I go to dwell i' th' Town. I think my Leg would ſhew well in a Silk Hoſe———

Brai. Believe me, Maſter *Stephen*, rarely well.

Step. In ſadneſs, I think it would: I have a reaſonable good Leg.

Brai. You have an excellent good Leg, Maſter *Stephen*; but I cannot ſtay to praiſe it longer now, and I am very ſorry for't.

Step. Another time will ſerve, *Brain-worm*. Gramercy for this.

E. Kno. Ha, ha, ha!

[Kno'well *laught, having read the Letter.*

Step. 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me, an' he do——

E. Kno. Here was a Letter indeed, to be intercepted by a Man's Father, and do him good with him! He cannot but think moſt vertuouſly, both of me, and the Sender, ſure; that make the careful Coſtar'-monger of him in our *familiar Epiſtles*. Well, if he read this with Patience I'll be gelt, and troll Ballads for Mr. *John Trundle* yonder, the reſt of my Mortality. It is true, and likely, my Father may have as much Patience as another Man; for he takes much Phyſick: and oft taking Phyſick makes a Man very patient. But would your Packet, Maſter *Well-bred*, had arrived at him in ſuch a Minute of his Patience; then we had known the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens—What! my wiſe Couſin! Nay, then I'll furniſh our Feaſt with one Gull more to'ard the Meſs. He writes to me of a Brace, and here's one, that's Three: Oh for a fourth! Fortune, if ever thou'lt uſe thine Eyes, I intreat thee——

Step. Oh, now I ſee who he laught at. He laught at ſome

ſome body in that Letter. By this good Light, an' he had laught at me———

E. Kno. How now, Couſin *Steph'n*, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought you had laught at me, Couſin.

E. Kno. Why, what an' I had, Couz? what would you ha' done?

Step. By this Light, I would ha' told mine Uncle.

E. Kno. Nay, if you would ha' told your Uncle, I did laugh at you, Couz.

Step. Did you indeed?

E. Kno. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why, then——

E. Kno. What then?

Step. I am ſatisfied, it is ſufficient.

E. Kno. Why, be ſo, gentle Couz. And, I pray you let me intreat a Courteſie of you. I am ſent for, this Morning, by a Friend i' th' *Old Jewry*, to come to him; It's but croſſing over the Fields to *Moor-gate*: Will you bear me Company? I proteſt, it is not to draw you into Bond, or any Plot againſt the State, Couz.

Step. Sir, that's all one; and 'twere; you ſhall command me twice ſo far as *Moor-gate*, to do you good in ſuch a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I proteſt——

E. Kno. No, no, you ſhall not proteſt, Couz.

Step. By my lackings, but I will, by your leave; I'll proteſt more to my Friend, than I'll ſpeak of, at this time.

E. Kno. You ſpeak very well, Couz.

Step. Nay, not ſo neither, you ſhall pardon me: but I ſpeak to ſerve my turn.

E. Kno. Your turn, Couz? Do you know what you ſay? A Gentleman of your Sort, Parts, Carriage, and Eſtimation, to talk o' your turn i' this Company, and to me alone; like a Tankard-bearer at a Conduit! fie. A Wight, that (hitherto) his every ſtep hath left the Stamp of a great Foot behind him, as every Word the Savour of a ſtrong Spirit! and he! this Man! ſo grac'd, gilded, or (to uſe a more fit *Metaphor*) ſo tin-foil'd by Nature, as not ten Houſewives Pewter (again' a good time) ſhews more bright to the World than he! and he (as I ſaid laſt, ſo I ſay again, and ſtill ſhall ſay it) this Man! to conceal ſuch real

Orna-

Ornaments as theſe, and ſhadow their Glory, as a Millener's Wife do's her wrought Stomacher, with a ſmoaky Lawn, or a black Cypreſs? O Couz! it cannot be anſwer'd, go not about it. *Drake*'s old Ship at *Depford* may ſooner Circle the World again. Come, wrong not the Quality of your Deſert, with looking downward, Couz; but hold up your Head, ſo: and let the *Idea* of what you are, be pourtray'd i' your Face, that Men may read i' your Phyſnomy, (*Here, within this Place is to be ſeen the true, rare, and accompliſh'd Monſter, or Miracle of Nature*, which is all one.) What think you of this, Couz?

Step. Why, I do think of it; and I will be more proud, and Melancholy, and Gentleman-like, than I have been; I'll enſure you.

E. Kno. Why, that's reſolute Maſter *Stephen*! Now, if I can but hold him up to his Height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a Suburb-humour: we may hap have a match with the City, and play him for Forty Pound. Come, Couz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Kno. Follow me? you muſt go before.

Step. Nay, an' I muſt, I will. Pray you, ſhew me, good Couſin.

Mr. *Matthew*, *Cob.*

Mat. I think this be the Houſe: what, hough?

Cob. Who's there? O, Maſter *Matthew*! gi' your Worſhip good Morrow.

Mat. What! *Cob*! how doſt thou, good *Cob*? doſt thou inhabit here, *Cob*?

Cob. I Sir, I and my Linage ha' kept a poor Houſe, here, in our Days.

Mat. Thy Linage, *Monſieur Cob*, what Linage, what Linage?

Cob. Why, Sir, an ancient Linage, and a Princely. Mine ance'try came from a King's Belly, no worſe Man: and yet no Man neither (by your Worſhip's leave, I did lie in that) but *Herring* the King of Fiſh (from his Belly I proceed) one o' the Monarchs o' the World, I aſſure you. The firſt Red Herring that was broil'd in *Adam* and *Eve*'s Kitchin, do I fetch my Pedigree from, by the Harrots Book. His *Cob*, was my great-great-mighty-great Grandfather,

Mat.

Mat. Why mighty? why mighty? I pray thee.

Cob. O, it was a mighty while ago, Sir, and a mighty great *Cob.*

Mat. How know'ſt thou that?

Cob. How know I? why, I ſmell his Ghoſt, ever and anon.

Mat. Smell a Ghoſt? O unſavoury Jeſt! and the Ghoſt of a Herring, *Cob.*

Cob. I, Sir, with favour of your Worſhip's Noſe, Mr. *Matthew*, why not the Ghoſt of a Herring *Cob*, as well as the Ghoſt of Raſher-Bacon?

Mat. Roger Bacon, thou would'ſt ſay?

Cob. I ſay Raſher-Bacon. They were both broil'd o' th' Coles; and a Man may ſmell broil'd Meat, I hope? you are a Scholar, upſolve me that, now.

Mat. O raw Ignorance! *Cob*, canſt thou ſhew me of a Gentleman, one Captain *Bobadill*, where his Lodging is?

Cob. O, my Gueſt, Sir! you mean.

Mat. Thy Gueſt! Alas! ha, ha.

Cob. Why do you laugh, Sir? Do you not mean Captain *Bobadill*?

Mat. Cob, 'pray thee adviſe thy ſelf well: do not wrong the Gentleman, and thy ſelf too. I dare be ſworn, he ſcorns thy Houſe: He! he lodge in ſuch a baſe obſcure Place, as thy Houſe! Tut, I know his Diſpoſition ſo well, he would not lye in thy Bed, if thou'dſt gi't him.

Cob. I will not give it him, though, Sir. Maſs, I thought ſomewhat was in't, we could not get him to Bed all Night: Well, Sir, though he lye not o' my Bed, he lies o' my Bench: an't pleaſe you to go up, Sir, you ſhall find him with two Cuſhions under his Head, and his Cloke wrapt about him, as though he had neither won nor loſt, and yet (I warrant) he ne'er caſt better in his Life, than he has done to-night.

Mat. Why? was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, Sir? you hear not me ſay ſo. Perhaps, he ſwallow'd a Tavern-token, or ſome ſuch Device, Sir: I have nothing to do withal. I deal with Water, and not with Wine. Gi' me my Tankard there, hough, God b' w' you, Sir. It's ſix a Clock: I ſhou'd ha' carried two Turns, by this. What hough! my Stopple, come.

Mat.

Mat. Lye in a Water-bearer's Houſe! A Gentleman of of his Havings! Well, I'll tell him my Mind.

Cob. What, *Tib*, ſhew this Gentleman up to the Captain. Oh, an' my Houſe were the *Brazen-head* now! faith it would e'en ſpeak *Mafools yet*. You ſhou'd ha' ſome now would take this Mr. *Matthew* to be a Gentleman, at the leaſt. His Father's an honeſt Man, a worſhipful Fiſhmonger, and ſo forth; and now does he creep, and wriggle into Acquaintance with all the brave Gallants about the Town, ſuch as my Gueſt is: (O, my Gueſt is a fine Man) and they flout him invincibly. He uſeth every Day to a Merchant's Houſe (where I ſerve Water) one Maſter *Kitely's* i' th' *Old Jewry*; and here's the Jeſt, he is in love with my Maſter's Siſter (Miſtreſs *Bridget*) and calls her Miſtreſs: and there he will ſit you a whole Afternoon, ſometimes reading o' thoſe ſame abominable, vile, (a Pox on 'em, I cannot abide them) raſcally Verſes, *Poyetry*, *Poyetry*, and ſpeaking of *Enterludes*, 'twill make a Man burſt to hear him. And the Wenches, they do ſo geer, and ti-heat him ——well, ſhould they do ſo much to me, I'd forſwear them all, by the Foot of *Pharoah*. There's an Oath! How many Water-bearers ſhall you hear ſwear ſuch an Oath? O, I have a Gueſt (he teaches me) he does ſwear the legibleſt of any Man chriſtened: By St. *George*, the Foot of *Pharoah*, the Body of me, as I am a Gentleman, and a Soldier: ſuch dainty Oaths! and withal, he do's take this ſame filthy roguiſh *Tobacco*, the fineſt and cleanlieſt! it would do a Man good to ſee the Fume come forth at's Tonnels! Well, he owes me Forty Shillings (my Wife lent him out of her Purſe, by ſix-pence at a time) beſides his Lodging: I would I had it. I ſhall ha't, he ſays, the next *Action*. *Helter ſkelter*, hang Sorrow, care I'll kill a Cat, up-tails all, and a Louſe for the Hangman.

Bobadill, Tib, Matthew.

Bob. Hoſteſs, Hoſteſs.

[Bobad. *is diſcovered lying on his Bench.*

Tib. What ſay you, Sir?

Bob A Cup o' thy ſmall Beer, ſweet Hoſteſs.

Tib. Sir, there's a Gentleman below would ſpeak with you.

Bob. A Gentleman! 'ods ſo, I am not within.

Tib.

Tib. My Husband told him you were, Sir.

Bob. What a Plague—what meant he?

Mat. Captain *Bobadill?*

Bob. Who's there? (take away the Baſon, good Hoſteſs) come up, Sir.

Tib. He would deſire you to come up, Sir. You come into a cleanly Houſe, here.

Mat. 'Save you, Sir. 'Save you, Captain.

Bob. Gentle Maſter *Matthew!* Is it you, Sir? Pleaſe you to ſit down?

Mat. Thank you, good Captain, you may ſee I am ſomewhat audacious.

Bob. Not ſo, Sir. I was requeſted to Supper, laſt Night, by a ſort of Gallants, where you were wiſh'd for, and drunk to, I aſſure you.

Mat. Vouchſafe me, by whom, good Captain?

Bob. Marry, by young *Well-bred*, and others: Why, Hoſteſs, a Stool here for this Gentleman.

Mat. No haſte, Sir, 'tis very well.

Bob. Body of me! it was ſo late e're we parted laſt Night, I can ſcarce open my Eyes yet; I was but new riſen, as you came: how paſſes the Day abroad, Sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, ſome half Hour to ſeven: now truſt me, you have an exceeding fine Lodging here, very neat and private!

Bob. I Sir: ſit down, I pray you. Mr. *Matthew* (in any Caſe) poſſeſs no Gentlemen of our Acquaintance, with Notice of my Lodging.

Mat. Who! I Sir? no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the Cabbin is convenient, but in regard I would not be too Popular, and generally viſited, as ſome are.

Mat. True Captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For do you ſee, Sir, by the Heart of Valour in me, (except it be to ſome peculiar and choice Spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engag'd, as your ſelf or ſo) I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, Sir, I reſolve ſo.

Bob. I confeſs I love a cleanly and quiet Privacy, above all

all the tumult and roar of Fortune. What new Book ha' you there? What! *Go by, Hieronymo*!

Mat. I, did you ever ſee it acted? is't not well penn'd?

Bob. Well penn'd! I would fain ſee all the *Poets*, of theſe times, pen ſuch another Play as that was? they'll prate and ſwagger, and keep a ſtir of Art and Devices, when (as I am Gentleman) read 'em, they are the moſt ſhallow, pitiful, barren Fellows, that live upon the Face of the Earth again.

Mat. Indeed, here are a number of fine Speeches in this Book! *O Eyes, no Eyes, but Fountains fraught with Tears!* There's a Conceit! Fountains fraught with Tears! *O Life, no Life, but lively form of Death!* Another! *O World, no World, but maſs of publick Wrongs*! A third! *Confus'd and fill'd with Murder, and Miſdeeds*! A fourth! *O, the Muſes*! Is't not excellent? Is't not ſimply the beſt that ever you heard, Captain? Ha! How do you like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. *To thee, the pureſt Object to my Senſe,*
The moſt refined Eſſence Heav'n covers,
Send I theſe Lines, wherein I do commence,
The happy ſtate of Turtle-billing Lovers.
If they prove rough, unpoliſh'd harſh, and rude,
Haſte made the waſte. Thus mildly I conclude.

Bob. Nay proceed, proceed. Where's this?

[Bobadil *is making him ready all this while.*

Mat. This, Sir? a Toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the Infancy of my *Muſes*! But when will you come and ſee my Study? good faith, I can ſhew you ſome very good things, I have done of late——That Boot becomes your Leg, paſſing well, Captain, methinks!

Bob. So, ſo, It's the Faſhion Gentlemen now uſe.

Mat. Troth Captain, and now you ſpeak o' the Faſhion, Maſter *Well-bred*'s elder Brother and I are fain out exceedingly; this other Day, I hapned to enter into ſome Diſcourſe of a Hanger, which I aſſure you, both for Faſhion, and Workmanſhip, was moſt peremptory-beautiful, and Gentleman-like! Yet he condemn'd, and cry'd it down for the moſt pyed and ridiculous that ever he ſaw.

Bob. Squire *Down-right*, the half-Brother, was't not?

Mat. I Sir, he.

Bob.

Bob. Hang him, rook, he! why he has no more judgment than a Malt-horſe: By S. *George*, I wonder you'd loſe a thought upon ſuch an Animal; the moſt peremptory abſurd Clown of *Chriſtendom*, this Day, he is holden. I proteſt to you, as I am a Gentleman and a Soldier, I ne'er chang'd Words with his like. By his Diſcourſe, he ſhould eat nothing but Hay: He was born for the Manger, Pannier, or Pack-ſaddle! He has not ſo much as a good Phraſe in his Belly, but all old Iron, and ruſty Proverbs! a good Commodity for ſome Smith to make Hob-nails of.

Mat. I, and he thinks to carry it away with his Manhood ſtill, where he comes: He brags he will gi' me the *baſtinado*, as I hear.

Bob. How! He the *baſtinado*! how came he by that Word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he ſaid cudgel me; I term'd it ſo, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be; for I was ſure it was none of his Word: But when? when ſaid he ſo?

Mat. Faith, yeſterday, they ſay; a young Gallant, a Friend of mine told me ſo.

Bob. By the Foot of *Pharoah*, and 'twere my caſe now, I ſhould ſend him a *chartel* preſently: The *baſtinado*! A moſt proper and ſufficient *dependance*, warranted by the great *Caranza*: Come hither: You ſhall *chartel* him; I'll ſhew you a trick or two, you ſhall kill him with at pleaſure; the firſt *ſtoccata*, if you will, by this Air.

Mat. Indeed, you have abſolute Knowledge i' the Myſtery, I have heard, Sir.

Bob. Of whom? of whom ha' you heard it, I beſeech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it ſpoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able Skill, Sir.

Bob. By Heav'n, no not I; no Skill i' the Earth; ſome ſmall Rudiments i' the Science, as to know my Time, Diſtance, or ſo: I have proteſt it more for Noblemen, and Gentlemens uſe, than mine own Practice, I aſſure you: Hoſteſs, accommodate us with another Bed-ſtaff here, quickly; lend us another Bed-ſtaff: The Woman does not underſtand the Words of *Action*. Look you, Sir: Exalt not your Point above this State, at any hand, and let your

Poy-

Poynard maintain your Defence, thus; (give it the Gentleman, and leave us) ſo, Sir. Come on: O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more ſweet, comely, Gentleman-like guard, ſo, indifferent: Hollow your body more, Sir, thus: Now, ſtand faſt o' your left Leg, note your Diſtance, keep your due Proportion of Time —Oh, you diſorder your Point, moſt irregularly!

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, Sir?

Bob. O, out of meaſure ill! A well experienc'd Hand would paſs upon you at pleaſure.

Mat. How mean you, Sir, paſs upon me?

Bob. Why thus, Sir, (make a Thruſt at me) come in upon the anſwer, controul your Point, and make a full carreer at the Body: The beſt practis'd Gallants of the time name it the *Paſſada*; a moſt deſperate thruſt, believe it!

Mat. Well, come, Sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your Weapon with any Facility or Grace to invite me! I have no Spirit to play with you: Your dearth of Judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one *venue*, Sir.

Bob. Venue! Fie; moſt groſs Denomination, as ever I heard: O the *ſtoccata*, while you live, Sir, note that; come, put on your Cloak, and we'll go to ſome private Place, where you are acquainted, ſome Tavern, or ſo— and have a bit—I'll ſend for one of theſe Fencers, and he ſhall breath you, by my Direction; and then I will teach you your Trick: You ſhall kill him with it at the firſt, if you pleaſe. Why, I will learn you by the true Judgment of the Eye, Hand, and Foot, to controul any Enemies Point i' the World. Should your Adverſary confront you with a Piſtol, 'twere nothing, by this Hand; you ſhould by the ſame Rule, controul his Bullet, in a Line, except it were Hail-ſhot, and ſpread. What Money ha' you about you, Maſter *Matthew*?

Mat. Faith, I not paſt a two Shillings, or ſo.

Bob. 'Tis ſomewhat with the leaſt; but come; we will have a Bunch of Radiſh, and Salt, to taſte our Wine, and a Pipe of *Tobacco*, to cloſe the Orifice of the Stomach; and then we'll call upon young *Well-bred*: Perhaps we ſhall meet the *Coridon*, his Brother there, and put him to the Queſtion.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Kitely, Caſh, Down right.

Kit. THomas, come hither.
There lies a Note within upon my Deſk,
Here take my Key: It is no matter neither.
Where is the Boy?
Caſh. Within, Sir, i' th' Ware-houſe.
Kit. Let him tell over ſtraight, that *Spaniſh* Gold,
And weigh it, with the Pieces of *Eight*. Do you
See the delivery of thoſe Silver-ſtuffs,
To Maſter *Lucar*: Tell him if he will,
He ſhall ha' the Grograns, at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him on the *Exchange* anon.
Caſh. Good, Sir.
Kit. Do you ſee that Fellow, Brother *Down-right*?
Dow. I, what of him?
Kit. He is a Jewel, Brother.
I took him of a Child, up at my Door,
And chriſtened him, gave him mine own Name *Thomas*,
Since bred him at the Hoſpital; where proving
A toward Imp, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my Caſhier,
And giv'n him, who had none, a Sirname, *Caſh*;
And find him in his Place ſo full of Faith,
That I durſt truſt my Life into his Hands.
Dow. So would not I in any Baſtard's, Brother,
As it is like he is; although I knew
My ſelf his Father. But you ſaid, yo' had ſomewhat
To tell me, gentle Brother, what is't? what is't?
Kit. Faith, I am very loth to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your Patience:
But that I know your Judgment is of Strength,
Againſt the nearneſs of Affection——
Dow. What need this Circumſtance? Pray you be direct.
Kit. I will not ſay, how much I do aſcribe
Unto your Friendſhip, nor in what regard

I hold your Love; but let my paſt behaviour,
And uſage of your Siſter, but confirm
How well I'ave been affected to your——

Dow. You are too tedious, come to the matter, the matter.

Kit. Then (without further Ceremony) thus:
My Brother *Well-bred*, Sir, (I know not how)
Of late, is much declin'd in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his Diſpoſition.
When he came firſt to lodge here in my Houſe,
Ne'er truſt me if I were not proud of him:
Methought he bare himſelf in ſuch a Faſhion,
So full of Man, and ſweetneſs in his Carriage,
And (what was chief) it ſhew'd not borrow'd in him;
But all he did became him as his own,
And ſeem'd as perfect, proper, and poſſeſt,
As Breath with Life; or Colour with the Blood.
But now his Courſe is ſo irregular,
So looſe, affected, and depriv'd of Grace,
And he himſelf withal ſo far faln off
From that firſt place, as ſcarce no Note remains,
To tell Mens Judgments where he lately ſtood,
He's grown a Stranger to all due reſpect,
Forgetful of his Friends, and not content
To ſtale himſelf in all Societies,
He makes my Houſe here common as a *Mart*,
A *Theatre*, a publick Receptacle
For giddy Humour, and diſeaſed Riot;
And here (as in a Tavern, or a Stews)
He and his wild Aſſociates, ſpend their Hours,
In repetition of laſcivious Jeſts,
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel Night by Night,
Controul my Servants; and indeed what not?

Dow. 'Sdeyns, I know not what I ſhould ſay to him, i' the whole World! He values me at a crakt Three-Farthings, for ought I ſee: It will never out of the Fleſh that's bred i' the Bone! I have told him enough one would think, if that would ſerve: But Counſel to him, is as good as a Shoulder of Mutton to a ſick Horſe. Well! he knows what to truſt to, for *George*: Let him ſpend, and ſpend, and domineer, 'till his Heart ake; an' he think to be

be reliev'd by me, when he is got into one o' your City-pounds, the Counters, he has the wrong Sow by the Ear i' faith; and claps his Diſh at the wrong Man's Door: I'll lay my Hand o' my half-peny, e're I part with 't to fetch him out, I'll aſſure him.

Kit. Nay, good Brother, let it not trouble you thus.

Dow. 'Sdeath, he mads me, I could eat my very Spur-leathers for anger! But, why are you ſo tame? Why do not you ſpeak to him, and tell him how he diſquiets your Houſe?

Kit. O, there are divers Reaſons to diſſwade, Brother.
But, would your ſelf vouchſafe to travel in it,
(Though but with plain and eaſie Circumſtance,)
It would both come much better to his Senſe,
And ſavour leſs of Stomach, or of Paſſion.
You are his elder Brother, and that Title
Both gives, and warrants your Authority,
Which (by your Preſence ſeconded) muſt breed
A kind of Duty in him, and Regard:
Whereas, if I ſhould intimate the leaſt,
It would but add Contempt, to his Neglect,
Heap worſe on ill, make up a Pile of hatred,
That in the rearing would come tott'ring down,
And in the Ruin bury all our love.
Nay more than this, Brother, if I ſhould ſpeak,
He would be ready from his heat of Humour,
And over-flowing of the Vapour in him,
To blow the Ears of his Familiars,
With the falſe Breath of telling, what Diſgraces,
And low Diſparagements, I had put upon him.
Whilſt they, Sir, to relieve him in the Fable,
Make their looſe Comments upon every Word,
Geſture, or Look, I uſe; mock me all over,
From my flat Cap, unto my ſhining Shoes:
And, out of their impetuous rioting Phant'ſies;
Beget ſome Slander that ſhall dwell with me.
And what would that be, think you? marry this,
They would give out (becauſe my Wife is Fair,
My ſelf but lately married, and my Siſter
Here ſojourning a Virgin in my Houſe)
That I were jealous! nay as ſure as Death,

That they would ſay. And how that I had quarrell'd,
My Brother purpoſely, thereby to find
An apt Pretext, to baniſh them my Houſe.

Dow. Maſs, perhaps ſo: They're like enough to do it.

Kit. Brother, they would, believe it; ſo ſhould I
(Like one of theſe penurious Quack-ſalvers)
But ſet the Bills up to mine own Diſgrace,
And try Experiments upon my ſelf:
Lend Scorn and Envy Opportunity,
To ſtab my Reputation, and good Name——

Matthew, Bobadil, Down-right, Kitely.

Mat. I will ſpeak to him——

Bob. Speak to him? away, by the Foot of *Pharaoh* you ſhall not, you ſhall not do him that grace. The time of Day, to you Gentleman o' the Houſe. Is Mr. *Well-bred* ſtirring?

Dow. How then? what ſhould he do?

Bob. Gentleman of the Houſe, it is to you; is he within. Sir?

Kit. He came not to his Lodging to Night, Sir, I aſſure you.

Dow. Why, do you hear you?

Bob. The Gentleman-Citizen hath ſatisfied me, I'll talk to no Scavenger.

Dow. How, Scavenger? ſtay, Sir, ſtay.

Kit. Nay, Brother *Down-right.*

Dow. 'Heart! ſtand you away, an' you love me.

Kit. You ſhall not follow him now, I pray you, Brother, good Faith you ſhall not; I will over-rule you.

Dow. Ha? Scavenger? well, go to, I ſay little: but by this good Day, (God forgive me I ſhould ſwear) if I put it up ſo, ſay I am the rankeſt Cow that ever piſt. 'Sdeyns, and I ſwallow this, I'll ne'er draw my Sword in the Sight of *Fleet-ſtreet* again while I live; I'll ſit in a Barn with Madge-howlet, and catch Mice firſt. Scavenger? 'Heart, and I'll go near to fill that huge Tumbrel-ſlop of yours, with ſomewhat, an' I have good Luck: Your *Garagantua* Breech cannot carry it away ſo.

Kit. Oh do not fret your ſelf thus, never think on't.

Dow. Theſe are my Brother's Conſorts, theſe! theſe are his *Cam'rades*, his walking Mates! he's a Gallant, a

Cava-

Cavaliero too, right Hang-man cut! Let me not live, and I could not find in my Heart to ſwinge the whole Gang of 'em, one after another, and begin with him firſt. I am griev'd, it ſhould be ſaid he is my Brother, and take theſe Courſes: Well, as he brews, ſo ſhall he drink. for *George*, again. Yet he ſhall hear on't, and that tightly too an' I live, i' faith.

Kit. But Brother, let your Reprehenſion (then)
Run in an eaſie current, not o'er-high
Carried with Raſhneſs, or devouring Choler;
But rather uſe the ſoft perſwading way,
Whoſe Powers will work more gently, and compoſe
Th' imperfect Thoughts you labour to reclaim:
More winning, than enforcing the Conſent.

Dow. I, I, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

Kit. How now? oh, the Bell rings to Breakfaſt.

[*Bell rings.*

Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my Wife
Company till I come; I'll but give order
For ſome diſpatch of Buſineſs to my Servants——

[*To them.*] *Kitely, Cob, Dame Kitely.*

Kit. What, *Cob?* our Maids will have you by the Back i' faith;
For coming ſo late this Morning.

Cob. Perhaps ſo, Sir, take heed ſome body have not them by the Belly, for walking ſo late in the Evening,

[*He paſſes by with his Tankard.*

Kit. Well, yet my troubled Spirit's ſomewhat eas'd,
Though not repos'd in that Security
As I could wiſh: But I muſt be content.
How e'er I ſet a Face on't to the World:
Would I had loſt this Finger at a venture,
So *Well-bred* had ne'er lodg'd within my Houſe.
Why 't cannot be, where there is ſuch Reſort
Of wanton Gallants, and young Revellers,
That any Woman ſhould be honeſt long.
Is't like that factious Beauty will preſerve
The publick Weal of Chaſtity unſhaken,
When ſuch ſtrong Motives muſter, and make head
Againſt her ſingle Peace? No, no: Beware

When mutual Appetite doth meet to treat,
And Spirits of one Kind and Quality,
Come once to parley in the Pride of Blood,
It is no ſlow Conſpiracy that follows.
Well, (to be plain) if I but thought the time
Had anſwer'd their Affections, all the World
Should not perſwade me but I were a Cuckold.
Marry, I hope they ha' not got that Start;
For Opportunity hath baulkt 'em yet,
And ſhall do ſtill, while I have Eyes and Ears,
To attend the Impoſitions of my Heart.
My Preſence ſhall be as an Iron Bar,
'Twixt the conſpiring Motions of Deſire:
Yea every Look, or Glance mine Eyes eject,
Shall check Occaſion, as one doth his Slave,
When he forgets the Limits of Preſcription.

Dame. Siſter *Bridget*, pray you fetch down the Roſe-water above in the Cloſet. Sweet-heart, will you come in to Breakfaſt?

Kit. An' ſhe have over-heard me now?

Dame. I pray thee, (good *Muſs*) we ſtay for you.

Kit. By Heav'n I would not for a thouſand Angels.

Dame. What ail you, Sweet-heart? are you not well? ſpeak good *Muſs*.

Kit. Troth my Head akes extreamly, on a ſudden.

Dame. O, the Lord!

Kit. How now? what?

Dame. Alas, how it burns? *Muſs*, keep you warm, good truth it is this new Diſeaſe, there's a Number are troubled withal! for Love's Sake Sweet-heart, come in, out of the Air.

Kit. How ſimple, and how ſubtil are her Anſwers? A new Diſeaſe, and many troubled with it!
Why true; ſhe heard me, all the World to nothing.

Dame. I pray thee, good Sweet-heart come in; the Air will do you harm, in troth.

Kit. The Air! ſhe has me i' the Wind! Sweet-heart, I'll come to you preſently; 'twill away I hope.

Dame. Pray Heav'n it do.

Kit. A new Diſeaſe! I know not, new or old,
But it may well be call'd poor Mortals Plague;

For

For like a Peſtilence, it doth infect
The Houſes of the Brain. Firſt it begins
Solely to work upon the Phantaſie,
Filling her Seat with ſuch peſtiferous Air,
As ſoon corrupts the Judgment; and from thence,
Sends like Contagion to the Memory:
Still each to other giving the Infection,
Which as a ſubtil Vapour ſpreads itſelf
Confuſedly, through every ſenſive Part,
Till not a Thought or Motion in the Mind
Be free from the black Poiſon of Suſpect.
Ah, but what Miſery is it to know this?
Or knowing it, to want the Mind's Erection
In ſuch Extreams? Well, I will once more ſtrive
(In ſpite of this black Cloud) my ſelf to be,
And ſhake the Fever off, that thus ſhakes me.

Brain-worm, Ed Kno'well, Mr. *Stephen.*

Brai. 'Slid, I cannot chuſe but laugh to ſee my ſelf tranſlated thus, from a poor Creature to a Creator; for now muſt I create an intolerable Sort of Lies, or my preſent Profeſſion loſes the Grace: And yet the Lie to a Man of my Coat, is as ominous a Fruit, as the *Fico*. O, Sir, it holds for good Polity ever, to have that outwardly in vileſt Eſtimation, that inwardly is moſt dear to us. So much for my borrowed Shape. Well, the truth is, my old Maſter intends to follow my Young, dry-foot, over *Moorfields* to *London*, this Morning; now I knowing of this Hunting-match, or rather Conſpiracy, and to inſinuate with my young Maſter, (for ſo muſt we that are Blue-waiters, and Men of Hope and Service do, or perhaps we may wear Motley at the Year's End, and who wears Motley, you know) have got me afore in this Diſguiſe, determining, here to lie in *Ambuſcado*, and intercept him in the Midway. If I can but get his Cloke, his Purſe, his Hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to ſtay his Journey, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I may ſay with Captain *Cæſar*, I am made for ever i' faith. Well, now muſt I practiſe to get the true Garb of one of theſe *Lance-Knights*, my Arm here, and my —— young Maſter! and his Couſin, Mr. *Stephen*, as I am a true counterfeit Man of War, and no Soldier!

E. Kno. So, Sir; and how then Couz?

Step. 'Sfoot, I have loſt my Purſe, I think.

E. Kno. How? loſt your Purſe? where? when had you it?

Step. I cannot tell, ſtay.

Brai. 'Slid, I am afeard they will know me; would I could get by them.

E. Kno. What? ha' you it?

Step. No, I think I was bewitcht, I———

E. Kno. Nay, do not weep the Loſs, hang it, let it go.

Step. Oh, it's here: No, an' it had been loſt, I had not car'd, but for a Jet Ring Mrs. *Mary* ſent me.

E. Kno. A Jet Ring? O the *Poeſie*, the *Poeſie*?

Step. Fine, i' faith! *Though Fancy ſleep, my Love is deep.* Meaning, that tho' I did not fancy her, yet ſhe loved me dearly.

E. Kno. Moſt excellent!

Step. And then I ſent her another, and my *Poeſie* was, *The deeper the ſweeter, I'll be judg'd by St.* Peter.

E. Kno. How, by St. *Peter*? I do not conceive that.

Step. Marry, by St. *Peter*, to make up the Meter.

E. Kno. Well, there the Saint was your good Patron, he helpt you at your need; thank him, thank him.

Brai. I cannot take leave on 'em ſo; I will venture, come what will. [*He comes back*] Gentleman, pleaſe you change a few Crowns for a very excellent good Blade here? I am a poor Gentleman, a Soldier, one that (in the better State of my Fortunes) ſcorn'd ſo mean a Refuge; but now it is the Humour of Neceſſity to have it ſo. You ſeem to be Gentlemen well affected to martial Men, elſe ſhould I rather die with Silence than live with Shame. However, vouchſafe to remember it is my Want ſpeaks, not my ſelf: This Condition agrees not with my Spirit—

E. Kno. Where haſt thou ſerv'd?

Brai. May it pleaſe you, Sir, in all the late Wars of *Bohemia*, *Hungaria*, *Dalmatia*, *Poland*, where not, Sir? I have been a poor Servitor by Sea and Land, any time this fourteen Years, and follow'd the Fortunes of the beſt Commanders in *Chriſtendom*. I was twice ſhot at the taking of *Aleppo*, once at the Relief of *Vienna*; I have been at *Marſeilles*, *Naples*, and the *Adriatick* Gulf, a Gentleman-Slave in the Gallies thrice, where I was moſt dangerouſly

rouſly ſhot in the Head, through both the Thighs, and yet being thus maim'd, I am void of Maintenance, nothing left me but my Scars, the noted Marks of my Reſolution.

Step. How will you ſell this Rapier, Friend?

Brai. Generous Sir, I refer it to your own Judgment; you are a Gentleman, give me what you pleaſe.

Step. True, I am a Gentleman, I know that Friend: But what though? I pray you ſay, what would you ask?

Brai. I aſſure you, the Blade may become the Side or Thigh of the beſt Prince in *Europe*.

E. Kno. I, with a Velvet Scabbard, I think.

Step. Nay an't be mine, it ſhall have a Velvet Scabbard, Couz, that's flat: I'd not wear it as 'tis, an' you would give me an Angel.

Brai. At your Worſhip's Pleaſure, Sir; nay 'tis a moſt pure *Toledo*.

Step. I had rather it were a *Spaniard*. But tell me, what ſhall I give you for it? An' it had a Silver Hilt———

E. Kno. Come, come, you ſhall not buy it; hold, there's a Shilling, Fellow, take thy Rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, becauſe you ſay ſo; and there's another Shilling, Fellow, I ſcorn to be out-bidden. What, ſhall I walk with a Cudgel, like *Higgin-bottom*, and may have a Rapier for Money?

E. Kno. You may buy one in the City.

Step. Tut, I'll buy this i' the Field, ſo I will; I have a Mind to't, becauſe 'tis a Field Rapier. Tell me your loweſt Price.

E. Kno. You ſhall not buy it, I ſay.

Step. By this Mony, but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

E. Kno. Come away, you are a Fool.

Step. Friend, I am a Fool, that's granted; but I'll have it, for that Word's Sake. Follow me for your Mony.

Brai. At your Service, Sir.

Know well, Brain-worm.

Kno. I cannot loſe the Thought, yet, of this Letter,
Sent to my Son, nor leave t'admire the Change
Of Manners, and the Breeding of our Youth
Within the Kingdom, ſince my ſelf was one.
When I was young, he liv'd not in the Stews

Durſt have conceiv'd a Scorn, and utter'd it,
On a grey Head; Age was Authority
Againſt a Buffoon, and a Man had then
A certain Reverence paid unto his Years,
That had none due unto his Life. So much
The Sanctity of ſome prevail'd, for others.
But now we all are fall'n; Youth, from their Fear;
And Age, from that which bred it, good Example.
Nay, would our ſelves were not the firſt, even Parents,
That did deſtroy the Hopes in our own Children,
Or they not learn'd our Vices in their Cradles:
And ſuck'd in our ill Cuſtoms with their Milk.
E're all their Teeth be born, or they can ſpeak,
We make their Pallats cunning: The firſt Words
We form their Tongues with, are licentious Jeſts:
Can it call Whore? cry Baſtard? O then kiſs it!
A witty Child! Can't ſwear? The Father's Darling!
Give it two Plumbs. Nay, rather than't ſhall learn
No bawdy Song, the Mother her ſelf will teach it!
But this is in the Infancy, the Days
Of the Long Coat; when it puts on the Breeches,
It will put off all this. I, it is like,
When it is gone into the Bone already.
No, no; this Dye goes deeper than the Coat,
Or Shirt, or Skin: it ſtains unto the Liver,
And Heart, in ſome: And, rather than it ſhould not,
Note what we Fathers do! Look how we live!
What Miſtreſſes we keep! at what Expence,
In our Son's Eyes! where they may handle our Gifts,
Hear our laſcivious Courtſhips, ſee our Dalliance,
Taſte of the ſame provoking Meats with us,
To ruin of our State! Nay, when our own
Portion is ſpent, to prey on their Remainder,
We call them into Fellowſhip of Vice;
Bait 'em with the young Chamber-maid, to ſeal;
And teach 'em all bad Ways to buy Affection.
This is one Path: But there are Millions more,
In which we ſpoil our own, with leading them.
Well, I thank Heav'n, I never yet was he
That travell'd with my Son, before Sixteen,
To ſhew him the *Venetian* Courtezans;

Nor

Nor read the Grammar of Cheating, I had made,
To my ſharp Boy, at Twelve; repeating ſtill
The Rule, *Get Money; ſtill, get Money, Boy;*
No matter by what Means; Money will do
More, Boy, than my Lord's Letter. Neither have I
Dreſt Snails or Muſhrooms curiouſly before him,
Perfum'd my Sauces, and taught him to make 'em;
Preceding ſtill, with my grey Gluttony,
At all the Ord'naries, and only fear'd
His Palate ſhould degenerate, not his Manners.
Theſe are the Trade of Fathers now; however,
My Son, I hope, hath met within my Threſhold
None of theſe Houſhold Precedents, which are ſtrong,
And ſwift, to rape Youth to their Precipice,
But let the Houſe at home be ne'er ſo clean
Swept, or kept ſweet from Filth, nay Duſt and Cobwebs,
If he will live abroad with his Companions,
In Dung and Leyſtals, it is worth a Fear.
Nor is the Danger of Converſing leſs
Than all that I have mention'd of Example.

Brai. My Maſter? nay, faith have at you; I am fleſht now, I have ſped ſo well. Worſhipful Sir, I beſeech you, reſpect the Eſtate of a poor Soldier; I am aſham'd of this baſe Courſe of Life (God's my Comfort) but Extremity provokes me to't, what Remedy?

Kno. I have not for you, now.

Brai. By the Faith I bear unto Truth, Gentleman, it is no ordinary Cuſtom in me, but only to preſerve Manhood. I proteſt to you, a Man I have been, a Man I may be, by your ſweet Bounty.

Kno. 'Pray thee, good Friend, be ſatisfied.

Brai. Good Sir, by that Hand, you may do the part of a kind Gentleman, in lending a poor Soldier the Price of two Cans of Beer, (a matter of ſmall Value) the King of Heav'n ſhall pay you, and I ſhall reſt thankful: ſweet Worſhip———

Kno. Nay, an' you be ſo importunate———

Brai. Oh, tender Sir, need will have its Courſe: I was not made to this vile Uſe! well, the Edge of the Enemy could not have abated me ſo much: It's hard when a Man hath ſerv'd in his Prince's Cauſe, and be thus—[*He weeps.*]

Honourable Worſhip, let me derive a ſmall Piece of Silver from you, it ſhall not be given in the Courſe of Time; by this good Ground, I was fain to pawn my Rapier laſt Night for a poor Supper; I had ſuck'd the Hilts long before. I am a *Pagan* elſe: ſweet Honour.

Kno. Believe me, I am taken with ſome wonder,
To think a Fellow of thy outward Preſence,
Should (in the frame and faſhion of his Mind)
Be ſo degenerate, and ſordid-baſe!
Art thou a Man? and ſham'ſt thou not to beg?
To practiſe ſuch a ſervile kind of Life?
Why, were thy Education ne'er ſo mean,
Having thy Limbs, a thouſand fairer Courſes
Offer themſelves to thy Election.
Either the Wars might ſtill ſupply thy wants,
Or Service of ſome virtuous Gentleman,
Or honeſt Labour: nay, what can I name,
But would become thee better than to beg?
But Men of thy Condition feed on Sloth,
As doth the Beetle, on the Dung ſhe breeds in,
Not caring how the Mettal of your Minds
Is eaten with the Ruſt of Idleneſs.
Now, afore me, what e'er he be, that ſhould
Relieve a Perſon of thy Quality,
While thou inſiſts in this looſe deſperate Courſe,
I would eſteem the Sin, not thine, but his.

Brai. Faith, Sir, I would gladly find ſome other Courſe, if ſo——

Kno. I, you'd gladly find it, but you will not ſeek it.

Brai. Alas, Sir, where ſhould a Man ſeek? in the Wars, there's no Aſcent by deſert in theſe Days; but—— and for Service, would it were as ſoon purchaſt, as wiſht for (the Air's my Comfort) I know what I would ſay——

Kno. What's thy Name?

Brai. Pleaſe you, *Fitz-Sword*, Sir.

Kno. Fitz-Sword?
Say that a Man ſhould entertain thee now,
Would'ſt thou be honeſt, humble, juſt, and true?

Brai Sir, by the Place, and Honour of a Soldier——

Kno. Nay, nay, I like not thoſe affected Oaths;
Speak plainly Man: what think'ſt thou of my Words?

Brai.

Brai. Nothing, Sir, but wiſh my Fortunes were as happy, as my Service ſhould be honeſt.

Kno. Well, follow me, I'll prove thee, if thy Deeds will carry a Proportion to thy Words.

Brai. Yes, Sir, ſtraight, I'll but garter my Hoſe. Oh that my Belly were hoopt now, for I am ready to burſt with laughing! never was Bottle or Bag-pipe fuller. 'Slid, was there ever ſeen a Fox in Years to betray himſelf thus? now ſhall I be poſſeſt of all his Counſels: and by that Conduit, my young Maſter. Well, he is reſolv'd to prove my Honeſty; faith, and I am reſolv'd to prove his Patience: Oh I ſhall abuſe him intolerably. This ſmall Piece of Service will bring him clean out of Love with the Soldier for ever. He will never come within the Sign of it, the Sight of a Caſſock, or a Musket-reſt again. He will hate the Muſters at *Mile-end* for it, to his dying Day. It's no matter, let the World think me a bad Counterfeit, if I cannot give him the Slip, at an Inſtant: why, this is better than to have ſtaid his Journey! well, I'll follow him: Oh, how I long to be imployed!

ACT III. SCENE I.

Matthew, Well-bred, Bobadil, Ed. Kno'well, Stephen.

Mat. YES faith, Sir, we were at your Lodging to ſeek you too.

Wel. Oh, I came not there to-night.

Bob. Your Brother delivered us as much.

Wel. Who? my Brother *Down-right*?

Bob. He. Mr. *Well-bred*, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me ſay to you this: as ſure as Honour, I eſteem it ſo much out of the Sun-ſhine of Reputation, to throw the leaſt Beam of Regard upon ſuch a ———

Wel. Sir, I muſt hear no ill Words of my Brother.

Bob. I proteſt to you, as I have a thing to be ſav'd about me, I never ſaw any Gentleman-like-part ———

Wel. Good Captain, [*faces about.*] to ſome other Diſcourſe.

Bob.

Bob. With your leave, Sir, and there were no more Men living upon the Face of the Earth, I ſhould not fancy him, by St. *George.*

Mat. Troth, nor I, he is of a ruſtical Cut, I know not how; he doth not carry himſelf like a Gentleman of Faſhion———

Wel. Oh, Mr. *Matthew*, that's a Grace peculiar but to a few; *quos æquus amavit Jupiter.*

Mat. I underſtand you, Sir.

Wel. No Queſtion, you do, or you do not, Sir.

Enter Young Kno'well.

Ned Kno'well! by my Soul welcome; how doſt thou ſweet Spirit, my *Genius?* 'Slid I ſhall love *Apollo*, and the mad *Theſpian* Girls the better, while I live, for this; my dear *Fury*: now, I ſee there's ſome love in thee! Sirrah, theſe be the two I writ to thee of (nay, what a drowſie Humour is this now? why doſt thou not ſpeak?)

E. Kno. Oh, you are a fine Gallant, you ſent me a rare Letter!

Wel. Why, was't not rare?

E. Kno. Yes, I'll be ſworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading the like; match it in all *Pliny*, or *Symmachus* Epiſtles, and I'll have my Judgment burn'd in the Ear for a Rogue: make much of thy Vein, for it is inimitable. But I marle what Camel it was, that had the Carriage of it: for, doubtleſs, he was no ordinary Beaſt that brought it!

Wel. Why?

E. Kno. Why, ſay'ſt thou? why doſt thou think that any reaſonable Creature, eſpecially in the Morning (the ſober time of the Day too) could have miſtane my Father for me?

Wel. 'Slid, you jeſt, I hope?

E. Kno. Indeed, the beſt uſe we can turn it to, is to make a Jeſt on't, now: but I'll aſſure you, my Father had the full View o' your flouriſhing Stile, ſome Hour before I ſaw it.

Wel. What a dull Slave was this? But, Sirrah, what ſaid he to it, i' faith?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not what he ſaid: but I have a ſhrewd gueſs what he thought.

Wel. What? what?

E. Kno.

E. Kno. Marry, that thou art ſome ſtrange diſſolute young Fellow, and I a grain or two better, for keeping thee Company.

Wel. Tut, that Thought is like the Moon in her laſt Quarter, 'twill change ſhortly: but, Sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two Hang-by's here; thou wilt take exceeding Pleaſure in 'em, if thou hear'ſt 'em once go: my Wind-inſtruments. I'll wind 'em up——but what ſtrange Piece of Silence is this? the Sign of the dumb Man?

E. Kno. Oh, Sir, a Kinſman of mine, one that may make your Muſick the fuller, an' he pleaſe, he has his Humour, Sir.

Wel. Oh, what is't? what is't?

E. Kno. Nay, I'll neither do your Judgment, nor his Folly that wrong, as to prepare your Apprehenſion: I'll leave him to the Mercy o' your Search, if you can take him ſo.

Wel. Well, Captain *Bobadil*, Mr. *Matthew* 'pray you know this Gentleman here, he is a Friend of mine, and one that will deſerve your Affection. I know not your Name, Sir, but I ſhall be glad of any Occaſion, to render me more familiar to you. [*To Maſter* Stephen.

Step. My Name is Mr. *Stephen*, Sir, I am this Gentleman's own Couſin, Sir, his Father is mine Uncle, Sir: I am ſomewhat melancholy, but you ſhall command me, Sir, in whatſoever is incident to a Gentleman.

Bob. Sir, I muſt tell you this, I am no general Man, but for Mr. *Well-bred*'s Sake (you may embrace it at what Height of Favour you pleaſe) I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a Gentleman of ſome Parts; I love few Words. [*To* Kno'well.

E. Kno. And I fewer, Sir, I have ſcarce enough to thank you.

Mat. But are you indeed, Sir, ſo given to it? [*To Maſter* Stephen.

Step. I truly, Sir, I am mightily given to Melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine Humour, Sir, your true Melancholy breeds your perfect fine Wit, Sir: I am melancholy my ſelf, divers times, Sir, and then do I no more

but

but take Pen and Paper preſently, and overflow you half a Score, or a Dozen of Sonnets at a Sitting.

E. Kno. (Sure he utters them then by the groſs)

Step. Truely, Sir, and I love ſuch things out of Meaſure.

E. Kno. I'faith, better than in Meaſure, I'll undertake.

Mat. Why, I pray you, Sir, make uſe of my Study, it's at your Service.

Step. I thank you, Sir, I ſhall be bold, I warrant you; have you a Stool there, to be melancholy upon?

Mat. That I have, Sir, and ſome Papers there of mine own doing, at idle Hours, that you'll ſay there's ſome Sparks of Wit in 'em, when you ſee them.

Wel. Would the Sparks would kindle once, and become a Fire amongſt 'em, I might ſee Self-love burnt for her Hereſie.

Step. Couſin, it is well? am I melancholy enough?

E. Kno. Oh I, excellent!

Wel. Captain *Bobadil*, why muſe you ſo?

E. Kno. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith, Sir, I was thinking of a moſt honourable Piece of Service, was perform'd to-morrow, being St. *Mark*'s Day, ſhall be ſome ten Years, now.

E. Kno. In what Place, Captain?

Bob. Why, at the beleag'ring of *Strigonium*, where, in leſs than two Hours, ſeven hundred reſolute Gentlemen, as any were in *Europe*, loſt their Lives upon the Breach. I'll tell you, Gentlemen, it was the firſt, but the beſt Leaguer that ever I beheld with theſe Eyes, except the taking in of——what do you call it, laſt Year, by the *Genoways*, but that (of all other) was the moſt fatal and dangerous Exploit that ever I was rang'd in, ſince I firſt bore Arms before the Face of the Enemy, as I am a Gentleman and a Soldier.

Step. 'So, I had as lief as an Angel I could ſwear as well as that Gentleman.

E. Kno. Then, you were a Servitor at both, it ſeems; at *Strigonium*, and what do you call't?

Bob. O Lord, Sir, by St. *George*, I was the firſt Man that entred the Breach: and, had I not effected it with Reſolution, I had been ſlain if I had had a Million of Lives.

E. Kno.

E. Kno. 'Twas pity you had not ten; a Cats and your own, i'faith. But, was it poſſible?

Mat. (Pray you, mark this Diſcourſe, Sir.

Step. So I do.)

Bob. I aſſure you (upon my Reputation) 'tis true, and your ſelf ſhall confeſs.

E. Kno. You muſt bring me to the Rack, firſt.

Bob. Obſerve me judicially, ſweet Sir; they had planted me three Demi-culverings juſt in the Mouth of the Breach; now, Sir, (as we were to give on) their Maſter-Gunner, (a Man of no mean Skill and Mark, you muſt think) confronts me with his Linſtock, ready to give Fire; I ſpying his Intendment, diſcharg'd my Petrionel in his Boſom, and and with theſe ſingle Arms, my poor Rapier, ran violently upon the *Moors* that guarded the Ordnance, and put 'em pell-mell to the Sword.

Wel. To the Sword? to the Rapier, Captain?

E. Kno. Oh, it was a good Figure obſerv'd, Sir! but did you all this, Captain, without hurting your Blade?

Bob. Without any Impeach o' the Earth; you ſhall perceive Sir. It is the moſt fortunate Weapon that ever rid on poor Gentleman's Thigh; ſhall I tell you, Sir? you talk of *Morglay*, *Excalibur*, *Durindana*, or ſo: Tut, I lend no Credit to that is fabled of 'em, I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it.

Step. I mar'l whether it be a *Toledo*, or no?

Bob. A moſt perfect *Toledo*, I aſſure you, Sir.

Step. I have a Country-man of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's ſee, Sir; yes faith, it is!

Bob. This a *Toledo*? piſh.

Step. Why do you piſh, Captain?

Bob. A *Fleming*, by Heav'n: I'll buy them for a Guilder apiece, an' I would have a thouſand of them.

E. Kno. How ſay you, Couſin? I told you thus much.

Wel. Where bought you it, Maſter *Stephen*?

Step. Of a ſcurvy Rogue Soldier (a hundred of Lice go with him) he ſwore it was a *Toledo*.

Bob. A poor provant Rapier, no better.

Mat. Maſs, I think it be, indeed, now I look on't better.

E. Kno. Nay, the longer you look on't, the worſe. Put it up, put it up.

Step.

Step. Well, I will put it up; but by—(I ha' forgot the Captain's Oath, I thought to ha' ſworn by it) an' e'er I meet him———

Wel. O, it is paſt help now, Sir, you muſt have patience.

Step. Horſon Cunny-catching Raskal! I could eat the very Hilts for anger.

E. Kno. A Sign of good Digeſtion; you have an Oſtrich-Stomach, Couſin.

Step. A Stomach? would I had him here, you ſhould ſee an' I had a Stomach.

Wel. It's better as 'tis: Come Gentlemen, ſhall we go?

E. Kno'well, Brain-worm, Stephen, Well-bred, Bobadill, Matthew.

E. Kno. A Miracle, Couſin, look here! look here!

Step. Oh Gods lid, by your leave, do you know me, Sir?

Brai. I, Sir, I know you by Sight.

Step. You ſold me a Rapier, d d you not?

Brai. Yes marry did I, Sir.

Step. You ſaid it was a *Toledo*, ha?

Brai. True, I did ſo.

Step. But it is none.

Brai. No, Sir, I confeſs it, it is none.

Step. Do you confeſs it? Gentlemen, bear Witneſs, he has confeſt it: By God's Will, an' you had not confeſt it——

E. Kno. Oh, Couſin, forbear, forbear.

Step. Nay, I have done, Couſin.

Wel. Why, you have done like a Gentleman, he has confeſt it, what would you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a Raskal, under his favour, do you ſee?

E. Kno. I, by his leave, he is, and under favour; a pretty Piece of Civility! Sirrah, how doſt thou like him?

Wel. Oh 'tis a moſt precious Fool, make much on him: I can compare him to nothing more happily, than a Drum; for every one may play upon him.

E. Kno. No, no, a Child's Whiſtle were far the fitter.

Brai. Sir, ſhall intreat a Word with you?

E. Kno. With me, Sir? you have not another *Toledo* to ſell, ha' you?

Brai. You are conceited, Sir; your Name is Maſter *Kno'well*, as I take it?

E. Kno.

E. Kno. You are i' the right; you mean not to proceed in the Catechiſm, do you?

Brai. No, Sir, I am none of that Coat.

E. Kno. Of as bare a Coat, though; well, ſay Sir.

Brai. Faith, Sir, I am but Servant to the Drum extraordinary, and indeed (this ſmoky Varniſh being waſht off, and three or four Patches remov'd) I appear your Worſhip's in Reverſion, after the deceaſe of your good Father, *Brain-worm.*

E. Kno. Brain-worm! 'Slight, what Breath of a Conjurer hath blown thee hither in this Shape?

Brai. The Breath o' your Letter, Sir, this Morning; the ſame that blew you to the Wind-mill, and your Father after you.

E. Kno. My Father!

Brai. Nay, never ſtart, 'tis true; he has follow'd you over the Fields by the Foot, as you would do a Hare i' the Snow.

E. Kno. Sirrah, *Well-bred,* what ſhall we do, Sirrah? my Father is come over after me.

Wel. Thy Father, where is he?

Brai. At Juſtice *Clement's* Houſe, in *Coleman* Street, where he but ſtays my return; and then———

Wel. Who's this? *Brain-worm?*

Brai. The ſame, Sir.

Wel. Why how, in the Name of Wit, com'ſt thou tranſmuted thus?

Brai. Faith, a Device, a Device; nay, for the love of Reaſon, Gentlemen, and avoiding the Danger, ſtand not here; withdraw and I'll tell you all.

Wel. But art thou ſure he will ſtay thy return?

Brai. Do I live, Sir? what a Queſtion is that?

Wel. We'll prorogue his Expectation then, a little: *Brain-worm,* thou ſhalt go with us. Come on Gentlemen; nay, I pray thee, ſweet *Ned,* droop not; 'heart, an' our Wits be ſo wretchedly dull, that one old plodding Brain can out-ſtrip us all, would we were e'en preſt to make Porters of, and ſerve out the Remnant of our Days in *Thames-ſtreet,* or at Cuſtom-houſe Key, in a civil War againſt the Carmen.

Brai, Amen, Amen, Amen, ſay I.

Kitely,

Kitely, Cash.

Kit. What says he, *Thomas*? Did you speak with him?
Cash. He will expect you, Sir, within this half Hour.
Kit. Has he the Money ready, can you tell?
Cash. Yes, Sir, the Money was brought in last Night.
Kit. O, that's well: fetch me my Cloke, my Cloke.
Stay let me see, an Hour to go and come;
I, that will be the least; and then 'twill be
An Hour before I can dispatch with him,
Or very near; well, I will say two Hours.
Two Hours? ha; things never dreamt of yet,
May be contriv'd, I, and effected too,
In two Hours absence; well. I will not go.
Two Hours! no, fleering Opportunity,
I will not give your Subtilty that scope.
Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd,
That sets his Doors wide open to a Thief,
And shews the Felon where his Treasure lies?
Again, what earthly Spirit but will attempt
To taste the Fruit of Beauties golden Tree,
When leaden Sleep seals up the Dragon's Eyes?
I will not go. Business, go by for once.
No, Beauty, no; you are of of too good Caract,
To be left so, without a guard, or open!
Your Luster too'l inflame at any distance,
Draw Courtship to you, as a Jet doth Straws;
Put motion in a Stone, strike Fire from Ice,
Nay, make a Porter leap you with his burden!
You must be then kept up lose, and well watch'd,
For, give you opportunity, no Quick-sand
Devours or swallows swifter! He that lends
His Wife (if she be fair) or time or place,
Compels her to be false. I will no go:
The Dangers are too many. And then, the Dressing
Is a most main attractive! Our great Heads
Within the City never were in safety
Since our Wives wore these little Caps: I'll change 'em,
I'll change 'em straight in mine. Mine shall no more
Wear th ee-pil'd Acorns, to make my Horns take.
Nor will I go: I am resolv'd for that.

Carry

Carry in my Cloke again. Yet ſtay. Yet do too:
I will defer going on all occaſions.

Caſh. Sir, *Snare* your Scrivener will be there with the Bonds.

Kit. That's true! Fool on me! I had clean forgot it; I muſt go. What's a Clock?

Caſh. Exchange-time, Sir.

Kit. Heart, then will *Well-bred* preſently be here too,
With one or other of his looſe Conſorts.
I am a Knave, if I know what to ſay,
What courſe to take, or which way to reſolve.
My Brain methinks is like an Hour-glaſs,
Wherein my 'maginations run like Sands,
Filling up Time; but then are turn'd and turn'd:
So that I know not what to ſtay upon,
And leſs to put in act. It ſhall be ſo.
Nay, I dare build upon his Secreſie,
He knows not to deceive me. *Thomas?*

Caſh. Sir.

Kit. Yet now I have bethought me too, I will not;
Thomas, is *Cob* within?

Caſh. I think he be, Sir.

Kit. But he'll prate too, there's no Speech of him:
No, there were no Man o' the Earth to *Thomas*,
If I durſt truſt him; there is all the doubt.
But ſhould he have a chink in him, I were gone,
Loſt i' my Fame for ever, talk for th' Exchange.
The manner he hath ſtood with, 'till this preſent,
Doth promiſe no ſuch change, what ſhould I fear then?
Well, come what will, I'll tempt my Fortune once.
Thomas--- you may deceive me, but, I hope---
Your love to me is more---

Caſh. Sir, if a Servant's
Duty, with Faith, may be call'd Love, you are
More than in hope, you are poſſeſs'd of it.

Kit. I thank you heartily, *Thomas*: Gi' me your Hand:
With all my Heart, good *Thomas*. I have, *Thomas*,
A Secret to impart unto you--- but,
When once you have it, I muſt ſeal your Lips up:
(So far I tell you *Thomas*.)

Caſh. Sir, for that---

Kit.

Kit. Nay, hear me out. Think I eſteem you *Thomas*,
When I will let you in thus to my private.
It is a thing ſits nearer to my Creſt,
Than thou art 'ware of, *Thomas:* If thou ſhould'ſt
Reveal it, but---

Caſh. How! I reveal it?

Kit. Nay,
I do not think thou would'ſt; but if thou ſhould'ſt,
'Twere a great weakneſs.

Caſh. A great Treachery.
Give it no other name.

Kit. Thou wilt not do't, then?

Caſh, Sir, if I do, Mankind diſclaim me ever.

Kit. He will not ſwear, he has ſome Reſervation,
Some conceal'd purpoſe, and cloſe meaning ſure;
Elſe (being urg'd ſo much) how ſhould he chuſe
But lend an Oath to all this Proteſtation?
He's no Preciſian, that I am certain of,
Nor rigid *Roman* Catholick. He'll play
At *Fayles*, and at *Tick-tak*. I have heard him ſwear.
What ſhould I think of it? urge him again,
And by ſome other way: I will do ſo.
Well *Thomas*, thou haſt ſworn not to diſcloſe;
Yes, you did ſwear?

Caſh. Not yet, Sir, but I will,
Pleaſe you---

Kit. No, *Thomas*, I dare take thy Word:
But, if thou wilt ſwear, do as thou think'ſt good;
I am reſolv'd without it; at thy pleaſure.

Caſh. By my Soul's Safety then, Sir, I proteſt
My Tongue ſhall ne'er take knowledge of a Word.
Deliver'd me in nature of your Truſt.

Kit. It is too much, theſe Ceremonies need not,
I know thy Faith to be as firm as Rock.
Thomas, come hither, near; we cannot be
Too private in this buſineſs. So it is,
(Now he has ſworn, I dare the ſatelier venture)
I have of late, by divers, Obſervations---
(But whether his Oath can bind him, yea, nor no,
Being not taken lawfully? ha: ſay you?
I will ask Counſel e're I do proceed:)

Thomas,

Thomas, it will be now too long to ſtay,
I'll ſpy ſome fitter time ſoon, or to Morrow.
Caſh. Sir, at your pleaſure.
Kit. I will think. And *Thomas*,
I pray you ſearch the Books 'gainſt my return,
For the Receipts 'twixt me and *Traps*.
Caſh. I will, Sir.
Kit. And hear you, if your Miſtreſs's Brother *Wellbred*
Chance to bring hither any Gentlemen,
E're I come back, let one ſtraight bring me Word.
Caſh. Very well, Sir.
Kit. To the Exhange; do you hear!
Or here in *Coleman* Street, to Juſtice *Clement's*,
Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.
Caſh. I will not, Sir.
Kit. I pray you have a care on't.
Or whether he come, or no, if any other
Stranger, or elſe, fail not to ſend me word.
Caſh. I ſhall not, Sir.
Kit. Be't your ſpecial Buſineſs
Now to remember it.
Caſh. Sir, I warrant you.
Kit. But *Thomas*, this is not the Secret, *Thomas*,
I told you of.
Caſh. No, Sir: I do ſuppoſe it.
Kit. Believe me, it is not.
Caſh. Sir, I do believe you.
Kit. By Heaven it is not, that's enough. But *Thomas*,
I would not you ſhould utter it, do you ſee,
To any Creature living; yet I care not.
Well, I muſt hence. *Thomas*, conceive thus much,
It was a tryal of you, when I meant
So deep a Secret to you, I mean not this,
But that I have to tell you; this is nothing, this!
But *Thomas*, keep this from my Wife I charge you,
Lock'd up in ſilence, Mid-night, buried here.
No greater Hell than to be Slave to Fear.
Caſh. Lock'd up in ſilence, Mid-night, buried here!
Whence ſhould this flood of Paſſion (trow) take head?
ha?

Beſt

Beſt dream no longer of this running humour,
For fear I ſink! the violence of the Stream
Already hath tranſported me ſo far,
That I can feel no Ground at all! but ſoft,
Oh, 'tis our Water-bearer; ſomewhat has croſt him now.

Cob, Caſh.

Cob. Faſting-days; what tell you me of Faſting-days? 'Slid, would they were all on a light Fire for me: They ſay the whole World ſhall be conſum'd with Fire one Day, but would I had theſe Ember-weeks and villanous Fridays burnt in the mean time, and then——

Caſh. Why, how now, *Cob*? what moves thee to this Choler? ha?

Cob. Collar, Maſter *Thomas*? I ſcorn your Collar, I Sir, I am none o' your Cart-horſe, tho' I carry and draw Water. An' you offer to ride me with your Collar or Halter either, I may hap ſhew you a Jades trick, Sir.

Caſh. O, you'll ſlip your Head out of the Collar? why goodman *Cob* you miſtake me.

Cob. Nay, I have my Rheum, and I can be angry as well as another, Sir.

Caſh. Thy Rheum, *Cob*? thy Humour, thy Humour; thou miſtak'ſt.

Cob. Humour? mack, I think it be ſo indeed; what is that Humour? ſome rare thing I warrant.

Caſh. Marry I'll tell thee *Cob*; it is a Gentleman-like Monſter, bred in the ſpecial gallantry of our Time, by Affectation, and fed by Folly.

Cob. How? muſt it be fed?

Caſh. Oh I, Humour is nothing if it be not fed. Didſt thou never hear that? it's a common Phraſe, *Feed my Humour.*

Cob. I'll none on it: Humour, avant I know you not, be gone, let who will make hungry Meals for your Monſterſhip, it ſhall not be I. Feed you, quoth he? 'Slid, I ha' much ado to feed my ſelf; eſpecially on theſe lean raſcally Days too; and't had been any other Day but a Faſting-day (a Plague on them all for me) by this Light, one might have done the Common-wealth good Service, and have drown'd

drown'd them all i' the Flood Two or three hundred thouſand Years ago. O, I do Stomach them hugely! I have a Maw now, and 'twere for Sir *Bevis* his Horſe, againſt 'em.

Caſh. I pray thee, good *Cob*, what makes thee ſo out of love with Faſting-days?

Cob. Marry that which will make any Man out of love with 'em, I think; their bad Conditions, an' you will needs know. Firſt, they are of a *Flemiſh* breed I am ſure on't, for they raven up more Butter than all the days of the Week beſide: Next they ſtink of Fiſh and Leek-porridge miſerably: Thirdly, they'l keep a Man devoutly hungry all Day, and at Night ſend him ſupperleſs to Bed.

Caſh. Indeed theſe are Faults, *Cob.*

Cob, Nay, an this were all, 'twere ſomething; but they are the only known Enemies to my Generation. A Faſting Day no ſooner comes, but my Linage goes to wrack, poor Cobs, they ſmoak for it, they are made Martyrs o' the Gridiron, they melt in Paſſion: and your Maids too know this, and yet would have me turn *Hannibal,* and eat my own Fleſh and Blood. [*He pulls out a red Herring.*] My Princely Couz fear nothing; I have not the Heart to devour you, an' I might be made as rich as King *Cophetua*. O that I had room for my Tears, I could weep Salt-water enough now to preſerve the Lives of ten thouſand of my Kin. But I may curſe none but theſe filthy *Almanacks*; for an't were not for them, theſe Days of Perſecution would ne'er be known. I'll be hang'd an' ſome Fiſhmonger's Son do not make of 'em, and puts in more Faſting Days than he ſhould do, becauſe he would utter his Father's dried Stock-fiſh and ſtinking Conger.

Caſh. 'Slight, Peace, thou'lt be beaten like a Stock-fiſh elſe: Here's Mr. *Matthew*. Now muſt I look out for a Meſſenger to my Maſter.

Well-bred, E. Kno'well, Brain-worm, Bobadill, Mathew, Stephen, Thomas, Cob.

Wel. Beſhrew me, but it was an abſolute good Jeſt, and exceedingly well carried.

E. Know. I, and our Ignorance maintain'd it as well, did it not?

Wel.

Wel. Yes faith; but was't poſſible thou ſhouldſt not know him? I forgive Mr. *Stephen*, for he is Stupidity it ſelf.

E. Kno. 'Fore God, not I, an' I might ha' been join'd Patten with one of the ſeven Wiſe Maſters for knowing him. He had ſo writhen himſelf into the Habit of one of your poor Infantry, your decay'd, ruinous, worm-eaten Gentlemen of the Round; ſuch as have vowed to ſit on the Skirts of the City, like your Provoſt and his half-dozen of Halberdiers, do what they can; and have tranſlated Begging out of the old Hackney-pace, to a fine eaſie Amble, and made it run as ſmooth on the Tongue as a ſhove-groat Shilling. Into the Likeneſs of one of theſe *Reformado*'s had he moulded himſelf ſo perfectly, obſerving every Trick of their Action, as, varying the Accent, ſwearing with an Emphaſis, indeed all with ſo ſpecial and exquiſite a Grace, that (hadſt thou ſeen him) thou wouldſt have ſworn, he might have been Serjeant Major, if not Lieutenant-Colonel to the Regiment.

Wel. Why *Brain-worm*, who would have thought thou hadſt been ſuch an Artificer?

E. Know. An Artificer? an Architect! Except a Man had ſtudied Begging all his Life-time, and been a Weaver of Language from his Infancy for the cloathing of it, I never ſaw his Rival.

Wel. Where got'ſt thou this Coat, I mar'le?

Brai. Of a *Hounſditch* Man, Sir; one of the Devil's near Kinſmen, a Broker.

Wel. That cannot be, if the Proverb hold; for, *A crafty Knave needs no Broker.*

Brai. True, Sir: But I did need a Broker, *Ergo.*

Wel. (Well put off.) No crafty Knave, you'll ſay.

E. Kno. Tut, he has more of theſe Shifts.

Brai. And yet where I have one, the Broker has ten, Sir.

Tho. Francis, Martin: Ne'er a one to be found now? What a ſpite's this?

Wel. How now, *Thomas*? is my Brother *Kitely* within?

Tho. No Sir, my Maſter went forth e'en now; but Maſter *Downright* is within. *Cob*, what *Cob*? Is he gone too?

Wal.

Wel. Whither went your Maſter, *Thomas*, canſt thou tell?

Tho. I know not; to Juſtice *Clement*'s, I think, Sir, *Cob.*

E. Kno. Juſtice *Clement*! what's he?

Wel. Why, doſt thou not know him? He is a City-Magiſtrate, a Juſtice here, an excellent good Lawyer, and a great Scholar; but the only mad, merry old Fellow in *Europe*. I ſhew'd him you the other Day.

E. Know. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith, and he has a very ſtrange Preſence, methinks; it ſhews as if he ſtood out of the Rank from other Men: I have heard many of his Jeſts i'th' Univerſity. They ſay, he will commit a Man for taking the Wall of his Horſe.

Wel. I, or wearing his Cloke on one Shoulder, or ſerving of God; any thing indeed, if it come in the way of his Humour.

Caſh. Gaſper, Martin, Cob. 'Heart where ſhould they be trow? [Caſh *goes in and out, calling.*

Bob. Maſter *Kitely*'s Man, pray thee vouchſafe us the lighting of this Match.

Caſh. Fire on your Match: No time but now to vouchſafe? *Francis, Cob.*

Bob. Body o' me! Here's the Remainder of ſeven Pound ſince yeſterday was ſeven-night. 'Tis your right *Trinidado*: Did you never take any, Maſter *Stephen*?

Step. No truly, Sir; but I'll learn to take it now, ſince you commend it ſo.

Bob. Sir, believe me (upon my Relation) for what I tell you, the World ſhall not reprove. I have been in the *Indies* (where this Herb grows) where neither my ſelf nor a Dozen Gentlemen more (of my Knowledge) have received the taſte of any other Nutriment in the World, for the ſpace of one and twenty Weeks, but the Fume of this Simple only. Therefore, it cannot be, but 'tis moſt Divine. Further, take it in the Nature, in the true kind, ſo it makes an Antidote, that had you taken the moſt deadly poiſonous Plant in all *Italy*, it ſhould expel it, and clarifie you, with as much eaſe as I ſpeak. And for your green Wound, your *Balſamum* and your *St. John's Wort* are all meer Gulleries and Traſh to it, eſpecially your *Trinidado*; your *Nicotian* is

good too. I could ſay what I know of the Virtue of it, for the Expulſion of Rheums, raw Humours, Crudities, Obſtructions, with a thouſand of this kind; but I profeſs my ſelf no Quackſalver. Only thus much; By *Hercules*, I do hold it, and will affirm it (before any Prince in *Europe*) to be the moſt ſovereign and precious Weed that ever the Earth tendered to the uſe of Man.

E. Kno. This Speech would ha' done decently in a Tobacco-trad r's Mouth.

Caſh. At Juſtice *Clement*'s he is, in the middle of *Coleman-ſtreet.*

Cob. Oh, oh!

Bob. Where's the Match I gave thee, Maſter, *Kitely*'s Man?

Caſh. Would his Match and he, and Pipe and all were at *Sancto Domingo.* I had forgot it.

Cob. By Gods me I marle what Pleaſure or Fel'city they have in taking this Roguiſh Tobacco! its good for nothing but to choak a Man, and fill him full of Smoke and Embers: There were four died out of one Houſe laſt Week with taking of it, and two more the Bell went for Yeſternight; one of them (they ſay) will ne'er eſcape it; he voided a Buſhel of Soot yeſterday, upward and downward. By the Stocks, an' there were no wiſer Men than I, I'd have it preſent whipping, Man or Woman, that ſhould but deal with a Tobacco-pipe; why, it will ſtifle them all in the end, as many as uſe it; it's little better than Ratsbane or Roſaker.

All. Oh, good Captain, hold, hold.

[Bobadil *beats him with a Cudgel.*

Bob. You baſe Cullion, you.

Caſh. Sir, here's your Match. Come, thou muſt needs be talking too, thou'rt well enough ſerv'd.

Cob. Nay he will not meddle with his Match, I warrant you: Well, it ſhall be a dear beating, an' I live.

Bob. Do you prate? do you murmur?

E. Kno. Nay, good Captain, will you regard the Humour of a Fool? away, Knave.

Wel. Thomas, get him away.

Bob. A hoarſon filthy Slave, a Dung-worm, and Excrement!

ment! Body o' *Cæſar*, but that I ſcorn to let forth ſo mean a Spirit, I'd ha' ſtabb'd him to the Earth.

Wel. Marry, the Law forbid, Sir.

Bob. By *Pharaoh*'s Foot, I would ha' done it.

Step. Oh, he ſwears moſt admirably! (By *Pharaoh*'s Foot, Body o' *Cæſar*) I ſhall never do it ſure, (Upon mine Honour and by St. *George*) No, I ha' not the right Grace.

Mat. Maſter *Stephen*, will you any? By this Air, the moſt divine Tobacco that ever I drunk!

Step. None, I thank you, Sir. O, this Gentleman do's it rarely too! but nothing like the other. By this Air, as I am a Gentleman: By———

Brai. Maſter, glance, glance! Maſter *Wellbred.*

Step. As I have ſomewhat to be ſaved, I proteſt———

[*Mr.* Stephen *is practiſing to the Poſt.*

Wel. You are a Fool, it needs no *Affidavit.*

E. Kno. Couſin, will you any Tobacco?

Step. I, Sir! Upon my Reputation———

E. Kno. How now, Couſin!

Step. I proteſt, as I am a Gentleman, but no Soldier, indeed———

Wel. No, Maſter *Stephen*? As I remember, your Name is entred in the Artillery Garden.

Step. I, Sir, that's true. Couſin, may I ſwear, as I am a Soldier, by that?

E. Kno. O yes, that you may; its all you have for your Mony.

Step. Then, as I am a Gentleman, and a Soldier, it is divine Tobacco.

Wel. But ſoft, where's Mr. *Matthew*? gone?

Brai. No, Sir; they went in here.

Wel. O let's follow them: Maſter *Matthew* is gone to ſalute his Miſtreſs in Verſe; we ſhall ha' the Happineſs to hear ſome of his Poetry now; he never comes unfurniſh'd, *Brain-worm*?

Step. *Brain-worm*? where is this *Brain-worm*?

E. Kno. I, Couſin; no Words of it, upon your Gentility.

Step. Not I, body of me, by this Air, St. *George*, and the Foot of *Pharaoh*,

Wel. Rare! Your Couſin's Diſcourſe is ſimply drawn out with Oaths.

E. *Kno.* 'Tis larded with 'em; a kind of *French* Dreſſing, if you love it.

Kitely, Cob.

Kit. Ha? how many are there, ſaiſt thou?

Cob. Marry Sir, your Brother, Maſter *Well-bred*——

Kit. Tut, beſide him: what Strangers are there, Man?

Cob. Strangers? Let me ſee, one, two; maſs I know not well, there are ſo many.

Kno. How? ſo many?

Cob. I, there's ſome five, or ſix of them at the moſt.

Kit. A ſwarm, a ſwarm!
Spite of the Devil, how they ſting my Head
With forked Stings, thus wide and large! But, *Cob*,
How long haſt thou been coming hither, *Cob*?

Cob. A little while, Sir.

Kit. Didſt thou come running?

Cob. No, Sir.

Kit. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haſte!
Bane to my Fortunes, what meant I to marry?
I, that before was rank'd in ſuch Content,
My mind at reſt too, in ſo ſoft a Peace,
Being free Maſter of mine own free Thoughts,
And now become a Slave? What, never ſigh,
Be of good cheer, Man, for thou art a Cuckold:
'Tis done, 'tis done! Nay, when ſuch flowing Store,
Plenty it ſelf, falls in my Wife's Lap,
The *Cornucopia* will be mine, I know. But, *Cob*,
What entertainment had they? I am ſure
My Siſter and my Wife would bid them welcome! ha?

Cob. Like enough, Sir; yet I heard not a Word of it.

Kit. No; their Lips were ſeal'd with Kiſſes, and the Voice
Drown'd in a flood of Joy, at their Arrival,
Had loſt her Motion, State, and Faculty.
Cob, which of them was't that firſt kiſt my Wife?
(My Siſter, I ſhould ſay) my Wife, alaſs!
I fear not her. Ha? who was it, ſaiſt thou?

Cob.

Cob. By my troth, Sir, will you have the troth of it?

Kit. Oh I, good *Cob*, I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a Vagabond, and fitter for *Bridewel* than your Worſhip's Company, if I ſaw any body to be kiſt, unleſs they would have kiſt the Poſt in the middle of the Warehouſe; for there I left them all at their Tobacco, with a Pox.

Kit. How? were they not gone in then e're thou cam'ſt?

Cob. O no, Sir.

Kit. Spite of the Devil! what do I ſtay here then? *Cob*, follow me.

Cob. Nay, ſoft and fair; I have Eggs on the Spit; I cannot go yet, Sir. Now am I, for ſome five and fifty Reaſons, hammering, hammering Revenge: Oh for three or four Gallons of Vinegar, to ſharpen my Wits. Revenge, Vinegar Revenge, Vinegar and Muſtard Revenge! Nay, an' he had not lien in my Houſe, 'twould never have griev'd me; but being my Gueſt, one that I'll be ſworn my Wife has lent him her Smock off her Back, while his own Shirt has been at waſhing; pawn'd her Neck kerchers for clean Bands for him; ſold almoſt all my Platters, to buy him Tobacco; and he to turn Monſter of Ingratitude, and ſtrike his lawful Hoſt! Well, I hope to raiſe up an Hoſt of Fury for't: Here comes Juſtice *Clement*.

Clement, Kno'well, Formal, Cob.

Cob. What's Maſter *Kitely* gone, *Roger*?

For. I, Sir.

Clem. 'Heart o' me! what made him leave us ſo abruptly! How now, Sirrah? what make you here? what would you have, ha?

Cob. An't pleaſe your Worſhip, I am a poor Neighbour of your Worſhip's ———

Clem. A poor Neighbour of mine? why, ſpeak poor Neighbour.

Cob. I dwell, Sir, at the Sign of the Water-tankard, hard by the Green Lattice: I have paid Scot and Lot there any time this eighteen Years.

Clem. To the Green Lattice?

Cob. No, Sir, to the Pariſh: Marry, I have ſeldom ſcap'd ſcot-free at the Lattice.

Clem. O, well! What buſineſs has my poor Neighbour with me?

Cob. An't like your Worſhip, I am come to crave the Peace of your Worſhip.

Clem. Of me, Knave? Peace of me, Knave? Did I ever hurt thee, or threaten thee, or wrong thee? ha?

Cob. No, Sir; but your Worſhip's Warrant for one that has wrong'd me, Sir: His Arms are at too much Liberty, I would fain have them bound to a Treaty of of Peace, an' my Credit could compaſs it with your Worſhip.

Clem. Thou goeſt far enough about for't, I am ſure.

Kno. Why, doſt thou go in danger of thy Life for him, Friend?

Cob. No, Sir; but I go in danger of my Death every Hour, by his means; an' I die within a twelvemonth and a day, I may ſwear by the Law of the Land that he kill'd me.

Clem. How? how Knave? ſwear he kill'd thee? and by the Law? what pretence? what Colour haſt thou for that?

Cob. Marry, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.
both Black and Blue; Colour enough, I warrant you. I have it here to ſhow your Worſhip.

Clem. What is he that gave you this, Sirrah?

Cob. A Gentleman and a Soldier, he ſays he is, o'the City here.

Clem. A Soldier o'the City? What call you him?

Cob. Captain *Bobadil.*

Clem. *Bobadil*? And why did he bob and beat you, Sirrah? How began the quarrel betwixt you, ha' ſpeak truly Knave, I adviſe you.

Cob. Marry, indeed, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, only becauſe I ſpake againſt their vagrant *Tobacco*, as I came by 'em when they were taking on't; for nothing elſe.

Clem. Ha! you ſpeak againſt *Tobacco*? *Formal*, his Name.

Form. What's your Name, Sirrah?

Cob. *Oliver*, Sir, *Oliver Cob*, Sir.

Clem. Tell *Oliver Cob*, he ſhall go to the Goal, *Formal.*

Form. *Oliver Cob*, my Maſter, Juſtice *Clement*, ſays, you ſhall go to the Goal.

Cob.

Cob. O, I beſeech your Worſhip, for God's ſake, dear Maſter Juſtice.

Clem. Nay, God's precious, an'ſuch Drunkards and Tankards as you are, come to diſpute of *Tobacco* once, I have done! away with him.

Cob. O, good Maſter Juſtice, ſweet old Gentleman.

Kno. Sweet *Oliver* would I cou'd do thee any good. Juſtice *Clement*, let me intreat you, Sir.

Clem. What? a thread-bare Raſcal! a Beggar! a Slave, that never drunk out of better than Piſs-pot Mettle in his life! and he to deprave and abuſe the vertue of an Herb ſo generally receiv'd in the courts of Princes, the Chambers of Nobles, the Bowers of ſweet Ladies, the Cabbins of Soldiers! *Roger*, away with him, by God's precious——— I ſay, go too.

Cob. Dear Maſter Juſtice, let me be beaten again, I have deſerv'd it: but not the priſon, I beſeech you.

Kno. Alas poor *Oliver*!

Clem. Roger, make him a Warrant, (he ſha'l not go) I but fear the Knave.

Form. Do not ſtink, ſweet *Oliver*, you ſhall not go, my Maſter will give you a Warrant.

Cob. O, the Lord maintain his Worſhip, his worthy Worſhip.

Clem. Away, diſpatch him. How now, Maſter *Knowell*, in dumps! in dumps? Come, this becomes not.

Kno. Sir, would I could not feel my Cares———

Clem. Your Cares are nothing! they are like my Cap, ſoon put on, and as ſoon put off. What? your Son is old enough to govern himſelf; let him run his courſe, it's the only way to make him a ſtaid Man. If he were an unthrift, a Ruffian, a Drunkard, or a licentious Liver, then you had reaſon; you had reaſon to take care: But, being none of theſe, Mirth's my witneſs, an' I had twice ſo many Cares as you have, I'd drown them all in a Cup of Sack. Comes, come, let's try it: I muſe your parcel of a Soldier returns not a'l this while.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Down-right, Dame Kitley.

Down. WEll Sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so in the end.

Dame. Alas, Brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it; you see my Brother brings 'em in here; they are his Friends.

Down. His Friends? his Friends? 'Sud they do nothing but haunt him up and down, like a sort of unlucky Spirits, and tempt him to all manner of Villany that can be thought of. Well, by this Light, a little thing would make me play the Devil with some of 'em; and 'twere not more for your Husband's sake, than any thing else, I'd make the House too hot for the best on 'em: They should say, and swear, Hell were broken loose, e're they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis no Bodies Fault but yours; for an' you had done as you might have done, they should have been parboil'd and bak'd too, every Mother's Son, e're they should ha' come in e'er a one of 'em.

Dame. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? what a strange Man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put my self against half a dozen Men? should I? Good faith you'd mad the patient'st Body in the World, to hear you talk so, without any Sense or Reason!

Mrs. *Bridget*, Mr. *Matthew*, *Dame Kitley*, *Down-right*, *Well-bred*, *Stephen*, *Ed. Knowell*, *Bobadil*, *Brain-worm*, *Cash*.

Brid. Servant (in troth) you are too prodigal
Of your Wit's Treasure, thus to pour it forth,
Upon so mean a subject as my Worth.

Mat. You say well, Mistress, and I mean as well.

Down. Hoy-day, here is stuff!

Well. O, now stand close; pray Heaven, she can get him to read: He should do it of his own natural impudency.

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

Mat.

Mat. Marry, an *Elegy*, an *Elegy*, an odd Toy———

Down. To mock an Ape withal: O, I could ſew up his Mouth, now.

Dame. Siſter, I pray you let's hear it.

Down. Are you Rhime given too?

Mat. Miſtreſs, I'll read it if you pleaſe.

Brid. Pray you do, Servant.

Down. O, here's no Foppery! Death, I can indure the Stocks better.

E. Kno. What ails thy Brother? can he not hold his Water at reading of a Ballad?

Wel. O, no; a Rhime to him is worſe than Cheeſe, or a Bag-pipe. But mark, you loſe the proteſtation.

Mat. Faith, I did it in a humour; I know not how it is; but, pleaſe you come near, Sir. This Gentleman has judgment, he knows how to cenſure of a——— pray you, Sir, you can judge.

Step. Not I, Sir; upon my Reputation, and by the Foot of *Pharaoh*.

Wel. O, chide your Couſin for Swearing.

E. Kno. Not I, ſo long as he does not forſwear himſelf.

Bob. Maſter *Matthew*, you abuſe the expectation of your dear Miſtreſs and her fair Siſter: Fie, while you live avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I ſhall, Sir; well, *Incipere dulce*.

E. Kno. How! *Inſipere dulce?* a ſweet thing to be a Fool, indeed.

Wel What, do you take *Inſipere* in that Senſe?

E. Kno. You do not? you! this was your Villany, to gull him with a *motto*.

Wel. O, the Benchers Phraſe: *Pauca verba, pauca verba.*

Mat. *Rare Creature, let me ſpeak without offence,*
Would God my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair Looks do mine,
Then ſhouldſt thou be his Priſoner who is thine.

E. Kno. This is in *Hero* and *Leander*.

Wel. O, I peace, we ſhall have more of this.

Mat. Be *not unkind, and fair; miſhapen ſtuff*
Is of behaviour boyſterous and rough.

Wel. How like you that, Sir?

[*Maſter* Step. *anſwers with ſhaking his Head.*

E. Kno. 'Slight, he ſhakes his Head like a Bottle, to feel an there be any Brain in it!

Mat. But obſerve the *Cataſtrophe*, now:

And I in Duty will exceed all other,
As you in Beauty do excel Loves Mother.

E. Kno. Well, I'll have him free of the Wit-brokers, for he utters nothing but ſtol'n Remnants.

Wel. O, forgive it him.

E. Kno. A filching Rogue, hang him. And from the dead? it's worſe than Sacrilege.

Wel. Siſter, what ha' you here? Verſes? pray you let's ſee: Who made theſe Verſes? they are excellent good!

Mat. O, Maſter *Well-bred*, 'tis your diſpoſition to ſay ſo, Sir. They were good i' the Morning; I made 'em, *ex tempore*, this Morning.

Wel. How? *ex tempore*?

Mat. I, would I might be hang'd elſe; ask Captain *Bobadil*, he ſaw me write them, at the——— (Pox on it) the Star, yonder.

Brai. Can he find in his Heart to curſe the Stars ſo?

E. Kno. Faith, his are even with him; they ha' curſt him enough already.

Step. Couſin, how do you like this Gentleman's Verſes?

E. Kno. O, admirable! the beſt that ever I heard, Couz!

Step. Body o' *Caſar*, they are admirable! The beſt that I ever heard, as I am a Soldier.

Down. I am vext, I can hold ne'er a Bone of me ſtill! Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here!

Wel. Siſter, you have a ſimple Servant here, that crowns your Beauty with ſuch *Encomions* and devices; you may ſee what it is to be the Miſtreſs of a Wit! that can make your Perfections ſo tranſparent, that every blear Eye may look through them, and ſee him drown'd over Head and Ears in the deep Well of Deſire. Siſter *Kitley*, I marvel you get you not a Servant that can Rhime, and do Tricks too.

Down. Oh Monſter! impudence itſelf! Tricks?

Dame.

Dame. Tricks, Brother? what Tricks?

Brid. Nay, ſpeak, I pray you, what Tricks?

Dame. I never ſpare any Body here; but ſay, what Tricks?

Brid. Paſſion of my Heart! do Tricks?

Wel. 'Slight, here's a Trick vied and revied! why, you Munkies you, what a Catter-waling do you keep? ha's he not given you Rhimes, and Verſes, and Tricks?

Down. O, the Fiend!

Wel. Nay, you Lamp of Virginity, that take it in ſnuff ſo! come and cheriſh this tame *Poetical Fury*, in your Servant, you'll be begg'd elſe ſhortly for a concealment: Go to, reward his Muſe. You cannot give him leſs than a Shilling in Conſcience, for the Book he had it out of coſt him a Teſton at leaſt. How now, Gallants? Mr. *Matthew*? Captain? What all Sons of ſilence? no Spirit?

Down. Come, you might practiſe your Ruffian Tricks ſomewhere elſe, and not here, I wuſs; this is no Tavern nor Drinking-School, to vent your Exploits in.

Wel. How now! whoſe Cow has calv'd?

Down. Marry, that has mine, Sir. Nay, Boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it, I, Sir, you and your Companions mend your ſelves when I ha' done.

Wel. My Companions?

Down. Yes, Sir, your Companions, ſo I ſay, I am not afraid of you, nor them neither; your hang-byes here. You muſt have your Poets and your Potlings, your *Solado's* and *Foolado's* to follow you up and down the City, and here they muſt come to domineer and ſwagger. Sirrah, you Ballad-ſinger, and Slops your Fellow there, get you out, get you home; or (by this Steel) I'll cut off your Ears, and that preſently.

Wel. 'Slight, ſtay, let's ſee what he dare do; cut off his Ears! cut a Whetſtone. You are an Aſs, do you ſee; touch any Man here, and by this Hand I'll run my Rapier to the Hilts in you.

Down. Yea that would I fain ſee, Boy.

Dame. O Jeſu! Murder. *Thomas, Gaſper!*

Brid. Help, help, *Thomas.*

[*They*

[*They all draw, and they of the House make out to part them.*

E. Kno. Gentlemen forbear, I pray you.

Bob. Well, Sirrah, you *Hollofernes*; by my Hand, I will pink your Flesh full of Holes with my Rapier for this; I will by this good Heav'n: Nay, let him come, let him come, Gentlemen, by the Body of St. *George* I'll not kill him.

[*They offer to fight again, and are parted.*

Cash. Hold, hold, good Gentleman.

Down. You whorson, bragging Coystril!

[*To them*] Kitely.

Kit. Why how now? what's the matter? what's the stir here?
Whence springs the quarrel, *Thomas*? where is he?
Put up your Weapons, and put off this Rage:
My Wife and Sister, they are cause of this.
What, *Thomas*? where is this Knave?

Cash. Here, Sir.

Wel. Come, let's go: This is one of my Brother's ancient Humours, this.

Step. I am glad no Body was hurt, by his ancient humour.

Kit. Why, how now, Brother, who enforc'd this brawl.

Down. A sort of lewd Rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the Devil! And they must come here to read Ballads, and Roguery, and Trash! I'll mar the knot of 'em e're I sleep perhaps; especially *Bob*, there; he that's all manner of shapes! and *Songs* and *Sonnets*, his Fellow.

Brid. Brother, indeed, you are too violent,
Too sudden in your humour; and you know
My Brother *Well bred*'s temper will not bear
Any reproof, chiefly in such a presence,
Where every slight disgrace, he should receive,
Might wound him in Opinion, and Respect.

Down. Respect? what talk you of respect 'mong such,
As ha' no spark of Manhood, nor good Manners?
'Sdeins, I am asham'd to hear you! Respect?

Brid. Yes, there was one a civil Gentleman,
And very worthily demean'd himself!

Kit. O, that was some Love of yours, Sister!

Brid.

Brid. A Love of mine? I would it were no worſe, Brother;
You'd pay my Portion ſooner than you think for.

Dame. Indeed, he ſeem'd to be a Gentleman of an exceeding fair Diſpoſition, and of very excellent good Parts!

Kit. Her Love, by Heav'n! my Wife's Minion!
Fair Diſpoſition? excellent good Parts?
Death, theſe Phraſes are intollerable!
Good Parts? how ſhould ſhe know his Parts?
His Parts? Well, well, well, well, well, well!
It is too plain, too clear: *Thomas*, come hither.
What, are they gone?

Caſh. I, Sir, they went in.
My Miſtreſs, and your Siſter———

Kit. Are any of the Gallants within?

Caſh. No, Sir, they are all gone.

Kit. Art thou ſure of it?

Caſh. I can aſſure you, Sir.

Kit. What Gentleman was that they prais'd ſo, *Thomas*?

Caſh. One, they call him Maſter *Kno'well*, a handſome young Gentleman, Sir.

Kit. I, I thought ſo; my mind gave me as much:
I'll die, but they have hid him i' the Houſe
Somewhere; I'll go and Search; go with me, *Thomas*,
Be true to me, and thou ſhalt find me a Maſter.

Cob. Tib.

Cob. What *Tib*, *Tib*, I ſay.

Tib. How now, what Cuckold is that knocks ſo hard? O, Husband, is't you? what's the News?

Cob. Nay you have ſtunn'd me, i' faith! you ha' giv'n me a knock o' the Forehead will ſtick by me! Cuckold? 'Slid, Cuckold?

Tib. Away you Fool, did I know it was you that knockt, Come, come you may call me as bad when you liſt.

Cob. May I? *Tib*, you are a Whore.

Tib. You lie in your Throat, Husband.

Cob. How, the Lie? and in my Throat too? do you long to be ſtabb'd, ha?

Tib.

Tib. Why, you are no Soldier, I hope?

Cob. O, muſt you be ſtabb'd by a Soldier? Maſs, that's true? when was *Bobadill* here? your Captain? that Rogue, that Foiſt, that fencing *Burgullion*? I'll tickle him, i' faith.

Tib. Why, what's the matter? trow!

Cob. O, he has baſted me rarely, ſumptuouſly! but I have it here in black and white; for his black and blue ſhall pay him. O, the Juſtice! the honeſt old brave *Trojan* in *London*! I do honour the very Flea of his Dog. A Plague on him though, he put me once in a villanous filthy Fear; marry, it vaniſht away like the Smoak of Tobacco; but I was ſmoak'd ſoundly firſt. I thank the Devil, and his good Angel, my Gueſt. Well, Wife, or *Tib* (which you will) get you in, and lock the Door, I charge you let no Body in to you; Wife, no body into you; thoſe are my Words. Not Captain *Bob* himſelf, nor the Fiend in his likeneſs; you are a Woman, you have Fleſh and Blood enough in you to be tempted; therefore keep the Door ſhut upon all Comers.

Tib. I warrant you, there ſhall no Body enter here without my Conſent.

Cob. Nor with your Conſent, ſweet *Tib*, and ſo I leave you.

Tib. It's more than you know, whether you leave me ſo.

Cob. How?

Tib. Why, ſweet.

Cob. Tut, ſweet or ſow'r, thou art a Flower. Keep cloſe thy Door, I ask no more.

Ed. Kno'well, Well-bred, Stephen, Brain-worm.

E. Kno. Well, *Brain-worm*, perform this Buſineſs happily, and thou makeſt a Purchaſe of my Love for ever.

Wel. I'faith, now let thy Spirits uſe their beſt Faculties: But, at any hand, remember the meſſage to my Brother; for there's no other means to ſtart him.

Brai. I warrant you, Sir, fear nothing; I have a nimble Soul has wak'd all forces of my Phantſie by this time, and put 'em in true Motion. What you have poſſeſt me withall, I'll diſcharge it amply, Sir; make it no queſtion.

Wel. Forth, and proſper, *Brain-worm*. Faith, *Ned*, how doſt thou approve of my Abilities in this Device.

E. Kno.

E. Kno. Troth, well, howſoever; but it will come excellent, if it take.

Wel. Take, Man? why it cannot chuſe but take, if the Circumſtances miſcarry not: But, tell me ingenuouſly, doſt thou affect my Siſter *Bridget* as thou pretend'ſt?

E. Kno. Friend, am I worth belief?

Wel. Come, do not proteſt. In faith, ſhe is a Maid of good Ornament, and much Modeſty; and, except I conceiv'd very worthily of her, thou ſhouldſt not have her.

E. Kno. Nay, that I am afraid will be a Queſtion yet, whether I ſhall have her, or no?

Wel. 'Slid, thou ſhalt have her; by this Light thou ſhalt.

E. Kno. Nay, do not ſwear.

Wel. By this Hand thou ſhalt have her; I'll go fetch her preſently. 'Point but where to meet, and as I am an honeſt Man I'll bring her.

E. Kno. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Wel. Why, by——— what ſhall I ſwear by? thou ſhalt have her, as I am ———

E. Kno. Pray thee, beat peace, I am ſatisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no offered Occaſion to make my Deſires compleat.

Wel. Thou ſhalt ſee, and know, I will not.

Formal, Kno'well, Brain-worm.

Form. Was your Man a Soldier, Sir?

Kno. I, a Knave, I took him begging o' th' way.
This Morning, as I came over *Moor-fields!*
O, here he is! yo' have made fair ſpeed, believe me:
Where, i' Name of Sloth, could you be thus?———

Brai. Marry, peace be my Comfort, where I thought I ſhould have had little Comfort of your Worſhip's Service.

Kno. How ſo?

Brai. O, Sir, your coming to the City, your Entertaiment of me and your ſending me to watch——— indeed, all the Circumſtances either of your Charge, or my Imployment, are as open to your Son, as to your ſelf.

Kno. How ſhould that be, unleſs that Villain, *Brain-worm*,

Have

Have told him of the Letter, and diſcover'd
All that I ſtrictly charg'd him to conceal? 'tis ſo!

Brai. I am partly o' the Faith 'tis ſo indeed.

Kno. But, how ſhould he know thee to be my Man?

Brai. Nay, Sir, I cannot tell; unleſs it be by the black Art! Is not your Son a Scholar, Sir?

Kno. Yes, but I hope his Soul is not allied
Unto ſuch Helliſh Practice: If it were,
I had juſt Cauſe to weep my Part in him,
And curſe the time of his Creation
But, where didſt thou find them, *Fitz-Sword*?

Brai. You ſhould rather ask where they found me, Sir; for, I'll be ſworn, I was going along in the Street, thinking nothing, when (of a ſudden) a Voice calls Mr. *Kno'well*'s Man, another cries, Soldier: and thus half a Dozen of 'em, till they had call'd me within a Houſe, where I no ſooner came, but they ſeem'd Men, and out flew all their Rapiers at my Boſom, with ſome three or fourſcore Oaths to accompany 'em; and all to tell me, I was but a dead Man, if I did not confeſs where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which, when they could not get out of me (as I proteſt, they muſt ha' diſſected, and made an *Anatomy* o' me firſt, and ſo I told 'em) they lockt me up into a Room i' the top of a high Houſe, whence by great Miracle (having a light Heart) I ſlid down by a bottom of Packthred into the Street, and ſo 'ſcap't. But, Sir, thus much I can aſſure you, for I heard it while I was lockt up, there was a great many rich Merchants and brave Citizens Wives with 'em at a Feaſt; and your Son, Mr. *Edward*, withdrew with one of 'em, and has pointed to meet her anon at one *Cob*'s Houſe a Water-bearer, that dwells by the Wall. Now, there your Worſhip ſhall be ſure to take him, for there he Preys, and fail he will not.

E. *Kno.* Nor will I fail to break his match, I doubt, not.
Go thou along with Juſtice *Clement*'s Man.
And ſtay there for me. At one *Cob*'s Houſe, ſayſt thou?

Brai.

Brai. I Sir, there you ſhall have him. Yes? inviſible? Much Wench, or much Son! 'Slight, when he has ſtaid there three or four Hours, travelling with the expectation of Wonders, and at length be deliver'd of Air: O, the ſport that I ſhould then take to look on him if I durſt! But now I mean to appear no more afore him in this ſhape. I have another Trick to act yet. O that I were ſo happy as to light on a nupſon now of this Juſtice's Novice. Sir, I make you ſtay ſomewhat long.

Form. Not a whit, Sir. Pray you what do you mean, Sir?

Brai. I was puting up ſome Papers———

Form. You ha'been lately in the Wars, Sir, it ſeems.

Brai. Marry have I, Sir, to my loſs; and expence of all almoſt———

Form. Troth Sir, I would be glad to beſtow a Pottle of Wine o'you, if it pleaſe you to accept it——

Brai. O, Sir———

Form. But to hear the manner of your Services, and your devices in the Wars, they ſay they be very ſtrange, and not like thoſe a Man reads in the *Roman* Hiſtories, or ſees at *Mile-end.*

Brai. No I aſſure you, Sir; why at any time when it pleaſe you, I ſhall be ready to diſcourſe to you all I know: and more too ſome what.

Form. No better time than now, Sir; we'll go to the Wind-mill: there we ſhall have a Cup of neat Griſt, we call it. I pray you, Sir, let me requeſt you to the Wind-mill.

Brai I'll follow you, Sir; and make Griſt of you, if I have good luck.

Matthew, Ed. Kno'well, Bobadil, Stephen, Down-right, [*to them*]

Mat. Sir, did your Eyes ever taſte the like Clown of him, where we were to Day, Mr. *Well-bred's* half Brother? I think the whole Earth cannot ſhew his parallel by this Day-light.

E. Kno. We were now ſpeaking of him: Captain *Bobadill* tells me he is fallen foul o'you too.

Mat. O, I Sir, he threatned me with the Baſtinado.

Bob.

Bob. I, but I think, I taught you prevention this Morning, for that——————— You ſhall kill him beyond queſtion: if you be ſo generouſly minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a moſt excellent Trick!

Bob. O, you do not give ſpirit enough to your Motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it muſt be done like lightning, hay? [*He practiſes at a Poſt.*

Mat. Rare Captain!

Bob. Tut, 'tis nothing, an't be not donein a——*punto*!

E. Kno. Captain, did you ever prove your ſelf upon any of our Maſters of Defence here?

Mat. O good Sir! yes I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, Sir. Upon my firſt coming to the City, after my long travail, for Knowledge (in that myſtery only) there came three or four of 'em to me, at a Gentleman's Houſe, where it was my chance to be reſident at that time, to intreate my Preſence at their Schools; and withal ſo much importun'd me, that (I proteſt to you, as I am a Gentleman) I was aſham'd of their rude demeanour out of all Meaſure: well, I told 'em that to come to a publick School, they ſhould pardon me, it was oppoſite (in *diameter*) to my Humour; but, if ſo be they would give their attendance at my Lodging, I proteſted to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a Gentleman, and ſo forth.

E. Kno So, Sir, then you tried their Skill?

Bob. Alas, ſoon tryed! you ſhall hear Sir. Within two or three Days after thy came; and, by honeſty, fair Sir, believe me, I grac'd them exceedingly, ſhewed them ſome two or three tricks of prevention, have purchas'd 'em ſince a Credit to admiration! they cannot deny this: and yet now they hate me, and why? becauſe I am excellent, and for no other vile Reaſon on the Earth.

E. Kno. This is ſtrange and barbarous! as ever I heard.

Bob. Nay, for a more inſtance of their prepoſterous Natures? but note, Sir. They have aſſaulted me ſome three, four, five, ſix of them together, as I have walkt alone in divers Skirts i' th' Town, as *Turn-bu'l, White-chappel, Shoreditch*, which were then my quarters? and ſince, upon the *Exchange*, at my Lodging, and at my Ordinary: where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a ſtreet, in the open

Pen view of all our Gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this Lenity will not o'ercome their Spleen; they will be doing with the Piſmire, raiſing a Hill a Man may ſpurn abroad with his foot at pleaſure. By my ſelf I could have ſlain them all, but I delight not in Murder. I am loth to be in any other than this Baſtinado for em: yet I hold it good Policy not to go diſarm'd, for though I be skilful, I may be oppreſs'd with Multitudes.

E. Kno. I, believe me, may you Sir: and (in my conceit) our whole Nation ſhould ſuſtain the loſs by it, if it were ſo.

Bob. Alas no: what's a peculiar Man to a Nation? not ſeen.

E. Kno. O, but your skill, Sir.

Bob. indeed, that might be ſome loſs; but who reſpects it? I will tell you, Sir, by the way of private, and under Seal? I am a Gentleman, and live here obſcure, and to my ſelf; but, were I known to Her Majeſty and the Lords (obſerve me) I would undertake (upon this poor Head and Life) for the publick Benefit of the State, not only to ſpare the intire Lives of her Subjects in general; but to ſave the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding War, and againſt what Enemy ſoever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Kno Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, Sir, I would ſelect Nineteen more, to my ſelf, throughout the Land; Gentlemen they ſhould be of good Spirit, ſtrong and able Conſtitution, I would chuſe them by an inſtinct, a Character that I have: and I would teach theſe Nineteen the ſpecial Rules, as your *Punto*, your *Reverſo*, your *Stoccata*, your *Imbroccato*, your *Paſſada* your *Montanto*; 'tell they could all play very near, or altogether as well as my ſelf. This done, ſay the Enemy were forty thouſand ſtrong, we Twenty would come into the Field the Tenth of *March*, or thereabouts; and we would challenge Twenty of the Enemy; they could not in their Honour refuſe us; well, we would kill them; challenge Twenty more, kill them; Twenty more, kill them; Twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every Man his Twenty a Day, that's Twenty ſcore; Twenty ſcore, that's Two hundred; Two hundred a Day, five Days a thouſand; Forty thouſand; Forty times five,

five

Five Times Forty, Two hundred Days kills them all up by Computation. And this will I venture my poor Gentleman-like Carcass to perform (provided there be no Treason practis'd upon us) by fair and discreet Manhood; that is, civily by the Sword.

E. Kno. Why are you so sure of your Hand, Captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut, never miss thrust upon my Reputation with with you.

E. Kno. I would not stand in *Down-right*'s state then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one Street in *London*.

Bob. Why, Sir, you mistake me! if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my Weapon on him! let this Gentleman do his Mind: but I will bastinado him (by the bright Sun) where-ever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him at my distance.

E. Kno. Gods so, look where he is; yonder he goes.

[Downright *walks over the Stage.*

Dow. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging Raskals?

Bob. I t's not he? is it?

E. Kno. Yes faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hang'd then if that were he.

E. Kno. Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that was he.

Step. Upon my Reputation it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induc'd to believe it was he yet.

E. Kno. That I think, Sir, But see, he is come again!

Dow. ,O *Pharaoh's* foot, have I found you? Come, draw to your Tools? draw Gipsie, or I'll threih you.

Bob. Gentleman of Valour, I do believe in thee, hear me———

Dow. Draw your Weapon then.

Bob. Tall Man, I never thought on it till now (body of me) I had a Warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I came along, by a Waterbearer; this Gentleman saw it, Mr. *Matthew*.

Dow. 'Sdeath, you will not draw then?

[*He beats him and disarms him,* Matthew *runs away.*

Bob. Hold, hold, under thy favour forbear. *Dow.*

Daw. Prate again, as you like this, you whoreſon Foiſt you. You'll controul the point, you? Your Conſort is gone? had he ſtaid he had ſhar'd with you, Sir.

Bob. Well Gentlemen, bear Witneſs, I was bound to the Peace, by this good Day.

E. Kno. No faith, it's an ill Day, Captain, never reckon it other: but, ſay you were bound to the Peace, the Law allows you to defend your ſelf: that'll prove but a poor Excuſe.

Bob. I cannot tell, Sir. I deſire good conſtruction in fair ſort. I never ſuſtain'd the like Diſgrace (by heaven) ſure I was ſtruck with a Planet thence, for I had no power to touch my Weapon.

E. Kno. I, like enough, I have heard of many that have been beaten under a Planet: Go, get you to a Surgeon. 'Slid, an' theſe be yours Tricks, your *Paſſadoes*, and your *mountantoes*, I'll none of them. O, manners! that this Age ſhould bring forth ſuch Creatures! that Nature ſhould be at leaſure to make 'em! Come, Couz.

Step. Maſs, I'll ha' this Cloke.

E. Kno. Gods will, 'tis *Down-right*'s.

Step. Nay, 'tis mine now, another might have tane't up as well as I, I'll wear it, ſo I will.

E. Kno. How an' he ſee it? he'll challenge it, aſſure your ſelf.

Step. I, but he ſhall not ha' it? I'll ſay I bought it.

E. Kno. Take heed you buy it not too dear, Couz.

Kitely, Well-bred, Dame Kit, Bridget, Brain-worm, Caſh.

Kit. Now, truſt me Brother, you were much to blame,
T' incenſe his Anger, and diſturb the Peace
Of my poor Houſe, where there are Sentinels,
That every Minute watch to give Alarms,
Of civil War, without Adjection
Of your Aſſiſtance or Occaſion.

Well. No harm done, Brother, I warrant you: ſince there is no harm done. Anger coſts a Man nothing; and a tall Man is never his own Man 'till he be angry. To keep his Valour in obſcurity, is to keep himſelf as it were in a Cloke-bag. What's a Muſician unleſs he play? What's a tall Man unleſs he fight? For indeed all this my wiſe Brother ſtands upon abſolutely; and that made me fall in with him ſo reſolutely.

Dame,

Dame. I, but what harm might have come of it, Brother?

Wel. Might, Sister? ſo might the good warm Clothes your Husband wears be poiſon'd, for any thing he knows; or the wholeſome Wine he drunk, even now at the Table———

Kit. Now, God forbid: O me. Now I remember my Wife drunk to me laſt; and chang'd the Cup,
And bade me wear this curſed Sute to Day.
See, if Heav'n ſuffer Murder undiſcover'd!
I feel me ill; give me ſome *Mithridate*,
Some *Mithridate* and Oil, good Sister, fetch me;
O, I am ſick at Heart! I burn, I burn.
If you will ſave my Life, go, fetch it me.

Well. O ſtrange Humour! my very Breath has poiſon'd him.

Brid. Good Brother be content, what do you mean? The ſtrength of theſe extream Conceits will kill you.

Dame, Beſhrew your Heart-blood, Brother *Well-bred*, now, for putting ſuch a Toy into his Head.

Wel. Is a fit *ſimile* a Toy? will he be poiſon'd with a *ſimile*? Brother *Kitely*, what a ſtrange and idle imagination is this? For ſhame, be wiſer. O my Soul there's no ſuch Matter.

Kit. Am I not ſick? how am I then, not poiſon'd? Am I not poiſon'd? how am I then ſo ſick?

Dame. If you be ſick, your own Thoughts make you Sick.

Wel. His Jealouſy is the Poiſon he has taken.

Brai. Mr. *Kitely*, my Maſter Juſtice *Clement* ſalutes you; and deſires to ſpeak with you with all poſſible ſpeed.

[*He comes diſguis'd like Juſtice* Clement's *Man.*

Kit. No time but now? when I think I am ſick? very ſick! well, I will wait upon his Worſhip. *Thomas Cob*, I muſt ſeek them out, and ſet 'em Sentinels till I return. *Thomas, Cob, Thomas.*

Wel. This is perfectly rare, *Brain-worm*! but how got'ſt thou this Apparel of the Juſtice's Man.

Brai. Marry Sir, my proper fine Pen-man would needs beſtow the Griſt o' me, at the Wind-mill, to hear ſome martial Diſcourſe; where ſo I marſhall'd him, that I made him

him drunk with Admiration! and, becauſe too much Heat was the cauſe of his Diſtemper, I ſtript him ſtark naked, as he lay along aſleep, and borrowed his Sute to deliver this Counterfeit Meſſage in, leaving a ruſty Armour, and an old brown Bill to watch him till my return; which ſhall be, when I ha' pawn'd his Apparel, and ſpent the better part o' the Money, perhaps.

Wel. Well, thou art a ſucceſsful merry Knave, *Brainworm*, his Abſence will be a good Subject for more Mirth. I pray thee, return to thy young Maſter, and will him to meet me and my Siſter *Bridget* at the Tower inſtantly; for, here tell him the Houſe is ſo ſtor'd with Jealouſie, there is no Room for Love to ſtand upright in. We muſt get our Fortunes committed to ſome large Priſon, ſay; and then the Tower, I know no better Air; Nor where the Liberty, of the Houſe may do us more preſent Service. Away.

Kit. Come hither, *Thomas*. Now my Secret's ripe,
And thou ſhalt have it: Lay to both thine Ears.
Hark, what I ſay to thee. I muſt go forth, *Thomas*,
Be careful of thy Promiſe, keep good watch,
Note every Gallant, and obſerve him well,
That enters in my Abſence to thy Miſtreſs:
If ſhe would ſhew him Rooms, the Jeſt is ſtale,
Follow 'em, *Thomas*, or elſe hang on him,
And let him not go after; mark their Looks;
Note if ſhe offer but to ſee his Hand,
Or any other amorous Toy about him;
But praiſe his Leg, or Foot; or if ſhe ſay
The Day is hot, and bid him feel her Hand,
How hot it is; O, that's a monſtrous thing!
Note me all this, good *Thomas*, mark their Sighs,
And, if they do but whiſper, break 'em off:
I'll bear thee out in it. Wilt thou do this?
Wilt thou be true, my *Thomas*?

Caſh. As Truth's ſelf, Sir.

Kit. Why, I believe thee; where is *Cob*, now? *Cob*?

Da. He's ever calling for *Cob*! I wonder how he imploys *Cob*, ſo!

Wel. Indeed Siſter, to ask how he imploys *Cob*, is a neceſſary Queſtion, for you that are his Wife, and a thing

not

not very eaſie for you to be ſatisfied in; but this I'll aſſure you, *Cob*'s Wife is an excellent Bawd, Siſter, and oftentimes your Husband haunts her Houſe; marry, to what end; I cannot altogether accuſe him, imagine you what you think convenient. But I have known fair Hides have foul Hearts, e'er now, Siſter.

Dame. Never ſaid you truer than that, Brother, ſo much I can tell you for your learning. *Thomas*, fetch your Cloke and go with me, I'll after him preſently: I would to Fortune I could take him there, i' faith, I'd return him his own, I warrant him.

Wel. So let 'em go: this may make ſport anon. Now, my fair Siſter-in-law, that you knew but how happy a thing it were to be Fair and Beautiful?

Brid. That touches not me, Brother.

Wel. That's true; that's even the Fault of it: for indeed, Beauty ſtands a Woman in no ſtead, unleſs it procure her touching. But, Siſter, whether it touch you or no, it touches your Beauties; and I am ſure, they will abide the touch; an' they do not, a Plague of all Ceruſe, ſay I; and it touches me too in part, though not in the——— Well, there's a dear and reſpected Friend of mine, Siſter, ſtands very ſtrongly and worthily affected toward you, and hath vow'd to inflame whole Bonefires of Zeal at his Heart in Honour of your Perfections. I have already engag'd my Promiſe to bring you, where you ſhall hear him confirm much more. *Ned Kno'wel* is the Man, Siſter. There's no exception againſt the Party. You are ripe for a Husband; and a Minute's loſs to ſuch an Occaſion, is a great Treſpaſs in a wiſe Beauty. What ſay you, Siſter? On my Soul he loves you, will you given him the Meeting?

Brid. Faith I had very little Confidence in mine own Conſtancy, Brother, if I durſt not meet a Man: But this Motion of yours ſavours of an old Knight-adventurer's Servant a little too much methinks.

Wel. What's that, Siſter?

Brid. Marry, of the Squire.

Wel. No matter if it did, I would be ſuch an one for my Friend. But ſee! who is return'd to hinder us?

Kit. What Villany is this? call'd out on a falſe Meſſage? This was ſome Plot! I was not ſent for. *Bridget*, Where's your Siſter?

Brid.

Brid. I think ſhe be gone forth? Sir.

Kit. How! is my Wife gone forth? whither, for God's ſake?

Brid. She's gone abroad with *Thomas*.

Kit. Abroad with *Thomas*? oh, that Villain dors me. He hath diſcover'd all unto my Wife!
Beaſt that I was to truſt him; whither I pray you went ſhe?

Brid. I know not, Sir.

Wel. I'll tell you, Brother, whither I ſuſpect ſhe's gone.

Kit. Whither, good Brother?

Wel. To *Cob's* Houſe, I believe: but, keep my Counſel.

Kit. I will, I will: To *Cob's* Houſe? doth ſhe haunt *Cob's*;
She's gone a purpoſe now to Cuckold me,
With that lewd Raskal, who to win her Favour,
Hath told her all.

Wel. Come, he's once more gone,
Siſter, let's loſe no time; th' Affair is worth it.
Matthew, Bobadill, Brain-worm, Down-right. [*To them*]

Mat. I wonder Captain what they will ſay of my going away? ha?

Bob. Why, what ſhould they ſay; but as of a diſcreet Gentleman; quick, wary, reſpectful of Nature's fair Lineaments; and that's all.

Mat. Why ſo! but what can they ſay of your beating?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with ſoft Wood, a kind of groſs Battery us'd, laid on ſtrongly, born moſt patiently; and that's all.

Mat. I, but would any Man have offered it in *Venice*, as you ſay?

Bob. Tut, I aſſure you, no: you ſhall have there your *Nobilis*, your *Gentelezza*, come in bravely upon your *reverſe*, ſtand you cloſe, ſtand you firm, ſtand you fair, ſave your *retricato* with his left Leg, come to the *aſſalto* with the right, thruſt with brave Steel, defie your baſe Wood! But wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I was faſci-

nated by *Jupiter*, faſcinated by *Jupiter*; faſcinated; but I will be unwitch'd, and reveng'd by Law.

Mat. Do you hear, is't not beſt to get a Warrant, and have him arreſted and brought before Juſtice *Clement*?

Bob. It were not amiſs, would we had it.

Mat. Why here comes his Man, let's ſpeak to him.

Bob. Agreed, do you ſpeak.

Mat. 'Save you, Sir.

Brai. With all my Heart, Sir.

Mat. Sir, there is one *Down-right* hath abus'd this Gentleman and my ſelf, and we determine to make our amends by Law; now, if you would do us the Favour to procure a Warrant, to bring him afore your Maſter, you ſhall be well conſider'd, I aſſure you, Sir.

Brai. Sir, you know my Service is my Living; ſuch Favours as theſe gotten of my Maſter is his only Preferment, and therefore you muſt conſider me as I may make benefit of my Place.

Mat. How is that, Sir?

Brai. Faith, Sir, the Thing is extraordinary, and the Gentleman may be of great Account; yet, be what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of Angels in my Hand, you ſhall have it, otherwiſe not.

Mat. How ſhall we do Captain? he asks a brace of Angels, you have no Money?

Bob. Not a Croſs, by Fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a Gentleman, but two Pence left of my Two Shillings in the Morning for Wine and Raddiſh: let's find him ſome Pawn.

Bob. Pawn? we have none to the value of his Demand.

Mat. O, yes: I'll pawn this Jewel in my Ear, and you may pawn your Silk-ſtockings, and pull up your Boots, they will ne'er be miſt: It muſt be done now.

Bob. Well, an' there be no Remedy: I'll ſtep aſide and pull 'em off.

Mat. Do you hear, Sir? we have no ſtore of Money at this time, but you ſhall have good Pawns; look you, Sir, this Jewel, and that Gentleman's Silk-ſtockings, be-

cauſe

cauſe we would have it diſpatch'd e're we went to our Chambers.

Brai. I am content, Sir; I will get you the Warrant preſently; what's his Name, ſay you? *Downright*?

Mat. I, I, *George Downright.*

Brai. What manner of Man is he?

Mat. A tall big Man, Sir; he goes in a Cloke moſt commonly of Silk-Ruſſet, laid about with Ruſſet Lace.

Brai. 'Tis very good, Sir.

Mat. Here, Sir, here's my Jewel.

Bob. And here are my Stockings.

Brai. Well, Gentlemen, I'll procure you this Warrant preſently; but who will you have to ſerve it?

Mat. That's true, Captain, that muſt be conſider'd.

Bob. Body o' me, I know not; 'tis Service of danger.

Brai. Why, you were beſt get one o' the Varlets o' the City, a Serjeant: I'll appoint you one, if you pleaſe.

Mat. Will you, Sir; why, we can wiſh no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, Sir.

Brai. This is rare! Now will I go pawn this Cloke of the Juſtice's Man's at the Brokers, for a Varlet's Suit, and be the Varlet my ſelf; and get either more Pawns, or more Money of *Downright*, for the Arreſt.

Kno'well, Tib, Caſh, Dame Kitely, Kitely, Cob.

Kno. Oh, here it is; I am glad I have found it now. Ho? who is within here?

Tib. I am within, Sir; what's your pleaſure?

Kno. To know who is within beſides your ſelf.

Tib. Why, Sir, you are no Conſtable, I hope?

Kno. O! fear you the Conſtable? then I doubt not,
You have ſome Gueſts within deſerve that fear;
I'll fetch him ſtraight.

Tib. O' God's Name, Sir.

Kno. Go to. Come, tell me, is not young *Kno'well* here?

Tib. Young *Kno'well*? I know none ſuch, Sir, o' mine Honeſty.

Kno. Your Honeſty! Dame, it flies too lightly from you. There is no way but fetch the Conſtable.

Tib. The Conſtable! The Man is mad, I think.

Caſh. Ho, who keeps Houſe here?

Kno. O, this is the Female Copeſmate of my Son. Now ſhall I meet him ſtraight.

Dame. Knock, *Thomas*, hard.

Caſh. Ho, good Wife?

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you?

Dame. Why Woman, grieves it you to ope you Door? belike you get ſomething to keep it ſhut.

Tib. What mean theſe Queſtions, 'pray ye?

Dame. So ſtrange you make it? is not my Husband here?

Kno. Her Husband!

Dame. My tried Husband, Maſter *Kitely*.

Tib. I hope he needs not to be tried here.

Dame. No, Dame, he does it not for need, but pleaſure.

Tib. Neither for Need nor Pleaſure is he here.

Kno. This is but a Device to baulk me withal. Soft, who is this? 'Tis not my Son diſguis'd?

Dame. O, Sir, have I foreſtall'd your honeſt Market, Found your cloſe Walks? You ſtand amaz'd now, do you?

[*She ſpies her Husband come, and runs to him.*

I' faith (I am glad) I have ſmoak'd you at laſt. What is your Jewel, trow? In, come, let's ſee her; (Fetch forth your Houſwife, Dame) if ſhe be fairer, In any honeſt Judgment, than my ſelf, I'll be content with it: But, ſhe is Change, She feeds you fat, ſhe ſooths your Appetite, And you are well! Your Wife, an honeſt Woman, Is Meat twice ſod to you, Sir! O, you Treacher!

Kno. She cannot counterfeit thus palpably.

Kit. Out on thy more than Strumpet Impudence. Steal'ſt thou thus to thy Haunts? and have I taken Thy Bawd, and thee, and thy Companion, This hoary-headed Ketcher, this old Goat,

[*Pointing to Old* Kno'well.

Cloſe at [illegible] Villany, and would'ſt thou 'ſcuſe it With this [illegible] Harlot's Jerk, accuſing me?

O, old Incontinent, doſt not thou ſhame, [*To him.*

When all thy Powers in Chaſtity is ſpent,

To

To have a Mind ſo hot and to entice,
And feed the Enticements of a luſtful Woman?
Dame. Out, I defie thee, I, diſſembling Wretch.
Kit. Defie me, Strumpet? Ask thy Pandar here,
Can he deny it? or that wicked Elder? [*By* Tho.
Kno. Why, hear you, Sir.
Kit. Tut, tut, tut; never ſpeak.
Thy guilty Conſcience will diſcover thee.
Kno. What Lunacy is this, that haunts this Man?
Kit. Well, Goodwife Baſ'd, *Cob*'s Wife, and you,
That make your Husband ſuch a Hoddy-doddy;
And you young Apple-ſquire, and old Cuckold-maker;
I'll ha' you every one before a Juſtice:
Nay, you ſhall anſwer it, I charge you go.
Kno. Marry, with all my Heart, Sir, I go willingly;
Though I do taſte this as a Trick put on me,
To puniſh my impertinent Search, and juſtly,
And half forgive my Son for the Device.
Kit. Come, will you go?
Dame. Go? to thy ſhame, believe it.
Cob. Why, what's the matter here? what's here to do?
Kit. O, *Cob*, art thou come? I have been abus'd,
And i' thy Houſe: Never was Man ſo wrong'd!
Cob. 'Slid, in my Houſe? my Maſter *Kitely*? Who wrongs you in my Houſe?
Kit. Marry, young Luſt in old, and old in young here:
Thy Wife's their Bawd? here have I taken 'em.
Cob. How? Bawd? Is my Houſe come to that? Am I preferr'd thither? Did I charge you to keep your Doors ſhut, *Iſbel*? and do you let 'em lie open for all Comers?
[*He falls upon his Wife, and beats her.*
Kno. Friend, know ſome Cauſe, before thou beat'ſt thy Wife. This's Madneſs in thee.
Cob. Why? is there no Cauſe?
Kit. Yes, I'll ſhew cauſe before the Juſtice, *Cob*; Come, let her go with me.
Cob. Nay ſhe ſhall go.
Tib. Nay, I will go. I'll ſee an' you be allow'd to make a bundle o' Hemp, o' your right and lawful Wife thus;

at every Cuckoldly Knave's pleaſure. Why do you not go?

Kit. A bitter Quean! Come, we'll ha' you tam'd.

Brain-worm, Matthew, Bobadil, Stephen, Downright.

Brai. Well, of all my Diſguiſes yet, now am I moſt like my ſelf, being in this Serjeant's Gown. A Man of my preſent Profeſſion never counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a Debtor, and ſays, he reſts him; for then he brings him to all manner of Unreſt. A kind of little Kings we are, bearing the Diminutive of a Mace, made like a young Artichock, that always carries Pepper and Salt in it ſelf. Well, I know not what Danger I undergo by this Exploit; pray Heav'n I come well off.

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the Varlet, by his Gown.

Bob. Let's go in queſt of him.

Mat. 'Save you, Friend; are not you here by appointment of Juſtice *Clement*'s Man?

Brai. Yes, an't pleaſe you, Sir; he told me, two Gentlemen had will'd him to procure a Warrant from his Maſter (which I have about me) to be ſerv'd on one *Downright.*

Mat. It is honeſtly done of you both; and ſee where the Party comes you muſt arreſt; ſerve it upon him quickly, afore he be aware———

Bob. Bear back, Maſter *Matthew.*

Brai. Maſter *Down-right*, I arreſt you i' the Queen's Name, and muſt carry you afore a Juſtice, by vertue of this Warrant.

Step. Me, Friend? I am no *Downright*, I: I am Maſter *Stephen:* You do not well to arreſt me, I tell you truly; I am in no bodies Bonds nor Books, I would you ſhould know it. A Plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid afore my time.

Brai. Why, now you are deceived, Gentlemen.

Bob. He wears ſuch a Cloke, and that deceiv'd us: But ſee, here a comes indeed; this is he, Officer.

Down. Why, how now, Signior Gull! are you turn'd Filcher of late? Come, deliver my Cloke.

Step. Your Cloke, Sir? I bought it even now, in open Market.

Brai.

Brai. Maſter *Down-right*, I have a Warrant I muſt ſerve upon you, procur'd by theſe two Gentlemen.

Dow. Theſe Gentlemen? theſe Raſcals!

Brai. Keep the Peace, I charge you in her Majeſty's Name.

Dow. I obey thee. What muſt I do, Officer.

Brai. Go before Maſter Juſtice *Clement*, to anſwer what they can object againſt you, Sir: I will uſe you kindly, Sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the Juſtice, Captain.

Bob. The Varlet's a tall Man, afore Heav'n!

Dow. Gull, you'll gi' me my Cloke?

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Dow. You will?

Step. I, that I will.

Dow. Officer, there's thy Fee, arreſt him.

Brai. Maſter *Stephen*, I muſt arreſt you.

Step. Arreſt me! I ſcorn it. There, take your Cloke, I'll none on't.

Dow. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn now, Sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the Juſtice's; bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your Cloke? what would you have?

Dow. I'll ha' you anſwer it, Sir.

Brai. Sir, I'll take your Word, and this Gentleman's too, for his Appearance.

Dow. I'll ha' no Words taken: Bring him along.

Brai. Sir, I may chuſe to do that, I may take Bail.

Dow. 'Tis true, you may take Bail, and chuſe, at another time; but you ſhall not now, Varlet: Bring him along, or I'll ſwinge you.

Brai. Sir, I pity the Gentleman's Caſe. Here's your Money again.

Dow. 'Sdeyns, tell not me of my Money; bring him away, I ſay.

Brai. I warrant you he will go with you of himſelf, Sir.

Dow. Yet more ado?

Brai. I have made a fair Maſh on't.

Step. Muſt I go?

Brai. I know no remedy, Maſter *Stephen.*

Dow. Come along, afore me here; I do not love you hanging Look behind.

Step. Why, Sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it. Can he, Fellow?

Brai. I think not, Sir: It is but a Whipping Matter, ſure.

Step. Why then let him do his worſt, I am reſolute.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Clement, Kno'well, Kitely, Dame Kitely, Tib, Caſh, Cob Servants.

Clem. NAY, but ſtay, ſtay, give me leave: My Chair, Sirrah. You, Maſter *Kno'well*, ſay you went thither to meet your Son?

Kno. I, Sir.

Clem. But who directed you thither?

Kno. That did mine own Man, Sir.

Clem. Where is he?

Kno. Nay, I know not now; I left him with your Clerk, and appointed him to ſtay here for me.

Clem. My Clerk? About what time was this?

Kno. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my Man with the falſe Meſſage to you, Maſter *Kitely*?

Kit. After two, Sir.

Clem. Very good: But, Miſtreſs *Kitely*, how chance that you were at *Cob*'s, ha?

Dame. An't pleaſe you, Sir, I'll tell you: My Brother *Well-bred* told me, that *Cob*'s Houſe was a ſuſpected Place———

Clem. So it appears, methinks; but on.

Dame. And that my Husband us'd thither, daily.

Clem. No matter, ſo he us'd himſelf well, Miſtreſs.

Dame. True, Sir; but you know what grows by ſuch Haunts oftentimes.

Clem. I ſee rank Fruits of a jealous Brain, Miſtreſs *Kitely*:

Kitley: But did you find your Husband there, in that Caſe as you ſuſpected?

Kit. I found her there, Sir.

Clem. Did you ſo? That alters the Caſe. Who gave you Knowledge of your Wife's being there?

Kit. Marry, that did my Brother *Well-bred.*

Clem. How? *Well-bred* firſt tell her; then tell you after? Where is *Well-bred?*

Kit. Gone with my Siſter, Sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why, this is a meer Trick, a Device; you are gull'd in this moſt groſly all. Alas, poor Wench, wert thou beaten for this?

Tib. Yes, moſt pitifully, and't pleaſe you.

Cob. And worthily, I hope, if it ſhall prove ſo.

Clem. I, that's like, and a Piece of a Sentence. How now, Sir? what's the matter?

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentleman i' the Court without, deſires to ſpeak with your Worſhip.

Clem. A Gentleman? what's he?

Ser. A Soldier, Sir, he ſays.

Clem. A Soldier? Take down my Armour, my Sword, quickly. A Soldier ſpeak with me! Why, when, Knaves? Come on, come on, [*He arms himſelf.*] hold my Cap there, ſo; give me my Gorget, my Sword: Stand by, I will end your Matters anon—— Let the Soldier enter. Now, Sir, what ha' you to ſay to me?

[*To them.*] *Bobadill, Matthew.*

Bob. By your Worſhip's favour———

Clem. Nay, keep out, Sir; I know not your Pretence. You ſend me Word, Sir, you are a Soldier: Why, Sir, you ſhall be anſwer'd here, here be them have been amongſt Soldiers. Sir, your Pleaſure.

Bob. Faith, Sir, ſo it is, this Gentleman and my ſelf have been moſt uncivilly wrong'd and beaten, by one *Down-right*, a courſe Fellow, about the Town here; and for my own part, I proteſt, being a Man in no ſort given to this filthy Humour of Quarrelling, he hath aſſaulted me in the way of my Peace, deſpoil'd me of mine Honour, diſarm'd me of my Weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open Streets, when I not ſo much as once offered to reſiſt him.

Clem.

Clem. O, God's precious! Is this the Soldier? Here, take my Armour off quickly, 'twill make him ſwoon, I fear, he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a Blow.

Mat. An't pleaſe your Worſhip, he was bound to the Peace.

Clem. Why, an' he were, Sir, his Hands were not bound, were they?

Ser. There's one of the Varlets of the City, Sir, has brought two Gentlemen here; one, upon your Worſhip's Warrant.

Clem. My Warrant?

Ser. Yes, Sir; the Officer ſays, procur'd by theſe two.

Clem. Bid him come in. Set by this Picture. What, Mr. *Down-right*! are you brought at Mr. *Freſh-water's* Suit here?

Down-right, Stephen, Brain-worm, [*To them.*]

Dow. I' faith, Sir. And here's another brought at my Suit.

Clem. What are you, Sir?

Step. A Gentleman, Sir. O, Uncle!

Clem Uncle! who? Maſter *Kno'well?*

Kno. I, Sir; this is a wiſe Kinſman of mine.

Step. God's my Witneſs, Uncle, I am wrong'd here monſtrouſly; he charges me with ſtealing of his Cloke, and would I might never ſtir, if I did not find it in the Street by chance.

Dow. O, did you find it now? You ſaid you bought it e'er-while.

Step. And you ſaid, I ſtole it: Nay, now my Uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe a while: You that have Cauſe to complain there, ſtand forth: Had you my Warrant for this Gentleman's Apprehenſion?

Bob. I, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Clem. Nay, do not ſpeak in Paſſion ſo: where had you it?

Bob. Of your Clerk, Sir.

Clem. That's well! an' my Clerk can make Warrants, and my Hand not at 'em! where is the Warrant? Officer, have you it?

Brai. No, Sir, your Worſhip's Man, Maſter *Formal*, bid me do it for theſe Gentlemen, and he would be my Diſcharge.

Clem.

Clem. Why, Maſter *Down-right*, are you ſuch a Novice, to be ſerv'd and never ſee the Warrant?

Dow. Sir, he did not ſerve it on me.

Clem. No? how then?

Dow. Marry, Sir, he came to me, and ſaid he muſt ſerve it, and he would uſe me kindly, and ſo ——

Clem. O, God's pity, was it ſo, Sir? he muſt ſerve it? give me my long Sword there, and help me off. So, come on, Sir Varlet, I muſt cut off your Legs, Sirrah: nay, ſtand up, I'll uſe you kindly; I muſt cut off your Legs, I ſay. [*He flouriſhes over him with his long Sword.*

Brai. O, good Sir, I beſeech you; nay, good Maſter Juſtice.

Clem. I muſt do it, there is no remedy, I muſt cut off your Legs, Sirrah, I muſt cut off your Ears, you Raſcal, I muſt do it; I muſt cut off your Noſe, I muſt cut off your Head.

Brai. O, good your Worſhip.

Clem. Well, riſe, how doſt thou do now? doſt thou feel thy ſelf well? haſt thou no harm?

Brai. No, I thank your good Worſhip, Sir.

Clem. Why, ſo; I ſaid I muſt cut off thy Legs, and I muſt cut off thy Arms, and I muſt cut off thy Head; but, I did not do it: ſo you ſaid you muſt ſerve this Gentleman with my Warrant, but you did not ſerve him. You Knave, you Slave, you Rogue, do you ſay you muſt? Sirrah, away with him to the Goal, I'll teach you a Trick, for your *muſt*, Sir.

Brai. Good, Sir, I beſeech you, be good to me.

Clem. Tell him he ſhall to the Goal, away with him, I ſay.

Brai. Nay, Sir, if you will commit me, it ſhall be for committing more than this: I will not loſe my by travail, any Grain of my Fame, certain.

Clem. How is this?

Kno. My Man *Brain-worm?*

Step. O yes, Uncle, *Brain-worm* has been with my Couſin *Edward* and I all this Day.

Clem. I told you all, there was ſome Device.

Brai. Nay, excellent Juſtice, ſince I have laid my ſelf thus open to you, now ſtand ſtrong for me; both with your Sword and your Ballance.

Clem.

Clem. Body o' me, a merry Knave! Give me a Bowl of Sack: If he belong to you, Maſter *Kno'well*, I beſpeak your Patience.

Brai. That is it, I have moſt need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the reſt of my Exploits.

Kno. Sir, you know I love not to have my Favours come hard from me. You have your Pardon, though I ſuſpect you ſhrewdly for being of Counſel with my Son againſt me.

Brai. Yes, faith, I have. Sir, though you retain'd me doubly this Morning for your ſelf: firſt as *Brain-worm*; after, as *Fitz-Sword*. I was your reform'd Soldier, Sir. 'Twas I ſent you to *Cob*'s upon the Errand without end.

Kno. Is it poſſible! or that thou ſhould'ſt diſguiſe thy Language ſo as I ſhould not know thee?

Brai. O, Sir, this has been the Day of my *Metamorphoſis*! It is not that Shape alone that I have run through to Day. I brought this Gentleman, Mr. *Kitley*, a Meſſage too, in the Form of Mr. Juſtice's Man here, to draw him out o' th' way, as well as your Worſhip, while Maſter *Well bred* might make a Conveyance of Miſtreſs *Bridget* to my young Maſter.

Kit. How! my Siſter ſtol'n away?

Kno. My Son is not married, I hope!

Brai. Faith, Sir, they are both as ſure as Love, a Prieſt, and three thouſand Pound (which is her Portion) can make 'em; and by this time are ready to beſpeak their Wedding Supper at the *Wind-mill*, except ſome Friend here prevent 'em, and invite 'em home.

Clem. Marry that will I (I thank thee for putting me in mind on't.) Sirrah, go you and fetch 'em hither upon my Warrant. Neither's Friends have Cauſe to be ſorry, if I know the young Couple aright. Here, I drink to thee for thy good News. But, I pray thee, what haſt thou done with my Man *Formal*?

Brai. Faith, Sir, after ſome Ceremony paſt, as making him drunk, firſt with Story, and then with Wine (but all in Kindneſs) and ſtripping him to his Shirt, I left him in that cool Vein; departed, ſold your Worſhip's Warrant to theſe two, pawn'd his Livery for that Varlet's Gown to

ſerve

ſerve it in; and thus have brought my ſelf by my Activity to your Worſhip's Conſideration.

Clem. And I will conſider thee in another Cup of Sack. Here's to thee; which having drunk off, this is my Sentence. Pledge me. Thou haſt done, or aſſiſted to nothing, in my Judgment, but deſerves to be pardon'd for the Wit o' the Offence. If thy Maſter, or any Man here, be angry with thee, I ſhall ſuſpect his Engine while I know him for't. How now, what Noiſe is that?

Serv. Sir, it is *Roger* is come home.

Clem. Bring him in, bring him in. What! drunk in Arms againſt me? Your Reaſon, your Reaſon for this.

To them, Formal.

For. I beſeech your Worſhip to pardon me; I happen'd into ill Company by chance that caſt me into a ſleep, and ſtript me of all my Clothes——

Clem. Well, tell him I am Juſtice *Clement*, and do pardon him: but what is this to your Armour? what may that ſignifie?

For. An't pleaſe you, Sir, it hung up i' the Room where I was ſtript; and I borrow'd it of one o' the Drawers to come home in, becauſe I was loth to do Penance through the Street i' my Shirt.

Clem. Well, ſtand by a while. Who be theſe? O, the young Company, welcome, welcome. Gi' you Joy. Nay, Miſtreſs *Bridget*, bluſh not; you are not ſo freſh a Bride, but the News of it is come hither afore you. Maſter Bridegroom, I ha' made your Peace, give me your Hand: ſo will I for all the reſt, e're you forſake my Roof.

Ed. Kno'well, Well-bred, Bridget. [*To them.*]

E. Kno. We are the more bound to your Humanity, Sir.

Clem. Only theſe two have ſo little of Man in 'em they are no part of my Care.

Wel. Yes, Sir, let me pray you for this Gentleman, he belongs to my Siſter the Bride.

Clem. In what Place, Sir?

Wel. Of her Delight, Sir, below the Stairs, and in publick: her *Poet*, Sir.

Clem. A *Poet*? I will challenge him my ſelf preſently at *extempore*.

Mount

Mount up thy Phlegon Muſe, and teſtifie,
How Saturn *ſitting in an Ebon Cloud,*
Diſrob'd his Podex white as Ivory,
And through the Welkin thundred all aloud.

Wel. He is not for *extempore*, Sir. He is all for the Pocket-*Muſe*: pleaſe you command a Sight of it.

Clem. Yes, yes, ſearch him for a Taſte of his Vein.

Wel. You muſt not deny the Queen's Juſtice, Sir, under a Writ o' Rebellion.

Clem. What! all this Verſe? Body o' me, he carries a whole Realm, a Common-wealth of Paper in's Hoſe! let's ſee ſome of his Subjects.

Unto the boundleſs Ocean of thy Face,
Runs this poor River charg'd with Streams of Eyes.

How? this is ſtoln!

E. Kno. A *Parodie*! a *Parodie*! with a kind of miraculous Gift, to make it abſurder than it was.

Clem. Is all the reſt of this Batch? Bring me a Torch; lay it together, and give Fire. Cleanſe the Air. Here was enough to have infected the whole City, if it had not been taken in time! See, ſee, how our *Poet*'s Glory ſhines! brighter and brighter! ſtill it increaſes! O, now it's at the higheſt: and now it declines as faſt. You may ſee, *ſic tranſit gloria mundi.*

Kno. There's an *Emblem* for you Son, and your Studies!

Clem. Nay, no Speech or Act of mine be drawn againſt ſuch as profeſs it worthily. They are not born every Year, as an Alderman. There goes more to the making of a good *Poet*, than a Sheriff. Mr. *Kitely*, you look upon me! though I live i' the City here, amongſt you, I will do more Reverence to him, when I meet him, than I will to the Mayor out of his Year. But theſe Paper-pedlers! theſe Ink-dablers! They cannot expect Reprehenſion or Reproach. They have it with the Fact.

E. Kno. Sir, you have ſav'd me the Labour of a Defence.

Clem. It ſhall be diſcourſe for Supper; between your Father and me, if he dare undertake me. But to diſpatch away theſe, you Sign o' the *Soldier*, and Picture o' the *Poet* (but both ſo falſe, I will not ha' you hang'd out at my Door till Midnight) while we are at Supper, you two

ſhall

ſhall penitently faſt it out in my Court without; and, if you will, you may pray there that we may be ſo merry within as to forgive or forget you, when we come out. Here's a third, becauſe we tender your Safety, ſhall watch you, he is provided for the Purpoſe. Look to your Charge, Sir.

Step. And what ſhall I do?

Clem. O! I had loſt a Sheep an' he had not bleated! Why, Sir, you ſhall give Mr. *Down-right* his Cloke: and I will intreat him to take it. A Trencher and a Napkin you ſhall have i' the Buttry, and keep *Cob* and his Wife Company here; whom I will intreat firſt to be reconcil'd; and you to endeavour with your Wit to keep 'em ſo.

Step. I'll do my beſt.

Cob. Why, now I ſee thou art honeſt, *Tib*, I receive thee as my dear and mortal Wife again.

Tib. And I you, as my loving and obedient Husband.

Clem. Good Compliment! It will be their Bridal Night too. They are married anew. Come, I conjure the reſt to put off all Diſcontent. You, Mr. *Down-right*, your Anger; you, Maſter *Kno'well*, your Cares; Maſter *Kitely* and his Wife, their Jealouſie.

For, I muſt tell you both, while that is fed,
Horns i' the Mind are worſe than o' the Head.

Kit. Sir, thus they go from me; kiſs me, ſweet Heart,

See what a drove of Horns flie in the Air,
Wing'd with my cleanſed and my credulous Breath!
Watch 'em ſuſpicious Eyes, watch where they fall.
See, ſee! on Heads, that think th' have none at all!
O, what a plenteous World of this will come!
When Air rains Horns, all may be ſure of ſome.

I ha' learn'd ſo much Verſe out of a jealous Man's Part in a Play.

Clem. 'Tis well, 'tis well! This Night we'll dedicate to Friendſhip, Love, and Laughter. Maſter Bridegroom, take your Bride and lead; every one a Fellow. Here is my Miſtreſs, *Brain-worm*! to whom all my Addreſſes of Courtſhip ſhall have their Reference. Whoſe Adventures this Day, when our Grand-children ſhall hear to be made a Fable, I doubt not but it ſhall find both Spectators and Applauſe.

EVE-

EVERY MAN

OUT OF HIS

HUMOUR.

A

COMICAL SATYR,

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES.

---

*Non aliena meo preſſi pede | * ſi propius ſtes.*
*Te capient magis | * & decies repetita place-*
bunt. Hor.

DUBLIN:

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MDCC XXIX.

TO THE

Nobleſt NURSERIES of Humanity and Liberty in the Kingdom,

The INNS of COURT.

I Underſtand you, Gentlemen, not your Houſes: and a worthy Succeſſion of you to all Time, as being born the Judges of theſe Studies. When I wrote this *Poem* I had Friendſhip with divers in your Societies; who, as they were great Names in Learning, ſo they were no leſs Examples of Living. Of them, and then (that I ſay no more) it was not deſpis'd. Now that the Printer, by a doubled Charge, thinks it worthy a longer Life than commonly the Air of ſuch things doth promiſe; I am careful to put it a Servant to their Pleaſures, who are the Inheritors of the firſt Favour born it. Yet, I command it lie not in the way of your more Noble and Uſeful Studies to the Publick. For ſo I ſhall ſuffer for it: But when the Gown and Cap is off, and the Lord of Liberty reigns, then to take it in your Hands, perhaps may make ſome Bencher, tincted with Humanity, read and not repent him.

By Your true Honourer,

 BEN. JOHNSON.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Aſper, *the Preſenter.*
Macilente.

Puntarvolo, { *His Lady.* / *Waiting Gent.* / *Huntſman.* / *Serving Men* 2. / *Dog and Cat.*

Carlo Buffone.
Faſtid Brisk. { Cinedo *his Page.*
Deliro. { Fido *their Servant.*
Fallace. { *Muſicians.*
Saviolina.

Sordido. { *His Hind.*

Fungoſo. { *Taylor.* / *Haberdaſher.* / *Shoe-maker.*

Sogliardo.
Shift. { *Ruſtici.*
Clove. { *A Groom.* / *Drawers.* / *Conſtable* and *Officers.*

Orange.
Grex.
Cordatus.
Mitis.

THE

Character of the Perſons.

ASPER.

HE is of an ingenious and free Spirit, eager and conſtant in Reproof, without fear, controling the World's Abuſes. One whom no ſervile Hope of Gain, or froſty Apprehenſion of Danger, can make to be a Paraſite, either to Time, Place, or Opinion.

MACILENTE.

A Man well parted, a ſufficient Scholar, and travell'd; who (wanting that Place in the World's Account which he thinks his Merit capable of) falls into ſuch an envious Apoplexy, with which his Judgment is ſo dazled and diſtaſted, that he grows violently impatient of any oppoſite Happineſs in another.

PUNTARVOLO.

A vain-glorious Knight, over-Engliſhing his Travels, and wholly conſecrated to ſingularity; the very Jacob's *Staff of Complement; a Sir that hath liv'd to ſee the Revolution of Time in moſt of his Apparel. Of Preſence good enough, but ſo palpably affected to his own Praiſe, that (for want of flatterers) he commends himſelf, to the Floutage of his own Family. He deals upon Returns, and ſtrange Performances, reſolving (in deſpight of publick Deriſion) to ſtick to his own particular Faſhion, Phraſe, and Geſture.*

CARLO BUFFONE.

A publick, ſcurrilous, and prophane Jeſter; that (more ſwift than Circe) *with abſurd* Similes *will tranſform any Perſon into Deformity. A good Feaſt-hound, or Banquet-beagle,*

bragle, that will ſcent you out a Supper ſome three Miles off, and ſwear to his Patrons (Damn him) *he came in Oars, when he was but waſted over in a Skuller. A Slave that hath an extraordinary Gift in pleaſing his Pallat, and will ſwill up more Sack at a Sitting than would make all the Guard a Poſſet. His Religion is railing, and his Diſcourſe ribaldry. They ſtand higheſt in his Reſpect, whom he ſtudies moſt to reproach.*

FASTIDIUS BRISK.

A neat, ſpruce affecting Courtier, one that wears Clothes well, and in Faſhion; practiſeth by his Glaſs how to ſalute; ſpeaks good Remnants (notwithſtanding the Baſe-viol and Tobacco:) Swears terſly, and with Variety; cares not what Lady's Favour he belies, or great Man's Familiarity: A good Property to perfume the Boot of a Coach. He will borrow another Man's Horſe to praiſe, and backs him as his own. Or, for a need, on Foot can poſt himſelf into Credit with his Merchant, only with the Gingle of his Spur, and the Jerk of his Wand.

DELIRO.

A good doting Citizen, who (it is thought) might be of the Common-Council for his Wealth; a Fellow ſincerely beſotted on his own Wife, and ſo rapt with a Conceit of her Perfections, that he ſimply holds himſelf unworthy of her. And in that hood-winkt Humour lives more like a Suiter than a Husband; ſtanding in as true Dread of her Diſpleaſure, as when he firſt made Love to her. He doth ſacrifice two-pence in Juniper to her every Morning before ſhe riſes, and wakes her with villanous-out-of-tune Muſick, which ſhe out of her Contempt (though not out of her Judgment) is ſure to diſlike.

FALLACE.

Deliro's *Wife, and Idol; a proud mincing Peat, and as perverſe as he is officious. She dotes as perfectly upon the Courtier, as her Husband doth on her, and only wants the Face to be diſhoneſt.*

Character of the Perſons.

SAVIOLINA.

A Court Lady, whoſe weightieſt Praiſe is a light Wit, admir'd by her ſelf, and one more, her Servant Briſk.

SORDIDO.

A wretched hob-nail'd Chuff, whoſe Recreation is reading of Almanacks; and Felicity, ſoul Weather. One that never pray'd but for a lean Dearth, and ever wept in a fat Harveſt.

FUNGOSO.

The Son of Sordido, *and a Student; one that has revell'd in his time, and follows the Faſhion afar off, like a Spie. He makes it the whole bent of his Endeavours, to wring ſufficient Means from his wretched Father to put him in the Courtiers Cut; at which he earneſtly aims, but ſo unluckily, that he ſtill lights ſhort a Sute.*

SOGLIARDO.

An eſſential Clown, Brother to Sordido, *yet ſo enamour'd of the Name of a Gentleman, that he will have it, though he buys it. He comes up every Term to learn to take Tobacco, and ſee new Motions. He is in his Kingdom when he can get himſelf into Company where he may be well laught at.*

SHIFT.

A thread-bare Shark; one that never was Soldier, yet lives upon Lendings. His Profeſſion is ſkeldring and odling, his Bank Pauls, *and his Ware-houſe* Pict-hatch. *Takes up ſingle Teſtons upon Oaths, till Dooms-day. Falls under Executions of three Shillings, and enters into five-groat Bonds. He way-lays the Reports of Services, and cons them without Book, damning himſelf he came new from them, when all the while he was taking the Diet in the Bawdy-houſe, or lay pawn'd in his Chamber for Rent and Victuals. He is of that admirable and happy Memory, that he will ſalute one for an old Acquaintance that he never ſaw in his Life before. He uſurps upon Cheats, Quarrels, and Robberies, which he never did, only to get him a Name. His*

chief

chief Exercises are, taking the Whiff, squirring a Cockatrice, and making privy Searches for Imparters.

CLOVE and ORANGE.

An inseparable Case of Coxcombs, City born; The Gemini, or Twins of Foppery; that like a Pair of Wooden Foyles, are fit for nothing but to be practis'd upon. Being well flatter'd they'll lend Money, and repent when they ha' done. Their Glory is to invite Players, and make Suppers. And in Company of better Rank (to avoid the Suspect of Insufficiency) will enforce their Ignorance most desperately, to set upon the Understanding of any thing. Orange *is the more humorous of the two (whose small Portion of Juice being squeez'd out)* Clove *serves to stick him with Commendations.*

CORDATUS.

The Author's Friend; a Man inly acquainted with the Scope and Drift of his Plot; of a discreet and understanding Judgment; and has the Place of a Moderator.

MITIS.

Is a Person of no Action, and therefore we have Reason to afford him no Character.

EVERY

EVERY MAN
OUT OF HIS
HUMOUR.

After the ſecond Sounding.

GREX.

Cordatus, Aſper, Mitis.

CORDATUS.

AY, my dear *Aſper.*

Mit. Stay your Mind.

Aſp. Away.

Who is ſo patient of this impious World,
That he can check his Spirit, or rein his Tongue?
Or who hath ſuch a dead unfeeling Senſe,
That Heaven's horrid Thunders cannot wake?
To ſee the Earth crackt with the weight of Sin,
Hell gaping under us, and o'er our Heads
Black rav'nous Ruin, with her Sail-ſtretch'd Wings,

Ready to ſink us down, and cover us.
Who can behold ſuch Prodigies as theſe,
And have his Lips ſeal'd up? Not I: My Soul
Was never ground into ſuch Oily Colours,
To flatter Vice, and dawb Iniquity:
But (with an armed and reſolved Hand)
I'll ſtrip the ragged Follies of the Time
Naked as at their Birth:
Cor. (Be not too bold.
Aſp. You trouble me) and with a Whip of Steel,
Print wounding Laſhes in their Iron Ribs.
I fear no Mood ſtampt in a private Brow,
When I am pleas'd t' unmask a publick Vice.
I fear no Strumpets Drugs, nor Ruffians Stab,
Should I detect their hateful Luxuries:
No Brokers, Uſurers, or Lawyers Gripe,
Were I diſpos'd to ſay, they're all corrupt.
I fear no Courtier's Frown, ſhould I applaud
The eaſie Flexure of his ſupple Hams.
Tut, theſe are ſo innate and popular,
That drunken Cuſtom would not ſhame to laugh
(In ſcorn) at him, that ſhould not dare to tax 'em.
And yet, not one of theſe but knows his Works,
Knows what Damnation is, the Devil, and Hell;
Yet hourly they perſiſt, grow rank in Sin,
Puffing their Souls away in perj'rous Air,
To cheriſh their Extortion, Pride, or Luſts.
Mit. Forbear, good *Aſper*; be not like your Name,
Aſp. O, but to ſuch whoſe Faces are all Zeal,
And (with the Words of *Hercules*) invade
Such Crimes as theſe! that will not ſmell of Sin,
But ſeem as they were made of Sanctity!
Religion in their Garments, and their Hair
Cut ſhorter than their Eye-brows! when the Conſcience
Is vaſter than the Ocean, and devours
More Wretches than the Counters.
Mit. Gentle *Aſper*,
Contain your Spirit in more ſtricter Bounds,
And be not thus tranſported with the Violence
Of your ſtrong Thoughts.
Cor. Unleſs your Breath had power

To

To melt the World, and mould it new again,
It is in vain to ſpend it in theſe Moods.
Aſp. I not obſerv'd this thronged Round till now.
Gracious and kind Spectators, you are welcome;
Apollo and the *Muſes* feaſt your Eyes
With graceful Objects, and may our *Minerva*
Anſwer your Hopes, unto their largeſt Strain.
Yet here miſtake me not, judicious Friends;
I do not this, to beg your Patience,
Or ſervilely to fawn on your Applauſe,
Like ſome dry Brain, deſpairing in his Merit.
Let me be cenſur'd by th' auſtereſt Brow,
Where I want Art or Judgment, tax me freely:
Let envious Cenſors, with their broadeſt Eyes,
Look through and through me, I purſue no Favour;
Only vouchſafe me your Attentions,
And I will give you Muſick worth your Ears.
O, how I hate the monſtrouſneſs of Time,
Where every ſervile imitating Spirit,
(Plagu'd with an itching Leproſie of Wit)
In a meer halting Fury, ſtrives to fling
His ulc'rous Body in the *Theſpian* Spring,
And ſtreight leaps forth a Poet! but as lame
As *Vulcan*, or the Founder of *Cripplegate*.
Mit. In faith this Humour will come ill to ſome,
You will be thought to be too peremptory.
Aſp. This Humour? good! And why this Humour, *Mitis*?
Nay, do not turn, but anſwer.
Mit. Anſwer? what?
Aſp. I will not ſtir your Patience, pardon me,
I urg'd it for ſome Reaſons, and the rather
To give theſe ignorant well-ſpoken Days
Some Taſte of their Abuſe of this Word Humour.
Cor. O, do not let your Purpoſe fall, good *Aſper*;
It cannot but arrive moſt acceptable,
Chiefly to ſuch as have the happineſs,
Daily to ſee how the poor innocent Word
I rack'd and tortur'd.
Mit. I, I pray you proceed.
Aſp. Ha? what? what is't?

Cor. For the abuſe of Humour.

Aſp. O, I crave pardon, I had loſt my Thoughts.
Why, Humour (as 'tis *ens*) we thus define it,
To be a Quality of Air, or Water,
And in it ſelf holds theſe two Properties,
Moiſture and Fluxure: As, for Demonſtration,
Pour Water on this Floor, 'twill wet and run:
Likewiſe the Air (forc'd through a Horn or Trumpet)
Flows inſtantly away, and leaves behind
A kind of Dew; and hence we do conclude,
That whatſoe'er hath Fluxure and Humidity,
As wanting Power to contain it ſelf,
Is Humour. So in every human Body,
The Choler, Melancholy, Phlegm, and Blood,
By reaſon that they flow continually
In ſome one Part, and are not continent,
Receive the Name of Humours. Now thus far
It may, by Metaphor, apply it ſelf
Unto the general Diſpoſition:
As when ſome one peculiar Quality
Doth ſo poſſeſs a Man, that it doth draw
All his Affects, his Spirits, and his Powers,
In their Confluctions, all to run one way,
This may be truly ſaid to be a Humour.
But that a Rook by wearing a py'd Feather,
The Cable Hatband, or the three-pil'd Ruff,
A Yard of Shoe-tye, or the *Switzer*'s Knot
On his *French* Garters, ſhould affect a Humour!
O, it is more than moſt ridiculous.

Cor. He ſpeaks pure Truth now; if an Idiot
Have but an apiſh or fantaſtick Strain,
It is his Humour.

Aſp. Well, I will ſcourge thoſe Apes,
And to theſe courteous Eyes oppoſe a Mirrour,
As large as is the Stage whereon we act;
Where they ſhall ſee the Time's Deformity
Anatomiz'd in every Nerve and Sinew,
With conſtant Courage, and contempt of Fear.

Mit. Aſper, (I urge it as your Friend) take heed,
The Days are dangerous, full of Exception,
And Men are grown impatient of Reproof.

Aſp.

Aſp. Ha, ha!
You might as well have told me, Yond' is Heav'n,
This Earth, theſe Men, and all had mov'd alike.
Do not I know the Time's Condition?
Yes, *Mitis*, and their Souls, and who they be
That either will or can except 'gainſt me.
None but a ſort of Fools, ſo ſick in taſte,
That they contemn all Phyſick of the Mind,
And, like glad Camels, kick at every Touch.
Good Men, and virtuous Spirits, that loath their Vices,
Will cheriſh my free Labours, love my Lines,
And with the Fervor of their ſhining Grace
Make my Brain fruitful, to bring forth more Objects
Worthy their ſerious and intentive Eyes.
But why enforce I this? as fainting? No.
If any here chance to behold himſelf,
Let him not dare to challenge me of Wrong:
For, if he ſhame to have his Follies known,
Firſt he ſhould ſhame to act 'em: My ſtrict Hand
Was made to ſeize on Vice, and with a Gripe
Squeeze out the Humour of ſuch ſpongy Natures,
As lick up every idle Vanity.
Cor. Why, this is right *Furor Poeticus*!
Kind Gentlemen, we hope your Patience
Will yet conceive the beſt, or entertain
This Suppoſition, That a Mad-man ſpeaks.
Aſp. What, are you ready there? *Mitis*, ſit down,
And my *Cordatus*. Sound ho, and begin.
I leave you two, as Cenſors, to ſit here:
Obſerve what I preſent, and liberally
Speak your Opinions upon every Scene,
As it ſhall paſs the View of theſe Spectators.
Nay, now y'are tedious, Sirs; for ſhame begin.
And, *Mitis*, note me; if in all this Front
You can eſpy a Gallant of this Mark,
Who (to be thought one of the Judicious)
Sits with his Arms thus wreath'd, his Hat pull'd here,
Cries mew, and nods, then ſhakes his empty Head,
Will ſhew more ſeveral Motions in his Face
Than the new *London*, *Rome*, or *Niniveh*,
And (now and then) breaks a dry Biſquet-Jeſt,

Which, that it may more eaſily be chew'd,
He ſteeps in his own Laughter.
Cor. Why, will that
Make it be ſooner ſwallow'd?
Aſp. O, aſſure you.
Or if it did not, yet, as *Horace* ſings,
" *Jejunus rarò ſtomachus vulgaria temnit,*
" Mean Cates are welcome ſtill to hungry Gueſts.
Cor. 'Tis true: but why ſhould we obſerve 'em, *Aſper?*
Aſp. O, I would know 'em; for in ſuch Aſſemblies
Th' are more infectious than the Peſtilence:
And therefore I would give them Pills to purge,
And make 'em fit for fair Societies.
How monſtrous and deteſted is't, to ſee
A Fellow, that has neither Art nor Brain,
Sit like an *Ariſtarchus*, or ſtark Aſs,
Taking Mens Lines, with a Tobacco-face,
In ſnuff, ſtill ſpitting, uſing his wry'd Looks
(In nature of a Vice) to wreſt and turn
The good Aſpect of thoſe that ſhall ſit near him,
From what they do behold! O, 'tis moſt vile.
Mit. Nay, *Aſper.*
Aſp. Peace, *Mitis*, I do know your Thought.
You'll ſay, Your Gueſts here will except at this:
Piſh, you are too timerous, and full of doubt.
Then he, a Patient, ſhall reject all Phyſick,
'Cauſe the Phyſician tells him, you are Sick:
Or, if I ſay, That he is Vicious,
You will not hear of Virtue. Come, y'are fond.
Shall I be ſo extravagant, to think,
That happy Judgments, and compoſed Spirits,
Will challenge me for taxing ſuch as theſe?
I am aſham'd.
Cor. Nay, but good, pardon us;
We muſt not bear this peremptory Sail;
But uſe our beſt Endeavours how to pleaſe.
Aſp. Why, therein I commend your careful Thoughts,
And I will mix with you in Induſtry
To pleaſe: But whom? Attentive Auditors,
Such as will join their Profit with their Pleaſure,
And come to feed their underſtanding Parts;

For

For theſe I'll prodigally ſpend my ſelf,
And ſpeak away my Spirit into Air;
For theſe I'll melt my Brain into Invention,
Coin new Conceits, and hang my richeſt Words
As poliſh'd Jewels in their bounteous Ears.
But ſtay, I loſe my ſelf, and wrong their Patience:
If I dwell here, they'll not begin, I ſee.
Friends, ſit you ſtill, and entertain this Troop
With ſome familiar and By-Conference,
I'll haſte them ſound. Now, Gentlemen, I go
To turn an Actor, and a Humouriſt,
Where (e're I do reſume my preſent Perſon)
We hope to make the Circles of your Eyes
Flow with diſtilled Laughter: If we fail,
We muſt impute it to this only Chance,
" *Art* hath an Enemy call'd *Ignorance*. [*Exit* Aſp.

Cor. How do you like his Spirit, *Mitis*?

Mit. I ſhould like it much better, if he were leſs confident.

Cor. Why, do you ſuſpect his Merit?

Mit. No, but I fear this will procure him much Envy.

Cor. O, that ſets the ſtronger Seal on his Deſert: if he had no Enemies, I ſhould eſteem his Fortunes moſt wretched at this inſtant.

Mit. You have ſeen his Play, *Cordatus*: Pray you, how is't?

Cor. Faith, Sir, I muſt refrain to judge; only this I can ſay of it, 'Tis ſtrange, and of a particular kind by it ſelf, ſomewhat like *Vetus Comœdia*; a Work that hath bounteouſly pleaſed me; how it will anſwer the general Expectation, I know not.

Mit. Do's he obſerve all the Laws of *Comedy* in it?

Cor. What Laws mean you?

Mit. Why, the equal Diviſion of it into *Acts* and *Scenes*, according to the *Terentian* manner, his true Number of Actors; the furniſhing of the *Scene* with *Grex* or *Chorus*, and that the whole Argument fall within compaſs of a Day's Buſineſs.

Cor. O no, theſe are too nice Obſervations.

Mit. They are ſuch as muſt be received, by your favour, or it cannot be authentick.

Cor. Troth, I can diſcern no ſuch Neceſſity.

Mit. No?

Cor. No, I aſſure you, Signior. If thoſe Laws you ſpeak of had been delivered us *ab initio*, and in their preſent Virtue and Perfection, there had been ſome reaſon of obeying their Powers; but 'tis extant, that that which we call *Comœdia*, was at firſt nothing but a ſimple and continued Song, ſung by one only Perſon, till *Suſario* invented a Second; after him, *Epicharmus* a Third; *Phormus* and *Chionides* deviſed to have Four Actors, with a *Prologue* and *Chorus*; to which *Cratinus* (long after) added a Fifth and Sixth; *Eupolis*, more; *Ariſtophanes*, more than they: Every Man in the Dignity of his Spirit and Judgment ſupplied ſomething. And (though that in him this kind of *Poem* appeared abſolute, and fully perfected) yet how is the Face of it chang'd ſince, in *Menander*, *Philemon*, *Cecilius*, *Plautus* and the reſt? who have utterly exc uded the *Chorus*, altered the Property of the Perſons, their Names, and Natures, and augmented it with all Liberty, according to the Elegancy and Diſpoſition of thoſe Times wherein they wrote. I ſee not then, but we ſhould enjoy the ſame Licence, or free Power, to illuſtrate and heighten our Invention as they did; and not be tied to thoſe ſtrict and regular Forms which the Niceneſs of a few (who are nothing but Form) would thruſt upon us.

Mit. Well, we will not diſpute of this now: But what's his *Scene*?

Cor. Marry, *Inſula Fortunata*, Sir.

Mit. O, the fortunate Iſland: Maſs he has bound himſelf to a ſtrict Law there.

Cor. Why ſo?

Mit. He cannot lightly alter the *Scene*, without croſſing the Seas.

Cor. He needs not, having a whole Iſland to run through, I think.

Mit. No? How comes it then, that in ſome one Play we ſee ſo many Seas, Countries, and Kingdoms, paſt over with ſuch admirable Dexterity?

Cor. O, that but ſhews how well the Authors can travel in their Vocation, and out-run the Apprehenſion of their Audi-

Auditory. But leaving this, I would they would begin once: This Protraction is able to ſour the beſt-ſettled Patience in the Theatre.

Mit. They have anſwered your Wiſh, Sir; they ſound.

Cor. O, here comes the *Prologue*. Now, Sir, if you had ſtaid a little longer, I meant to have ſpoke your Prologue for you, i' faith.

The third Sounding.

PROLOGUE.

Prol. Marry, with all my Heart, Sir, you ſhall do it yet, and I thank you.

Cor. Nay, nay, ſtay, ſtay, hear you?

Prol. You could not have ſtudied to ha' done me a greater benefit at the inſtant; for I proteſt to you, I am unperfect, and (had I ſpoke it) I muſt of neceſſity have been out.

Cor. Why, but do you ſpeak this ſeriouſly?

Prol. Seriouſly! I (Wit's my help, do I) and eſteem my ſelf indebted to your Kindneſs for it.

Cor. For what?

Prol. Why, for undertaking the Prologue for me.

Cor. How? did I undertake it for you?

Prol. Did you! I appeal to all theſe Gentlemen, whether you did or no? Come, come, it pleaſes you to caſt a ſtrange look on't now; but 'twill not ſerve.

Cor. 'Fore me, but it muſt ſerve; and therefore ſpeak your Prologue.

Prol. An' I do, let me die poiſon'd with ſome venomous Hiſs, and never live to look as high as the two-penny Room again.

Mit. He has put you to it, Sir.

Cor. What a humorous Fellow is this? Gentlemen, good faith I can ſpeak no Prologue, howſoever his weak Wit has had the Fortune to make this ſtrong uſe of me here before you: But I proteſt ———

Enter Carlo Buffone, *with a Boy and Wine.*

Car. Come, come, leave theſe fuſtian Proteſtations; away, come, I cannot abide theſe gray headed Ceremo-

nits. Boy, fetch me a Glaſs, quickly. I may bid theſe Gentlemen welcome; give 'em a Health here. I mar'le whoſe Wit 'twas to put a Prologue in yond' Sackbut's Mouth; they might well think he'd be out of tune, and yet you'd play upon him too.

Cor. Hang him, dull Block.

Car. O good words, good words; a well-timber'd Fellow, he would ha' made a good Column, an' he had been thought on, when the Houſe was a building. O, art thou come? Well ſaid; give me, Boy, fill, ſo. Here's a Cup of Wine ſparkles like a Diamond. Gentlewomen (I am ſworn to put them in firſt) and Gentlemen, a Round, in a place of a bad Prologue; I drink this good Draught to your Health here, *Canary*, the very *Elixir* and Spirit of Wine. This is that our Poet calls *Caſtalian Liquor*, when he comes abroad (now and then) once in a Fortnight, and makes a good Meal among Players, where he has *Caninum appetitum*; Marry, at home he keeps a good Philoſophical Diet, Beans and Butter-milk; an honeſt pure Rogue, he will take you off three, four, five of theſe, one after another, and look villanouſly when he has done, like a one-headed *Cerberus* (he does not hear me, I hope) and then (when his Belly is well ballac'd, and his Brain rigg'd a little) he ſails away with all, as though he would work Wonders when he comes home. He has made a Play here, and he calls it, *Every Man out of his Humour*: But an' he get me out of the Humour he has put me in, I'll truſt none of his Tribe again while I live. Genteels, all I can ſay for him, is, You are welcome: I could wiſh my Bottle here amongſt you; but there's an old Rule, *No pledging your own Health.* Marry, if any here be thirſty for it, their beſt way (that I know) is, ſit ſtill, ſeal up their Lips, and drink ſo much of the Play in at their Ears. [*Exit.*

GREX.

Mit. What may this Fellow be, *Cordatus*?

Cor. Faith if the Time will ſuffer his Deſcription, I'll give it you. He is one, the Author calls him *Carlo Buffone*, an impudent common Jeſter, a violent Railer, and an incomprehenſible Epicure; one whoſe Company is deſir'd of all Men, but belov'd of none; he will ſooner loſe his Soul than a Jeſt, and prophane even the moſt holy

Things,

Things, to excite Laughter: No Honourable or Reverend Perſonage whatſoever, can come within the reach of his Eye, but is turn'd into all manner of Variety, by his adulterate *Similies*.

Mit. You paint forth a Monſter.

Cor. He will prefer all Countries before his Native, and thinks he can never ſufficiently, or with admiration enough, deliver his affectionate Conceit of Foreign Atheiſtical Policies. But ſtay———
Obſerve theſe; he'll appear himſelf anon.

Mit. O, this is your envious Man (*Macilente*) I think.

Cor. The ſame, Sir.

ACT I.

Macilente.

Viri eſt, fortunæ tacitatem facilè ferre.
'Tis true; but, Stoick, where (in the vaſt World)
Doth that Man breathe, that can ſo much command
His Blood and his Affection? Well, I ſee
I ſtrive in vain to cure my wounded Soul;
For every Cordial that my Thoughts apply
Turns to a Corr'ſive, and doth eat it farther.
There is no taſte in this Philoſophy,
'Tis like a Potion that a Man ſhould drink,
But turns his Stomach with the ſight of it.
I am no ſuch pil'd *Cynique*, to believe,
That Beggary is the only Happineſs;
Or (with a number of theſe patient Fools)
To ſing: *My Mind to me a Kingdom is*,
When the lank hungry Belly barks for Food.
I look into the World, and there I meet
With objects, that do ſtrike my Blood-ſhot Eyes
Into my Brain: where, when I view my ſelf,
Having before obſerv'd, this Man is great,
Mighty, and fear'd; that lov'd, and highly favour'd;
A third thought wiſe and learned; a fourth rich,
And therefore honour'd; a fifth rarely featur'd;

A ſixth admir'd for his nuptial fortunes:
When I ſee theſe (I ſay) and view my ſelf,
I wiſh the Organs of my ſight were crackt;
And that the Engine of my Grief could caſt
Mine Eye-balls, like two Globes of wild-fire, forth,
To melt this unproportion'd Frame of Nature.
Oh, they are Thoughts that have transfixt my Heart,
And often (i' the Strength of Apprehenſion)
Made my cold Paſſion ſtand upon my Face,
Like drops of Dew on a ſtiff Cake of Ice.

GREX.

Cor. This alludes well to that of the Poet,

Invidus ſuſpirat, gemit, incutitque dentes,
Sudat frigidus, intuens quod dit.

Mit. O peace, you break the *Scene.*

Maci. Soft, who be theſe?
I'll lay me down awhile till they be paſt.

GREX.

Cor. Signior, note this Gallant, I pray you.

Mit. What is he?

Cor. A tame Rook, you'll take him preſently; liſt.

Sogliardo, Carlo Buffone, Macilente.

Sog. Nay, look you *Carlo:* this is my Humour now! I have Land and Mony, my Friends left me well, and I will be a Gentleman whatſoever it coſt me.

Car. A moſt Gentleman-like Reſolution.

Sog. Tut, an' I take an Humour of a thing once, I am like your Taylor's Needle, I go through; but, for my Name, *Signior,* how think you? will it not ſerve for a Gentleman's Name, when the *Signior* is put to it? ha?

Car. Let me hear: how is't?

Sog. Signior Inſulſo Sogliardo: methinks it ſounds well.

Car. O excellent! tut, and all fitted to your Name, you might very well ſtand for a Gentleman: I know many *Sogliardo*'s Gentlemen.

Sog. Why, and for my Wealth I might be a Juſtice of Peace.

Car. I, and a Conſtable for your Wit.

Sog. All this is my Lordſhip you ſee here, and thoſe Farms you came by.

Car.

Car. Good ſteps to Gentility too, marry: but *Sogliardo*, if you affect to be a Gentleman indeed, you muſt obſerve all the rare Qualities, Humours, and Compliments of a Gentleman.

Sog. I know it, Signior, and if you pleaſe to inſtruct, I am not too good to learn, I'll aſſure you.

Car. Enough, Sir: I'll make admirable uſe i' the Projection of my Medicine upon this Lump of Copper here. I'll bethink me for you, Sir.

Sog. Signior, I will both pay you, and pray you, and thank you, and think on you.

GREX.

Cor. Is this not purely good?

Maci. Why, why ſhould ſuch a prick-ear'd Hind as this,
Be rich? ha? a Fool? ſuch a tranſparent Guil
That may be ſeen through? wherefore ſhould he have Land,
Houſes, and Lordſhips? O, I could eat my Intrails,
And ſink my Soul into the Earth with Sorrow.

Car. Firſt (to be an accompliſht Gentleman, that is, a Gentleman of the time) you muſt give o'er Houſe-keeping in the Country, and live altogether in the City amongſt Gallants; where, at your firſt appearance, 'twere good you turn'd four or five hundred Acres of your beſt Land into two or three Trunks of Apparel (you may do it without going to a Conjurer) and be ſure you mix your ſelf ſtill with ſuch as flouriſh in the Spring of the Faſhion, and are leaſt popular: ſtudy their carriage and behaviour in all; learn to play at *Primero* and *Paſſage*, and (ever when you loſe) ha' two or three peculiar Oaths to ſwear by, that no Man elſe ſwears: but above all, proteſt in your play, and affirm *upon your credit*; *As you are a true Gentleman*, (at every caſt) you may do it with a ſafe Conſcience, I warrant you.

Sog. O admirable rare! he cannot chuſe but be a Gentleman that has theſe excellent Gifts: More, more, I beſeech you.

Car. You muſt endeavour to feed cleanly at your Ordinary, ſit melancholy, and pick your Teeth when you cannot ſpeak: and when you come to Plays, be humorous, look with a good ſtarch'd Face, and ruffle your Brow like

like a new Boot, laugh at nothing but your own Jeſts, or elſe as the Noblemen laugh. That's a ſpecial Grace you muſt obſerve.

Sog. I warrant you, Sir.

Car. I, and ſit in the Stage and flout, provided you have a good Suit.

Sog. O, I'll have a Suit only for that, Sir.

Car. You muſt talk much of your Kindred and Allies.

Sog. Lies! no Signior, I ſhall not need to do ſo, I have Kindred i' the City to talk of: I have a Niece is a Merchant's Wife; and a Nephew, my Brother *Sordido*'s Son of the Inns of Court.

Car. O, but you muſt pretend Alliance with Courtiers and great Perſons: and ever when you are to Dine or Sup in any ſtrange Preſence, hire a Fellow with a great Chain (though it be Copper, it's no matter) to bring you Letters, feign'd from ſuch a Nobleman, or ſuch a Knight, or ſuch a Lady, *To their worſhipful, right rare and nobly qualified Friend and Kinſman, Signior Inſulſo Sogliardo*; give your ſelf Stile enough. And there (while you intend Circumſtances of News, or enquiry of their Health, or ſo) one of your Familiars (whom you muſt carry about you ſtill) breaks it up (as 'twere in a Jeſt) and reads it publickly at the Table: at which you muſt ſeem to take as unpardonable Offence, as if he had torn your Miſtreſs's Colours, or breath'd upon her Picture; and purſue it with that hot Grace, as if you would advance a Challenge upon it preſently.

Sog. Stay, I do not like that humour of Challenge, it may be accepted; but I'll tell you what's my Humour now: I will do this: I will take occaſion of ſending one of my Suits to the Taylors to have the Pocket repaired, or ſo; and there ſuch a Letter as you talk of (broke open and all) ſhall be left: O, the Taylor will preſently give out what I am, upon the reading of it worth twenty of your Gallants.

Car. But then you muſt put on an extreme Face of Diſcontentment at your Man's Negligence.

Sog. O, ſo I will, and beat him too: I'll have a Man for the Purpoſe.

Mac

Mac. You may, you have Land and Crowns: O partial Fate!

Car. Mass, well remembred, you must keep your Men gallant at the first, fine pyed Liveries laid with good Gold Lace; there's no loss in it, they may rip't off and pawn it when they lack Victuals.

Sog. By'r Lady, that is chargeable Signior, 'twill bring a Man in Debt.

Car. Debt? why, that's the more for your Credit, Sir.: its an excellent Policy to owe much in these Days, if you note it.

Sog. As how, good Signior? I would fain be a Politician.

Car. O! look where you are indebted any great Sum, your Creditor observes you with no less regard, than if he were bound to you for some huge Benefit, and will quake to give you the least cause of Offence, least he lose his Money. I assure you (in these times) no Man has his Servant more obsequious and pliant, than Gentlemen their Creditors: To whom (if at any time) you pay but a Moiety, or a fourth Part, it comes more acceptably than if you gave 'em a New-year's Gift.

Sog. I perceive you, Sir: I will take up, and bring my self in Credit sure.

Car. Marry this, always beware your Commerce not with Bankrupts, or poor needy *Ludgathians*: They are impudent Creatures, turbulent Spirits, they care not what violent Tragedies they stir, nor how they play fast and loose with a poor Gentleman's Fortunes, to get their own. Marry these rich Fellows (that ha' the World, or the better Part of it, sleeping in their Counting-Houses) they are ten times more placable, they; either Fear, Hope, or Modesty restrains them from offering any Outrages: But this is nothing to your followers, you shall not run a Penny more in Arrearage for them, an' you list your self.

Sog. No? how should I keep 'em then?

Car. Keep 'em? let them keep themselves, they are no Sheep, are they? what? you shall come in Houses, where Plate, Apparel, Jewels, and divers other pretty Commodities lie negligently scattered, and I would ha' those *Mer-*

curies

euries follow me (I trow,) ſhould remember they had not their Fingers for nothing.

Sog. That's not ſo good methinks.

Car. Why, after you have kept 'em a Fortnight, or ſo, and ſhew'd 'em enough to the World, you may turn 'em away, and keep no more but a Boy, it's enough.

Sog. Nay, my Humour is not for Boys, I'll keep Men, an' I keep any; and I'll give Coats, that's my Humour: But I lack a Cullen.

Car. Why, now you ride to the City you may buy one, I'll bring you where you ſhall ha' your choice for Money.

Sog. Can you, Sir?

Car. O, I: you ſhall have one take meaſure of you, and make you a *Coat of Arms* to fit you, of what Faſhion you will.

Sog. By Word of Mouth, I thank you Signior: I'll be once a little Prodigal in a Humour i' faith, and have a moſt prodigious Coat.

Mac. Torment and Death! Break Head and Brain at once,
To be deliver'd of your fighting iſſue.
Who can indure to ſee blind *Fortune* dote thus?
To be enamour'd on this duſty Turf?
This Clod? a Whorſon puck-fiſt? O God, God, God, God, &c.
I could run wild with Grief now, to behold
The rankneſs of her Bounties, that doth breed
Such Bull-ruſhes; theſe Muſhroom Gentlemen,
That ſhoot up in a Night to Place and Worſhip.

Car. Let him alone, ſome Stray, ſome Stray.

Sog. Nay, I will examine him before I go, ſure.

Car. The Lord of the Soil has all Wefts and Strays here, has he not?

Sog. Yes, Sir.

Car. Faith then I pity the poor Fellow, he's fall'n into a Fool's Hands.

Sog. Sirrah, who gave you a Commiſſion to lye in my Lordſhip?

Mac. Your Lordſhip?

Sog. How? my Lordſhip? do you know me, Sir?

Mac. I do know you, Sir.

Car.

Car. He anſwers him like an *Eccho*.

Sog. Why, who am I, Sir?

Mac. One of thoſe that Fortune favours.

Car. The *Periphraſis* of a Fool? I'll obſerve this better.

Sog. That Fortune favours? how mean you that Friend?

Mac. I mean ſimply. That you are one that lives not by your Wits?

Sog. By my Wits? No, Sir, I ſcorn to live by my Wits, I. I have better Means I tell thee, than to take ſuch baſe Courſes, as to live by my Wits. What, doſt thou think I live by my Wits?

Mac. Methinks, Jeſter, you ſhould not reliſh this well.

Car. Ha? does he know me?

Mac. Though yours be the worſt Uſe a Man can put his Wit to, of thouſands, to proſtitute it at every Tavern and Ordinary; yet (methinks) you ſhould have turn'd your Broad-ſide at this, and have been ready with an *Apology*, able to ſink this bulk of Ignorance, into the Bottom and Depth of his Contempt.

Car. Oh! 'tis *Macilente*! Signior, you are well encountred, how is't? O, we muſt not regard what he ſays Man, a Trout, a ſhallow Fool, he has no more Brain than a Butterfly, a meer ſtuft Suit, he looks like a muſty Bottle new wicker'd, his Head's the Cork, light, light. I am glad to ſee you ſo well return'd, Signior.

Mac. You are? Gramercy, good *Janus*.

Sog. Is he one of your Acquaintance? I love him the better for that.

Car. God's precious, come away Man, what do you mean? an' you knew him as I do, you'd ſhun him as you'd do the Plague.

Sog. Why Sir?

Car. O, he's a black Fellow, take heed on him.

Sog. Is he a Scholar, or a Soldier?

Car. Both, both; a lean Mungril, he looks as if he were chop-fal'n, with barking at other Mens good Fortunes: 'ware how you offend him, he carries Oil and Fire in his Pen, will ſcald where it drops: his Spirit's like Powder, quick, violent: he'll blow a Man up with a Jeſt: I fear him worſe than a rotten Wall does the Cannon, ſhake

ſhake an Hour after at the Report. Away, come not near him.

Sog. For God's ſake let's be gone; an' he be a Scholar, you know I cannot abide him, I had as lieve ſee a Cockatrice, ſpecially as Cockatrices go now.

Car. What, you'll ſtay, Signior? this Gentleman *Sogliardo*, and I, are to viſit the Knight *Puntarvolo*, and from thence to the City, we ſhall meet there.

Mac. I, when I cannot ſhun you, we will meet.
'Tis ſtrange! of all the Creatures I have ſeen,
I envy not this *Buffoon*, for indeed
Neither his Fortunes nor his Parts deſerve it:
But I do hate him, as I hate the Devil,
Or that Braſs-viſag'd Monſter *Barbariſm*.
O, 'tis an open-throated, black mouth'd Cur,
That bites at all, but eats not thoſe that feed him.
A Slave, that to your Face will (Serpent like)
Creep on the Ground, as he wou'd eat the Duſt;
And to your Back will turn the Tail, and ſting
More deadly than a Scorpion: Stay, who's this?
Now for my Soul another Minion
Of the old Lady *Chance*'s: I'll obſerve him.

Sordido, Macilente, Hind.

Sord. O rare! good, good, good, good, good! I thank my Stars, I thank my Stars for it.

Mac. Said I not true? doth not his Paſſion ſpeak
Out of my Divination? O my Senſes,
Why loſe you not your Powers, and become
Dull'd if not deaded with this Spectacle?
I know him, 'tis *Sordido*, the Farmer,
A Boar, and Brother to that Swine was here.

Sord. Excellent, excellent, excellent! as I would wiſh, as I would wiſh.

Mac. See how the Strumpet *Fortune* tickles him,
And makes him ſwoon with Laughter, O, O, O.

Sord. Ha, ha, ha, I will not ſow my Grounds this Year. Let me ſee what Harveſt ſhall we have? *June*, *July*, *Auguſt*?

Mac. What is't, a Prognoſtication raps him ſo?

Sord. The xx, xxi, xxii Days, Rain and Wind, O good, good!

good! the xxiii, and xxiv, Rain and ſome Wind, good! the xxv, Rain, good ſtill! xxvi, xxvii, xxviii, Wind and ſome Rain; would it had been Rain and ſome Wind: well 'tis good (when it can be no better,) xxix, inclining to Rain: inclining to Rain? that's not ſo good now: xxx, and xxxi, Wind and no Rain: no Rain? 'Slid ſtay; this is worſe and worſe: what ſays he of Saint *Swithins?* turn back, look, Saint *Swithins*: no Rain?

Mac. O, here's a precious dirty damned Rogue,
That fats himſelf with Expectation
Of rotten Weather and unſeaſon'd Hours;
And he is rich for it, and elder Brother!
His Barns are full! his Reeks and Mows well trod!
His Garners crack with ſtore! O, 'tis well; ha, ha, ha:
A Plague conſume thee, and thy Houſe.

Sord. O, here, St. *Swithins*, the xv Day, variable Weather, for the moſt part Rain, good; for the moſt part Rain: why, it ſhould rain forty Days after, now, more or leſs, it was a Rule held, afore I was able to hold a Plough, and yet here are two Days no Rain; ha? it makes me muſe. We'll ſee how the next Month begins, if that be better. *September*, firſt, ſecond, third, and fourth Days, rainy and bluſtering; this is well now: fifth, ſixth, ſeventh, eighth, and ninth, rainy, with ſome Thunder; I marry, this is excellent; the other was falſe printed ſure: the tenth and eleventh, great ſtore of Rain; O, good, good good, good, good! the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth Days, Rain; good ſtill: fifteenth, and ſixteenth, Rain; good ſtill: ſeventeenth and eighteenth, Rain; good ſtill: nineteenth and twentieth, good ſtill, good ſtill, good ſtill, good ſtill, good ſtill! one and twentieth, ſome Rain; ſome Rain? well we muſt be patient, and attend the Heavens Pleaſure, would it were more though: the one and twentieth, two and twentieth, three and twentieth, great Tempeſts of Rain, Thunder and Lightning.
O good again, paſt Expectation good!
I thank my bleſſed Angel; never, never
Laid I a penny better out than this,
To purchaſe this dear Book: not dear for Price,
And yet of me as dearly priz'd as Life,

Since

Since in it is contain'd the very Life,
Blood, Strength, and Sinews of my Happineſs.
Bleſt be the Hour, wherein I bought this Book:
His Studies happy that compos'd the Book,
And the Man fortunate that ſold the Book.
Sleep with this Charm, and be as true to me,
As I am joy'd and confident in thee.

Mac. Ha, ha, ha? I' not this good? Is't not pleaſing this? [*The* Hind *enters with a Paper.*
Ha, ha, ha! God pardon me! ha, ha!
Is't poſſible that ſuch a ſpacious Villain
Should live, and not be plagu'd? or lies he hid
Within the wrinkled Boſom of the World,
Where Heav'n cannot ſee him? why (methinks)
'Tis rare, and ſtrange, that he ſhould breathe, and walk,
Feed with digeſtion, ſleep, enjoy his Health,
And (like a boiſt'rous Whale, ſwallowing the poor)
Still ſwim in Wealth and Pleaſure! is't not ſtrange?
Unleſs his Houſe and Skin were Thunder-proof,
I wonder at it! Methinks, now, the Hectick,
Gout, Leproſie, or ſome ſuch loath'd Diſeaſe,
Might light upon him; or that Fire (from Heaven)
Might fall upon his Barns; or Mice and Rats
Eat up his Grain; or elſe that it might rot
Within the hoary Reeks, e'en as it ſtands:
Methinks this might be well; and after all
The Devil might come and fetch him. I, 'tis true!
Mean time he ſurfeits in Proſperity,
And thou (in envy of him) gnaw'ſt thy ſelf:
Peace, Fool, get hence, and tell thy vexed Spirit,
" Wealth in this Age will ſcarcely look on Merit.

Sord. Who brought this ſame, Sirrah?

Hin. Marry, Sir, one of the Juſtices Men, he ſays 'tis A Precept, and all their Hands be at it.

Sord. I, and the prints of them ſtick in my Fleſh,
Deeper than i' their Letters: They have ſent me
Pills wrapt in Paper here, that ſhould I take 'em,
Would poyſon all the ſweetneſs of my Book,
And turn my Honey into Hemlock-juyce.
But I am wiſer than to ſerve their Precepts,
Or follow their Preſcriptions. Here's a Device,

To

To charge me bring my Grain unto the Markets:
I, much, when I have neither Barn nor Garner,
Nor Earth to hide it in, I'll bring it; till then,
Each Corn I ſend ſhall be as big as *Pauls*.
O, but (ſay ſome) the poor are like to ſtarve.
Why let 'em ſtarve, what's that to me? are Bees
Bound to keep life in Drones and idle Moths? no:
Why ſuch are theſe (that term themſelves the Poor,
Only becauſe they would be pitied,
But are indeed a ſort of lazy Beggars)
Licentious Rogues, and ſturdy Vagabonds,
Bred (by the Sloth of a fat plenteous Year)
Like Snakes in heat of Summer, out of Dung;
And this is all that theſe cheap times are good for:
Whereas a wholſome and penurious Dearth
Purges the Soil of ſuch vile Excrements,
And kills the Vipers up.

Hin. O, but Maſter,
Take heed they hear you not.

Sord. Why ſo?

Hin. They will exclaim againſt you.

Sord. I, their Exclaims
Move me as much, as thy Breath moves a Mountain!
Poor Worms, they hiſs at me, whilſt I at home
Can be contented to applaud my ſelf,
To ſit and clap my Hands, and laugh, and leap,
Knocking my Head againſt my Roof, with joy
To ſee how plump my Bags are, and my Barns.
Sirrah, go, hie you home, and bid your fellows
Get all their Flayls ready again' I come.

Hin. I will.

Sord. I'll inſtantly ſet all my *Hinds* to thraſhing
Of a whole reek of Corn, which I will hide
Under the Ground; and with the Straw thereof
I'll ſtuff the out-ſides of my other Mows:
That done, I'll have 'em empty all my Garners,
And i' the friendly Earth bury my ſtore,
That, when the Searchers come, they may ſuppoſe
All's ſpent, and that my Fortunes were bely'd.
And to lend more Opinion to my Want,
And ſtop that many-mouthed vulgar Dog,

(Which

(Which elſe would ſtill be baying at my Door)
Each Market-day, I will be ſeen to buy
Part of the pureſt Wheat, as for my Houſhold;
Where when it comes, it ſhall increaſe my Heaps,
'Twill yield me treble Gain at this dear time,
Promis'd in this dear Book: I have caſt all.
Till then I will not ſell an Ear, I'll hang firſt.
O, I ſhall make my Prices as I liſt,
My Houſe and I can feed on Peas and Barley;
What though a world of Wretches ſtarve the while;
" He that will thrive muſt think no Courſes vile.

GREX.

Cor. Now, Signior, how approve you this? have the Humouriſts expreſt themſelves truly or no?

Mit. Yes, (if it be well proſecuted) 'tis hitherto happy enough: but methinks *Macilente* went hence too ſoon, he might have been made to ſtay, and ſpeak ſomewhat in reproof of *Sordido*'s wretchedneſs now at the laſt.

Cor. O, no, that had been extreamly improper; beſides, he had continued the *Scene* too long with him, as 'twas, being in no more action.

Mit. You may enforce the length as a neceſſary Reaſon; but for propriety, the *Scene* would very well have born it in my Judgment.

Cor. O, worſt of both; why, you miſtake his Humour utterly then.

Mit. How? do I miſtake it? is't not Envy?

Cor. Yes, but you muſt underſtand, Signior, he envies him not as he is a Villain, a Wolf i' the Common-wealth, but as he is rich and fortunate; for the true Condition of Envy, is, *Dolor alienæ fœlicitatis,* to have our Eyes continually fixt upon another Man's Proſperity, that is, his chief Happineſs, and to grieve at that. Whereas if we make his monſtrous and abhorr'd Actions our Object, the Grief (we take then) comes nearer the Nature of Hate than Envy, as being bred out of a kind of contempt and loathing in our ſelves.

Mit. So you'll infer it had been Hate, not Envy in him, to reprehend the Humour of *Sordido*?

Cor. Right, for what a Man truly envies in another, he could always love and cheriſh in himſelf; but no Man truly repre-

reprehends in another, what he loves in himſelf; therefore Reprehenſion is out of his hate. And this Diſtinction hath he himſelf made in a Speech there (if you markt it) where he ſays, *I envy not this* Buffoon, *but I hate him.*

Mit. Stay, Sir: *I envy not this* Buffoon, *but I hate him*; why might he not as well have hated *Sordido* as him?

Cor. No, Sir, there was Subject for his Envy in *Sordido*, his Wealth: ſo was there not in the other. He ſtood poſſeſt of no one eminent Gift, but a moſt odious and Fiend-like Diſpoſition, that would turn Charity it ſelf into Hate, much more Envy, for the preſent.

Mit. You have ſatisfied me, Sir. O, here comes the Fool and the Jeſter again methinks.

Cor. 'Twere pity they ſhould be parted, Sir.

Mit. What bright-ſhining Gallant's that with them? the Knight they went to?

Cor. No, Sir, this is one Monſieur *Faſtidius Brisk*, otherwiſe call'd the freſh Frenchefied Courtier.

Mit. A Humouriſt too?

Cor. As humorous as Quick-ſilver, do but obſerve him; the *Scene* is the Country ſtill, remember.

ACT II.

Faſt. Brisk, Cinedo, Carlo Buffone, Sogliardo.

Faſt. *Cinedo*, watch when the Knight comes, and give us Word.

Cin. I will, Sir.

Faſt. How lik'ſt thou my Boy, *Carlo*?

Car. O, well, well. He looks like a Colonel of the *Pigmies* Horſe, or one of theſe Motions, in a great antique Clock; he would ſhew well upon a Habberdaſhers Stall, at a Corner Shop rarely.

Faſt. What a damn'd witty Rogue's this? how he confounds with his *Similes*?

Car. Better with *ſimiles* than ſmiles: and whither were you riding now, Signior?

Faſt,

Faſt. Who, I? what a ſilly Jeſt's that; whither ſhould I ride but to the Court?

Car. O, Pardon me, Sir, twenty Places more; your Hot-houſe, or your Whore-houſe——

Faſt. By the Virtue of my Soul, this Knight dwells in *Elizium* here.

Car. He's gone now, I thought he would flie out preſently. Theſe be our Nimble Spirited *Catſo*'s, that ha' their Evaſions at pleaſure, will run over a Bog like your Wild *Iriſh*; no ſooner ſtarted, but they'll leap from one thing to another, like a Squirrel, hiegh! dance and do tricks i' their Diſcourſe, from Fire to Water, from Water to Air, from Air to Earth, as if their Tongues did but e'en lick the four Elements over, and away.

Faſt. Sirrah, *Carlo*, thou never ſaw'ſt my Grey-hobby yet, didſt thou?

Car. No; ha' you ſuch a one?

Faſt. The beſt in *Europe* (my good Villain) thou'lt ſay, when thou ſeeſt him.

Car. But when ſhall I ſee him?

Faſt. There was a Noble Man i' the Court offered me a hundred Pound for him, by this Light; a fine little fiery ſlave, he runs like a (oh) excellent, excellent! with the very ſound of the Spur.

Car. How? the ſound of the Spur?

Faſt. O, it's your only humour now extant, Sir; a good gingle, a good gingle.

Car. You ſhall ſee him turn Morrice-dancer, he has got him Bells, a good Suit, and a Hobby-horſe.

Sog. Signior, now you talk of a Hobby-horſe, I know where one is will not be given for a brace of Angels.

Faſt. How is that, Sir?

Sog. Marry, Sir, I am telling this Gentleman of a Hobby-horſe, it was my Father's indeed, and (though I ſay it——

Car. That ſhould not ſay it) on, on.

Sog. He did dance in it, with as good Humour, and as good Regard as any Man of his Degree whatſoever, being no Gentleman: I have danc'd in it my ſelf too.

Car. Not ſince the Humour of Gentility was upon you, did you?

Sog.

Sog. Yes, once; marry, that was but to ſhew what a Gentleman might do in a Humour.

Car. O, very good.

GREX.

Mit. Why, this Fellow's Diſcourſe were nothing but for the Word Humour.

Cor. O, bear with him, an' he ſhould lack Matter and Words too, 'twere pitiful.

Sog. Nay, look you, Sir, there's ne'er a Gentleman i' the Country has the like Humours, for the Hobby-horſe, as I have; I have the Method for the threding of the Needle and all, the——

Car. How, the Method?

Sog. I, the Leigerity for that, and the Whighhie, and the Daggers in the Noſe, and the Travels of the Egg from Finger to Finger, and all the Humours incident to the Quality. The Horſe hangs at home in my Parlor. I'll keep it for a Monument as long as I live, ſure.

Car. Do ſo; and when you die, 'twill be an excellent Trophee to hang over your Tomb.

Sog. Maſs, and I'll have a Tomb (now I think on't) 'tis but ſo much Charges.

Car. Beſt build it in your Life-time then, your Heirs hap to forget it elſe.

Sog. Nay, I mean ſo, I'll not truſt to them.

Car. No, for Heirs and Executors are grown damnable careleſs, ſpecially ſince the Ghoſts of Teſtators left walking; how like you him, Signior?

Faſt. 'Fore Heav'ns, his Humour arrides me exceedingly.

Car. Arrides you?

Faſt. I, pleaſes me (a pox on't) I am ſo haunted at the Court, and at my Lodging, with your refin'd choice Spirits, that it makes me clean of another Garb, another Sheaf, I know not how! I cannot frame me to your harſh vulgar Phraſe, 'tis againſt my *Genius*.

Sog. Signior *Carlo*.

GREX.

Car. This is right to that of *Horace*, *Dum vitant ſtulti vitia, in contraria currunt*; ſo this Gallant, labouring to avoid Popularity, falls into a habit of Affectation, Ten thouſand times hateſuller than the former.

Car. Who he? a Gull, a Fool, no ſalt in him i' the Earth, Man; he looks like a freſh Salmon kept in a Tub, he'll be ſpent ſhortly. His Brain's lighter than his Father already, and his Tongue more ſubject to lye, than that's to wag; he ſleeps with a Musk-cat every Night, and walks all Day hang'd in Pomander Chains for Penance; he has his Skin tan'd in Civet, to make his Complexion ſtrong, and the ſweetneſs of his Youth laſting in the Senſe of his ſweet Lady; a good empty puff, he loves you well, Sign'or.

Sog. There ſhall be no love loſt, Sir, I'll aſſure you.

Faſt. Nay, *Carlo*, I am not happy i' thy love, I ſee: pray thee ſuffer me to enjoy thy Company a little (ſweet *Miſchief*) by this Air, I ſhall envy this Gentleman's Place in thy Affections, if you be thus private, i' faith. How now? is the Knight arriv'd?

Enter Cinedo.

Cin. No, Sir, but 'tis gueſt he will arrive preſently, by his Fore-runners.

Faſt. His Hounds! by *Minerva* an excellent Figure; a good Boy.

Car. You ſhould give him a *French* Crown for it; the Boy would find two better Figures i' that, and a good Figure of your Bounty beſide.

Faſt. Tut, the Boy wants no Crowns.

Car. No Crown; ſpeak i' the ſingular Number, and we'll believe you.

Faſt. Nay, thou are ſo capriciouſly conceited now. Sirrah (*damnation*) I have heard this Knight *Puntarvolo* reported to be a Gentleman of exceeding good Humour, thou know'ſt him; pr'y thee, how is his Diſpoſition? I ne'er was ſo favour'd of my Stars, as to ſee him yet. Boy, do you look to the Hobby?

Cin. I, Sir, the Groom has ſet him up.

Faſt. 'Tis well: I rid out of my way of intent to viſit him, and take knowledge of his—Nay, good *Wickedneſs*, his Humour, his Humour.

Car. Why, he loves Dogs, and Hawks, and his Wife: well; he has a good riding Face, and he can ſit a great Horſe; he will taint a Staff well at Tilt; when he is mounted he looks like the Sign of the *George*, that's all I know, ſave,

that

that inſtead of a Dragon, he will brandiſh againſt a Tree, and break his Sword as confidently upon the knotty Bark, as the other did upon the Scales of the Beaſt.

Faſt. O, but this is nothing to that's deliver'd of him. They ſay he has Dialogues and Diſcourſes between his Horſe, himſelf, and his Dog; and that he will court his own Lady, as ſhe were a Stranger never encounter'd before.

Car. I, that he will, and make freſh love to her every Morning; this Gentleman has been a Spectator of it, *Signior Inſulſo.*

Sig. I am reſolute to keep a Page: Say you, Sir?

[*He leaps from whiſpering with the Boy.*

Car. You have ſeen *Signior Puntarvolo* accoſt his Lady?

Sog. O, I, Sir.

Faſt. And how is the manner of it pr'y thee, good Signior?

Sog. Faith, Sir, in very good ſort, he has his Humours for it, Sir; as firſt, (ſuppoſe he were now to come from riding or hunting, or ſo) he has his Trumpet to ſound, and then the waiting Gentlewoman, ſhe looks out, and then he ſpeaks, and then ſhe ſpeaks,—very pretty i' faith, Gentlemen.

Faſt. Why, but do you remember no Particulars, Signior?

Sig. O, yes, Sir, firſt, the Gentlewoman, ſhe looks out at the Window.

Car. After the Trumpet has ſummon'd a Parle, not before?

Sog. No, Sir, not before; and then ſays he, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Car. What ſays he? be not wrapt ſo.

Sog. Says he, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Faſt. Nay, ſpeak, ſpeak.

Sog. Ha, ha, ha, ſays he; God ſave you, ſays he; ha, ha, &c.

Car. Was this the ridiculous Motive to all this Paſſion?

Sog. Nay, that, that comes after is, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Car. Doubtleſs he apprehends more than he utters, this Fellow; or elſe, [*A cry of Hounds within.*

Sog. Liſt, liſt, they are come from hunting; ſtand by, cloſe, under this Tarras, and you ſhall ſee it done better than I can ſhew it.

Car. So it had need, 'twill ſcarce poize the Obſervation elſe.

Sog. Faith, I remember all, but the manner of it is quite out of my Head.

Faſt. O, withdraw, withdraw, it cannot be but a moſt pleaſing Object.

[*To the reſt*] *Puntarvolo, Huntſman, Gentlewoman.*

Punt. Forreſter, give Wind to thy Horn. Enough by this the Sound hath touch'd the Ears of the incloſed: Depart, leave the Dog, and take with thee what thou haſt deſerv'd, the Horn, and Thanks.

Car. I, marry, there's ſome taſte in this.

Faſt. Is't not good?

Sog. Ah, peace, now above, now above!

[*The Gentlewoman appears at the Window.*

Punt. Stay; mine Eye hath (on the Inſtant) through the bounty of the Window, receiv'd the form of a *Nymph*. I will ſtep forward three Paces; of the which, I will barely retire one; and (after ſome little flexure of the Knee) with an erected grace ſalute her (one, two, and three.) Sweet Lady, God ſave you.

Gent. No, forſooth; I am but the waiting Gentlewoman.

Car. He knew that before.

Punt. Pardon me: *Humanum eſt errare.*

Car. He learn'd that of his Chaplain.

Punt. To the perfection of Complement (which is the Dial of the thought, and guided by the Sun of your Beauties) are requir'd theſe three ſpecials; the *gnomon*, the *puntilio*'s, and the *ſuperficies*; the *ſuperficies*, is that we call Place; the *puntilio*'s, Circumſtance; and the *gnomon*, Ceremony; in either of which, for a Stranger to err, 'tis eaſie and facile, and ſuch am I.

Car. True, not knowing her *horizon*, he muſt needs err; which I fear he knows too well.

Punt. What call you the Lord of the Caſtle, ſweet Face?

Gent.

Gent. The Lord of the Caſtle is a Knight, Sir; Signior *Puntarvolo.*

Punt. Puntarvolo? O.

Car. Now muſt he ruminate.

Faſt. Does the Wench know him all this while, then?

Car. O, do you know me, Man? why, therein lies the Syrrup of the Jeſt; it's a project, a deſignment of his own, a thing ſtudied and rehearſt as ordinarily at his coming from Hawking or Hunting, as a Jig after a play.

Sog. I, e'en like your Jig, Sir.

Punt. 'Tis a moſt ſumptuous and ſtately Edifice! of what Years is the Knight, fair Damſel?

Gent. Faith, much about your Years, Sir.

Punt. What Complexion or what Statue bears he?

Gent. Of your Stature, and very near upon your Complexion.

Punt. Mine is Melancholy.

Car. So is the Dogs, juſt.

Punt. And doth argue Conſtancy, chiefly in Love. What are his Endowments? Is he courteous?

Gent. O, the moſt courteous Knight in Chriſtian Land, Sir.

Punt. Is he magnanimous?

Gent. As the Skin between your Brows, Sir.

Punt. Is he bountiful?

Car. 'Slud he takes an Inventory of his own good Parts.

Gent. Bountiful? I, Sir, I would you ſhould know it, the poor are ſerv'd at his Gate, early and late, Sir.

Punt. Is he learned?

Gent. O, I Sir, he can ſpeak the *French* and *Italian.*

Punt. Then he has travell'd.

Gent. I, forſooth, he hath been beyond Seas once or twice.

Car. As far as *Paris*, to fetch over a Faſhion, and come back again.

Punt. Is he religious?

Gent. Religious? I know not what you call religious, but he goes to Church, I am ſure.

Faſt. 'Slid, methinks theſe Anſwers ſhould offend him.

Car. Tut, no; he knows they are excellent, and to her Capacity that ſpeaks 'em.

Punt. Would I might ſee his Face.

Car. She ſhould let down a Glaſs from the Window at t' at Word, and requeſt him to look in't.

Punt. Doubtleſs the Gentleman is moſt exact, and abſolutely qualified; doth the Caſtle contain him?

Gent. No, Sir, he is from Home, but his Lady is within.

Punt. His Lady? what, is ſhe fair? ſplendidious? and amiable?

Gent. O, Lord, Sir!

Punt. Pr'ythee, dear *Nymph*, intreat her Beauties to ſhine on this ſide of the building.

Car. That he may erect a new Dial of Complement, with his *gnomon*'s and his *puntilio*'s.

[*Gent. leaves the Window.*

Faſt. Nay, thou art ſuch another *Cynique* now, a Man had need walk uprightly before thee.

Car. Heart, can any Man walk more upright than he does? Look, look; as if he went in a frame, or had a Suit of Waneſcot on: and the Dog watching him, leſt he ſhould leap out on't.

Faſt. O, Villain!

Car. Well, and e'er I meet him in the City, I'll ha' him jointed, I'll pawn him in *Eaſt-cheap*, among the Butchers elſe.

Faſt. Peace, who be theſe, *Carlo?*

[*To the reſt*] *Sordido, Fungoſo, Lady.*

Sord. Yonder's your God-father; do your Duty to him, Son

Sog. This, Sir? a poor elder Brother of mine, Sir, a Yeoman, may diſpend ſome ſeven or eight hundred a Year; that's his Son, my Nephew, there.

Punt. You are not ill-come, Neighbour *Sordido*, though I have not yet ſaid, well-come; what, my God-ſon is grown a great *Proficient* by this?

Sord. I hope he will grow great one day, Sir.

Faſt. What does he ſtudy? the Law?

Sog. I Sir, he is a Gentleman, though his Father be but a Yeoman.

Car. What call you your Nephew, Signior?

Sog. Marry, his Name is *Fungoſo.*

Car.

Car. Fungoſo? O, he look'd ſomewhat like a Spunge in that Pinck yellow Doublet, methought; well, make much of him; I ſee he was never born to ride upon a moyl.

Gentlewoman return'd above.

Gent. My Lady will come preſently, Sir.

Sog. O, now, now.

Punt. Stand by, retire your ſelves a ſpace; nay, pray you, forget not the uſe of your Hat; the Air is piercing.

[Sordido *and* Fungoſo *withdraw to the other part of the Stage, while the* Lady *is come to the Window.*

Faſt. What? will not their Preſence prevail againſt the Current of his Humour?

Car. O, no; it's a meer Flood, a Torrent carries all afore it.

Punt. *What more than Heav'nly Pulchritude is this?*
What magazine, or treaſury of Bliſs?
Dazle, you Organs to my optique ſenſe,
To view a Creature of ſuch eminence:
O, I am Planet-ſtruck, and in yond ſphere
A brighter Star than Venus *doth appear!*

Faſt. How? in Verſe!

Car. An extaſie, an extaſie, Man.

Lady Is your deſire to ſpeak with me, Sir Knight?

Car. He will tell you that anon; neither his Brain, nor his Body, are yet moulded for an anſwer.

Punt. Moſt debonair, and luculent Lady, I decline me low as the *baſis* of your Altitude.

GREX.

Cor. He makes Congies to his Wife in Geometrical Proportions.

Mit. Is't poſſible there ſhould be any ſuch Humoriſt?

Cor. Very eaſily poſſible, Sir, you ſee there is.

Punt. I have ſcarce collected my Spirits, but lately ſcatter'd in the admiration of your form; to which (if the Bounties of your mind be any way reſponſible) I doubt not, but my deſires ſhall find a ſmooth and ſecure Paſſage. I am a poor Knight Errant (Lady) that hunting in the adjacent Forreſt, was by adventure in the purſuit of a Hart, brought to this place; which Hart (dear Madam) eſcaped by Enchantment; the Evening approaching (my ſelf, and Servant wearied) my Suit is, to your fair Caſtle, and refreſh me.

Lady. Sir Knight, albeit it be not uſual with me (chiefly in the abſence of a Husband) to admit any entrance to Strangers, yet in the true regard of thoſe innated Virtues, and fair Parts, which ſo ſtrive to expreſs themſelves, in you; I am reſolv'd to entertain you to the beſt of my unworthy Power; which I acknowledge to be nothing valu'd with what ſo worthy a Perſon may deſerve. Pleaſe you but ſtay while I deſcend.

Punt. Moſt admir'd Lady, you aſtoniſh me!

Car. What? with ſpeaking a Speech of your own penning? [*She departs:* Puntarvolo *falls in with* Sordido *and his Son.*

Faſt. Nay, look; pr'ythee peace.

Car. Pox on't; I am impatient of ſuch Foppery.

Faſt. O, let's hear the reſt.

Car. What? a tedious Chapter of Courtſhip, after Sir *Lancelot*, and Queen *Guevener*? away. I mar'l in what dull cold Nook he found this Lady out? that (being a Woman) ſhe was bleſt with no more Copy of Wit, but to ſerve his humour thus. 'Slud I think he feeds her with Porridge. I; ſhe could ne'er have ſuch a thick Brain elſe.

Sog. Why, is Porridge ſo hurtful, Signior?

Car. O, nothing under Heav'n more prejudicial to thoſe aſcending ſubtile Powers, or doth ſooner abate that which we call, *acumen ingenii*, than your groſs Fare: Why, I'll make you an Inſtance; your City-wives, but obſerve 'em, you ha' not more perfect true Fools i' the World bred, than they are generally; and yet you ſee (by the fineneſs and delicacy of their Diet, diving into the fat Capons, drinking your rich Wines, feeding on Larks, Sparrows, Potato-pies, and ſuch good unctious Meats) how their Wits are refin'd and rarified; and ſometimes a very Quinteſſence of Conceit flows from 'em, able to drown a weak Apprehenſion.

Faſt. Peace, here comes the Lady.

Lady. Gods me, here's Company; turn in again:

[*Lady with her Gent. deſcended, ſeeing them, turns in again.*

Faſt. 'Slight, our Preſence has cut off the Convoy of the Jeſt.

Car.

Car. All the better, I am glad on't; for the Iſſue was very perſpicuous. Come, let's diſcover, and ſalute the Knight. [Carlo *and the other two ſtep forth.*

Punt. Stay; who be theſe that addreſs themſelves towards us? What, *Carlo*? Now by the Sincerity of my Soul, welcome; welcome Gentlemen: And how doſt thou, thou grand Scourge, or ſecond *Untruſs* of the Time?

Car. Faith, ſpending my Metal in this reeling World (here and there) as the ſway of my Affection carries me, and perhaps ſtumble upon a Yeoman Feuterer, as I do now or one of Fortunes Moils, laden with Treaſure, and an empty Cloke-bag following him, gaping when a Bag will untie.

Punt. Peace, you Bandog, peace: What brisk *Nymfadoro* is that in the white Virgin-Boot there?

Car. Marry, Sir, one that I muſt entreat you to take a very particular knowledge of, and with more than ordinary reſpect; Monſieur *Faſtidius*.

Punt. Sir, I could wiſh, that for the time of your vouchſaft abiding here, and more real Entertainment, this my Houſe ſtood on the *Muſes* Hill, and theſe my Orchards were thoſe of the *Heſperides*.

Faſt. I poſſeſs as much in your Wiſh, Sir, as if I were made Lord of the *Indies*; and I pray you believe it.

Car. I have a better opinion of his Faith, than to think it will be ſo corrupted.

Sog. Come, Brother, I'll bring you acquainted with Gentlemen, and good Fellows, ſuch as ſhall do you more grace than ———

Sord. Brother, I hunger not for ſuch Acquaintance: Do you take heed, leſt ———

[Carlo *is coming toward them.*

Sog. Huſht: My Brother, Sir, for want of Education, Sir, ſomewhat nodding to the Boar, the Clown; but I requeſt you in private, Sir.

Fung. By Heav'n, it is a very fine Suit of Clothes.

GREX.

Cor. Do you obſerve that, Signior? There's another Humour has new crackt the Shell.

Mit. what? he is enamour'd of the Faſhion, is he?

Cor. O, you foreſtal the Jeſt.

Fung.

Fung. I mar'l what it might ſtand him in!

Sog. Nephew?

Fung. 'Fore me, it's an excellent Suit, and as neatly becomes him. What ſaid you, Uncle?

Sog. When ſaw you my Niece?

Fung. Marry, yeſtern ght I ſupt there. That kind of Boot does very rare too!

Sog. And what News hear you?

Fung. The gilt Spur and all! Would I were hang'd, but 'tis exceeding good. Say you, Uncle?

Sog. Your Mind is carried away with ſomewhat elſe: I ask what News you hear?

Fung. Troth, we hear none. In good faith, I was never ſo pleas'd with a Faſhion Days of my Life. O (an' I might have but my wiſh) I'd ask no more of good now, but ſuch a Suit, ſuch a Hat, ſuch a Band, ſuch a Doublet, ſuch a Hoſe, ſuch a Boot, and ſuch a———

Sog. They ſay, there's a new Motion of the City of *Nineveh*, with *Jonas* and the Whale, to be ſeen at *Fleet-bridge*. You can tell, Couſin?

Fung. Here's ſuch a world of Queſtions with him now. Yes, I think there be ſuch a thing. I ſaw the Picture. Would he would once be ſatisfied. Let me ſee, the Doublet, ſay Fifty Shillings the Doublet, and between three or four Pound the Hoſe; then Boots, Hat, and Band: Some ten or eleven Pound will do it all, and Suit me, *'fore the Hea'vens.*

Sog. I'll ſee all thoſe Devices, an' I come to *London* once.

Fung. Gods 'ſlid, and I could compaſs it, 'twere rare. Hark you Uncle.

Sog. What ſays my Nephew?

Fung. Faith Uncle, I'd ha' deſir'd you to have made a Motion for me to my Father, in a thing that——— Walk aſide, and I'll tell you Sir; no more but this: There's a parcel of Law-books (ſome Twenty pounds worth) that lie in a place for little more than half the Money they coſt; and I think for ſome twelve Pound, or twenty Mark, I could go near to redeem 'em; there's *Plowden*, *Dyer*, *Brooke*, and *Fitz-Herbert*, divers ſuch as I muſt have e're long; and you

you know, I were as good ſave five or ſix Pound; as not Uncle. I pray you, move it for me.

Sog. That I will: When would you have me do it? preſently?

Fung. O I, I pray you, good Uncle: God ſend me good luck: Lord (an't be thy will) proſper it: O my Stars, now, now, if it take now, I am made for ever.

Faſt. Shall I tell you, Sir? By this Air, I am the moſt beholden to that Lord, of any Gentleman living; he do's uſe me the moſt honourably, and with the greateſt reſpect, more indeed than can be utter'd with any Opinion of Truth.

Punt. Then have you the Count *Gratiato*.

Faſt. As true noble a Gentleman too as any breathes; I am exceedingly endear'd to his Love: By this Hand, (I proteſt to you, Signior, I ſpeak it not gloriouſly, nor out of affectation, but) there's he, and the Count *Frugale*, Signior *Illuſtre*, Signior *Luculento*, and a ſort of 'em, that (when I am at Court) they do ſhare me amongſt 'em; happy is he can enjoy me moſt private. I do wiſh my ſelf ſometime an Ubiquitary for their Love, in good faith.

Car. There's ne'er a one of theſe but might lie a Week on the Rack, e're they could bring forth his Name; and yet he pours them out as familiarly, as if he had ſeen 'em ſtand by the Fire i' the Preſence, or ta'en Tobacco with them over the Stage i' the Lords Room.

Punt. Then you muſt of neceſſity know our Court-ſtar there, that Planet of wit, *Maddona Saviolina*?

Faſt. O Lord, Sir! my Miſtreſs.

Punt. Is ſhe your Miſtreſs!

Faſt. Faith here be ſome ſlight Favours of hers, Sir, that do ſpeak it, *ſhe is*; as this Scarf, Sir, or this Ribband in my Ear, or ſo; this Feather grew in her ſweet Fan ſometimes, though now it be my poor Fortune to wear it, as you ſee, Sir; ſlight, ſlight, a fooliſh Toy.

Punt. Well, ſhe is the Lady of a moſt exalted and ingenious Spirit.

Faſt. Did you ever hear any Woman ſpeak like her? or inrich'd with a more plentiful Diſcourſe?

Car. O villanous! nothing but Sound, Sound, a meer Eccho; ſhe ſpeaks as ſhe goes tir'd, in Cobweb-Lawn, light, thin; good enough to catch Flies withal. *Punt.*

Punt. O, manage your Affections.

Faſt. Well, if thou be'ſt not plagu'd for this Blaſphemy one Day———

Punt. Come, regard not a Jeſter: It is in the power of my Purſe to make him ſpeak well or ill of me.

Faſt. Sir, I affirm it to you (upon my Credit and Judgment) ſhe has the moſt harmonious and muſical ſtrain of Wit that ever tempted a true Ear; and yet to ſee, a rude Tongue would prophane Heav'n, if it could.

Punt. I am not ignorant of it, Sir.

Faſt. Oh, it flows from her like Nectar, and ſhe doth give it that ſweet quick Grace, and Exornation in the Compoſure, that (by this good Air, as I am an honeſt Man, would I might never ſtir, Sir. but) ſhe do's obſerve as pure a Phraſe, and uſe as choice Figures in her ordinary Conference, as any be i' the *Arcadia*.

Car. Or rather in *Green*'s Works, whence ſhe may ſteal with more ſecurity.

Sord. Well, if Ten pound will fetch 'em, you ſhall have it; but I'll part with no more.

Fung. I'll try what that will do, if you pleaſe.

Sord. Do ſo; and when you have 'em, ſtudy hard.

Fung. Yes, Sir. An' I could ſtudy to get Forty Shillings more now! Well, I will put my ſelf into the Faſhion, as far as this will go, preſently.

Sord. I wonder it rains not! The Almanack ſays, we ſhould have ſtore of Rain to Day.

Punt. Why, Sir, to morrow I will aſſociate you to Court my ſelf, and from thence to the City, about a Buſineſs, a Project I have; I will expoſe it to you, Sir: *Carlo*, I am ſure, has heard of it.

Car. What's that, Sir?

Punt. I do intend, this year of Jubile coming on, to travel: And (becauſe I will not altogether go upon Expence) I am determined to put forth ſome Five thouſand Pound, to be paid me Five for One, upon the return of my ſelf, my Wife, and my Dog, from the *Turk*'s Court in *Conſtantinople*. If all or either of us miſcarry in the Journey, 'tis gone: If we be ſucceſsful, why, there will be Five and Twenty thouſand Pound to entertain Time withal. Nay, go not, Neighbour *Sordido*, ſtay to Night, and help to make our Society the fuller. Gentlemen, frolick: *Carlo*? what, dull now?

Car.

Car. I was thinking on your Project, Sir, an' you call it ſo? Is this he Dog goes with you?

Punt. This is the Dog, Sir.

Car. He do' not go bare-foot, does he?

Punt. Away, you Traitor, away.

Car. Nay, afore God, I ſpeak ſimply; he may prick his Foot with a Thorn, and be as much as the whole Venture is worth. Beſides, for a Dog that never travell'd before, it's a huge Journey to *Conſtantinople*. I'll tell you now (an' he were mine) I'd have ſome preſent Conference with a Phyſician, what Antidote were good to give him Preſervatives againſt Poyſon; for (aſſure you) if once, your Money be out, there'll be divers Attempts made againſt the Life of the poor Animal.

Punt. Thou art ſtill dangerous.

Faſt. Is Signior *Deliro*'s Wife your Kinſwoman?

Sog. I, Sir, ſhe is my Niece, my Brother's Daughter here, and my Nephew's Siſter.

Sord. Do you know her, Sir?

Faſt. O God, Sir, Signior *Deliro*, her Husband, is my Merchant.

Fung. I, I have ſeen this Gentleman there often.

Faſt. I cry you mercy, Sir, let me crave your Name, pray you.

Fung. Fungoſo, Sir.

Faſt. Good Signior *Fungoſo*, I ſhall requeſt to know you better, Sir.

Fung. I am her brother, Sir.

Faſt. In fair time, Sir.

Punt. Come Gentlemen, I will be your Conduct.

Faſt. Nay, pray you, Sir; we ſhall meet at Signior *Deliro*'s often.

Sog. You ſhall ha' me at the Herald's Office, Sir, for ſome Week or ſo at my firſt coming up. Come, *Carlo*.

GREX.

Mit. Methinks, *Cordatus*, he dwelt ſomewhat too long on this ſcene; it hung i' the hand.

Cor. I ſee not where he could have inſiſted leſs, and t' have made the Humours perſpicuous enough.

Mit. True, as his Subject lies; but he might have altered the Shape of his Argument, and explicated 'em better in ſingle Scenes.

Cor.

Cor. That had been ſingle indeed. Why, be they not, the ſame Perſons in this, as they would have been in thoſe? And is it not an Object of more State, to behold the Scene full, and reliev'd with variety of Speakers to the end, than to ſee a vaſt empty Stage, and the Actors come in (one by one) as if they were dropt down with a Feather into the Eye of the Spectators?

Mit. Nay, you are better traded with theſe things than I, and therefore I'll ſubſcribe to your Judgment; marry, you ſhall give me leave to make Objections.

Cor. O, what elſe? It's the ſpecial Intent of the Author you ſhould do ſo; for thereby others (that are preſent) may as well be ſatisfied, who haply would object the ſame you do.

Mit. So, Sir: But when appears *Macilente* again?

Cor. Marry, he ſtays but till our Silence give him leave: Here he comes, and with him Signior *Deliro*, a Merchant, at whoſe Houſe he is come to ſojourn: Make your own Obſervation now, only tranſfer your Thoughts to the City, with the Scene; where, ſuppoſe they ſpeak.

Deliro, Macilente, Fido, Fallace.

Deli. I'll tell you by and by, Sir.
Welcome (good *Macilente*) to my Houſe,
To ſojourn at my Houſe for ever; if my beſt
Incates, and every ſort of good intreaty
May move you ſtay with me.

[Deliro *ceaſeth. His Boy ſtrews Flowers.*

Maci. I thank you, Sir,
And yet the muffled *Fates* (had it pleas'd them)
Might have ſupply'd me from their own full Store,
Without this Word (*I thank you*) to a Fool.
I ſee no Reaſon why that Dog (call'd *Chance*)
Should fawn upon this fellow, more than me:
I am a man, and I have Limbs, Fleſh, Blood,
Bones, Sinews, and a Soul, as well as he:
My Parts are every way as good as his;
If I ſaid better, why, I did not lie.
Nathleſs, his Wealth (but nodding on my Wants)
Muſt make me bow, and cry, (*I thank you, Sir.*)

Deli. Diſpatch, take heed your Miſtreſs ſee you not.

Fido.

Fido. I warrant you, Sir, I'll ſteal by her ſoftly.

Deli. Nay, gentle Friend, be merry, raiſe your Looks
Out of your Boſom; I proteſt (by Heav'n)
You are the Man moſt welcome in the World.

Maci. (I thank you, Sir.) I know my *Cue*, I think.

Fido. Where will you have 'em burn, Sir?
[*With more Perfumes and Herbs.*

Deli. Here, good *Fido.* What, ſhe did not ſee thee?

Fido. No, Sir.

Deli. That's well. Strew, ſtrew, good *Fido*, the freſheſt Flowers; ſo.

Maci. What means this, Signior *Deliro*? all this cenſing

Deli. Caſt in more Frankincenſe, yet more; well ſaid.
O, *Macilente*, I have ſuch a Wife!
So paſſing fair! ſo paſſing fair! unkind!
But of ſuch worth, and right to be unkind,
(Since no Man can be worthy of her Kindneſs)

Maci. What can there not?

Deli. No, that is ſure as death,
No Man alive! I do not ſay, is not,
But cannot poſſibly be worth her Kindneſs!
Nay, it is certain, let me do her right.
How, ſaid I? do her right? as though I could,
As though this dull groſs Tongue of mine could utter
The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite rights,
That ſit (as high as I can look) within her!

Maci. This is ſuch dotage, as was never heard.

Deli. Well, this muſt needs be granted.

Maci. Granted, quoth you?

Deli. Nay, *Macilente*, do not ſo diſcredit
The goodneſs of your judgment to deny it,
For I do ſpeak the very leaſt of her?
And I would crave, and beg no more of Heav'n,
For all my Fortunes here, but to be able
To utter firſt in fit terms, what ſhe is,
And then the true Joys I conceive in her.

Maci. Is't poſſible ſhe ſhould deſerve ſo well, as you pretend?

Deli. I, and ſhe knows ſo well
Her own deſerts, that (when I ſtrive t' enjoy them)

She weighs the things I do, with what ſhe merits:
And (ſeeing my worth out-weigh'd ſo in her graces)
She is ſo ſolemn, ſo preciſe, ſo froward,
That no obſervance I can do to her,
Can make her kind to me: If ſhe find fault,
I mend that fault; and then ſhe ſays, I faulted,
That I did mend it. Now, good Friend, adviſe me,
How I may temper this ſtrange ſpleen in her.

Maci. You are too amorous, too obſequious,
And make her too aſſur'd, ſhe may command you.
When Women doubt moſt of their Husbands Loves,
They are moſt loving. Husbands muſt take heed
They give no gluts of Kindneſs to their Wives,
But uſe them like their Horſes; whom they feed
Not with a Manger-full of Meat together,
But half a Peck at once; and keep them ſo
Still with an Appetite to that they give them.
He that deſires to have a loving Wife,
Muſt bridle all the ſhew of that deſire:
Be Kind, not Amorous; nor bewraying Kindneſs,
As it Love wrought it, but conſiderate Duty.
" Offer no Love-rites, but let Wives ſtill ſeek them,
" For when they come unſought, they ſeldom like [them.

Deli. Believe me, *Macilente*, this is Goſpel.
O, that a man were his own Man ſo much,
To rule himſelf thus. I will ſtrive i' faith,
To be more ſtrange and careleſs; yet I hope
I have now taken ſuch a perfect courſe,
To make her kind to me, and live contented,
That I ſhall find my Kindneſs well return'd,
And have no need to fight with my Affections.
She (late) hath found much fault with every Room
Within my Houſe; one was too big (ſhe ſaid)
Another was not furniſh'd to her mind,
And ſo through all; all which, now, I have alter'd.
Then here, ſhe hath a place (on my back-ſide)
Wherein ſhe loves to walk; and that (ſhe ſaid)
Had ſome ill ſmells about it. Now, this walk
Have I (before ſhe knows it) thus perfum'd
With Herbs, and Flowers, and laid in divers places,
(As 'twere on Altars, conſecrate to her)
Perfum'd Gloves, and delicate Chains of Amber, To

To keep the Air, in awe of her ſweet Noſtrils:
This have I done, and this I think will pleaſe her.
Behold ſhe comes.

Fal. Here's a ſweet ſtink indeed:
What, ſhall I ever be thus croſt and plagu'd?
And ſick of Husband? O, my Head doth ake,
As it would cleave aſunder, with thoſe ſavours.
All my Room 's alter'd, and but one poor walk
That I delighted in, and that is made
So fulſome with Perfumes, that I am fear'd
(My Brain doth ſweat ſo) I have caught the Plague.

Deli. Why, (gentle Wife) is now thy walk too ſweet?
Thou ſaid'ſt of late, it had ſow'r Airs about it,
And found'ſt much fault, that I did not correct it.

Fal. Why, an' I did not find fault, Sir?

Deli. Nay, dear Wife;
I know, thou haſt ſaid, thou haſt lov'd Perfumes,
No woman better.

Fal. I, long ſince perhaps,
But now that Senſe is alter'd; you would have me
(Like to a Puddle, or a ſtanding Pool)
To have no motion, nor no Spirit within me.
No, I am like a pure and ſprightly River,
That moves for ever, and yet ſtill the ſame;
Or Fire, that burns much Wood, yet ſtill one flame.

Deli. But yeſterday, I ſaw thee at our Garden,
Smelling on Roſes, and on Purple Flowers,
And ſince, I hope, the Humour of thy Senſe
Is nothing chang'd.

Fal. Why, thoſe were growing Flowers,
And theſe within my walk, are cut and ſtrew'd.

Deli. But yet they have one ſcent.

Fal. I! have they ſo?
In your groſs judgment. If you make no difference
Betwixt the ſcent of growing Flowers, and cut ones,
You have a Senſe to taſte Lamp-Oil 'i faith.
And with ſuch judgment have you chang'd the Chambers,
Leaving no Room, that I can joy to be in,
In all your Houſe; and now my walk, and all,
You ſmoak me from, as if I were a Fox,
And long, belike, to drive me quite away.

Well

Well, walk you there, and I'll walk where I liſt.
Deli. What ſhall I do? O, I ſhall never pleaſe her.
Maci. Out on thee, Dotard! what Star rul'd his Birth?
That brought him ſuch a Star? blind *Fortune* ſtill
Beſtows her Gifts on ſuch as cannot uſe them:
How long ſhall I live, e're I be ſo happy,
To have a Wife of this exceeding Form?
Deli. Away with 'em; would I had broke a Joint,
When I devis'd this, that ſhould ſo diſlike her.
Away, bear all away. [*Fido bears all away.*
Fal. I, do; for fear
Ought that is there ſhould like her. O, this Man,
How cunningly he can conceal himſelf!
As though he lov'd? nay, honour'd and ador'd?
Deli. Why, my ſweet Heart?
Fal. Sweet Heart! O! better ſtill!
And asking, why? wherefore? and looking ſtrangely,
As if he were as white as Innocence.
Alas, you're ſimple, you; you cannot change,
Look pale at Pleaſure, and then red with wonder:
No, no, not you! 'Tis p'ty o' your Naturals.
I did but caſt an amorous Eye, e'en now,
Upon a pair of Gloves, that ſomewhat lik'd me,
And ſtraight he noted it, and gave command
All ſhould be ta'en away.
Deli. Be they my Bane then.
What, Sirrah, *Fido*, bring in thoſe Gloves again,
You took from hence.
Fal. Sir, but do not,
Bring in no Gloves, to ſpite me; if you do———
Deli. Ay me, moſt wretched; how am I miſconſtru'd?
Maci. O, how ſhe tempts my Heart ſtrings with her Eye,
To knit them to her Beauties, or to break?
What mov'd the Heav'ns, that they could not make
Me ſuch a Woman? but a Man, a Baſt,
That hath no bliſs like to others. Would to Heav'n
(In wreak of my Misfortunes) I were turn'd
To ſome fair Water-*Nymph*, that (ſet upon
The deepeſt Whirl-pit of the rav'nous Seas,)

My

My adamantive Eyes might head-long hale
This Iron World to me, and drown it all.

GREX.

Cor. Behold, behold, the tranſlated Gallant.

Mit. O, he is welcome.

[*To the reſt*] *Fungoſo.*

Fun. Save you Brother and Siſter, ſave you, Sir; I have Commendations for you out i' the Country: (I wonder they take no knowledge of my Suit:) mine Uncle *Segliardo* is in Town. Siſter, methinks you are melancholy; why are you ſo ſad? I think you took me for Maſter *Faſtidius Briſk* (Siſter) did you not?

Fal. Why ſhould I take you for him?

Fung. Nay, nothing——— I was lately in Maſter *Faſtidius* his Company, and methinks we are very like.

Deli. You have a fair Suit, Brother, give you Joy on't.

Fung. Faith good enough to ride in, Brother; I made it to ride in.

Fal. O, now I ſee the Cauſe of this idle Demand was his new Suit.

Deli. Pray you, good Brother, try if you can change her Mood.

Fung. I warrant you, let me alone. I'll put her out of her Dumps. Siſter, how like you my Suit?

Fal. O, you are a Gallant in Print now, Brother.

Fung. Faith, how like you the Faſhion? it's the laſt Edition, I aſſure you.

Fal. I cannot but like it, to the Deſert.

Fung. Troth, Siſter, I was fain to borrow theſe Spurs, I ha' left my Gown in gage for 'em, pray you lend me an Angel.

Fal. Now, beſhrow my Heart then.

Fung. Good truth, I'll pay you again at my next Exhibition: I had but bare ten Pound of my Father, and it would not reach to put me wholly into the Faſhion.

Fal. I care not.

Fung. I had Spurs of mine own before, but they were not Ginglers. Monſieur *Faſtidius* will be here anon, Siſter.

Fal. You jeſt?

Fung.

Fung. Never lend me Penny more (while you live then;) and that I'd be loth to ſay, in Truth.

Fal. When did you ſee him?

Fung. Yeſterday, I came acquainted with him at Sir *Puntarvolo*'s: Nay, ſweet Siſter.

Mac. I fain would know of Heav'n now, why yond Fool
Should wear a Suit of Sattin? he? that Rook?
That painted Jay, with ſuch a deal of out-ſide?
What is his inſide trow? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
Good Heav'n, give me Patience, Patience, Patience.
A Number of theſe Popenjays there are,
Whom, if a Man confer, and but examine
Their inward Merit with ſuch Men as want;
Lord, Lord, what Things they are!

Fal. Come, when will you pay me again, now?

Fung. O good, Siſter!

Mac. Here comes another.

[*To the reſt.*] *Faſtidius Briſk.*

Faſt. Save you, Signior *Deliro*: How doſt thou, ſweet Lady? Let me kiſs thee.

Fung. How? a new Suit? Ay me.

Deli. And how does Maſter *Faſtidius Briſk*?

Faſt. Faith, live in Court, Signior *Deliro*; in Grace, I thank God, both of the noble *Maſculine* and *Feminine*. I muſt ſpeak with you in private by and by.

Deli. When you pleaſe, Sir.

Fal. Why look you ſo pale, Brother?

Fung. 'Slid, all this Mony is caſt away now.

Mac. I, there's a newer Edition come forth.

Fung. 'Tis but my hard Fortune! Well, I'll have my Suit chang'd, I'll go fetch my Taylor preſently, but firſt I'll deviſe a Letter to my Father. Ha' you any Pen and Ink, Siſter?

Fal. What would you do withal?

Fung. I would uſe it. 'Slight, an' it had come but four Days ſooner, the Faſhion.

Faſt. There was a Counteſs gave me her Hand to kiſs to Day, i' the Preſence: did me more good by that light than ——— and Yeſter-night ſent her Coach twice to my Lodging, to intreat me accompany her, and my ſweet Miſtreſs,

ſtreſs, with ſome two or three nameleſs Ladies more: O, I have been grac'd by 'em beyond all aim of Affection: this is her Garter my Dagger hangs in: and they do ſo commend and approve my Apparel, with my judicious wearing of it, it's above wonder.

Fal. Indeed, Sir, 'tis a moſt excellent Suit, and you do wear it as extraordinary.

Faſt. Why, I'll tell you now (in good faith) and by this Chair, which (by the Grace of God) I intend preſently to ſit in, I had three Suits in one Year made three great Ladies in Love with me: I had other three, undid three Gentlemen in imitation: and other three gat three other Gentlemen Widows of three thouſand Pound a Year.

Del. Is't poſſible?

Faſt. O, believe it, Sir; your good Face is the Witch, and your Apparel the Spells, that bring all the pleaſure of the World into their Circle.

Fal. Ah, the ſweet Grace of a Courtier!

Mac. Well, would my Father had left me but a good Face for my Portion yet; though I had ſhar'd the unfortunate Wit that goes with it, I had not car'd; I might have paſt for ſomewhat i' the World then.

Faſt. Why, aſſure you, Signior, rich Apparel has ſtrange Virtues: it makes him that hath it without Means, eſteemed for an excellent Wit: He that enjoys it with Means, puts the World in remembrance of his Means: it helps the Deformities of Nature, and gives luſtre to her Beauties; makes continual Holy-day where it ſhines; ſets the Wits of Ladies at work, that otherwiſe would be idle; furniſheth your two Shilling Ordinary; takes poſſeſſion of your Stage at your new Play; and enricheth your Oars, as ſcorning to go with your Scull.

Mac. Pray you, Sir, add this; it gives reſpect to your Fools, makes many Thieves, as many Strumpets, and no fewer Bankrupts.

Fal. Out, out, unworthy to ſpeak where he breatheth.

Faſt. What's he, Signior?

Del. A Friend of mine, Sir.

Faſt. By Heav'n I wonder at you, Citizens, what kind of Creatures you are!

Del. Why, Sir? *Faſt.*

Faſt. That you can comfort your ſelves with ſuch poor Seam-rent Fellows.

Fal. He ſays true.

Del. Sir, I will aſſure you (however you eſteem of him) he's a Man worthy of regard.

Faſt. Why? what has he in him of ſuch Vertue to be regarded? ha?

Del. Marry, he is a Scholar, Sir.

Faſt. Nothing elſe?

Del. And he is well travell'd.

Faſt. He ſhould get him Clothes; I would cheriſh thoſe good Parts of Travel in him, and prefer him to ſome noble Man of good Place.

Del. Sir, ſuch a Benefit ſhould bind me to you for ever (in my Friend's right) and I doubt not, but his Deſert ſhall more than anſwer my Praiſe.

Faſt. Why, an' he had good Clothes, I'd carry him to Court with me to Morrow.

Del. He ſhall not want for thoſe, Sir, if Gold and the whole City will furniſh him.

Faſt. You ſay well, Sir: faith, Signior *Delirio*, I am come to have you play the *Alchymiſt* with me, and change the *Species* of my Land into that Metal you talk of.

Del. With all my Heart, Sir; what Sum will ſerve you?

Faſt. Faith, ſome three or four Hundred.

Del. Troth, Sir, I have promis'd to meet a Gentleman this Morning in *Paul's*, but upon my return I'll diſpatch you.

Faſt. I'll acompany you thither.

Del. As you pleaſe, Sir; but I go not thither directly.

Faſt. 'Tis no matter, I have no other Deſignment in Hand, and therefore as good go along.

Del. I were as good have a quartan Fever follow me now, for I ſhall ne'er be rid of him: (bring me a Cloke there, one) ſtill, upon his Grace at Court, I am ſure to be viſited; I was a Beaſt to give him any hope. Well, would I were in, that I am out with him once, and——— Come Signior *Macilente*, I muſt confer with you, as we go. Nay, dear Wife, I beſeech thee, forſake theſe Moods: look not like Winter thus. Here take my Keys, open my count-

ing

ing Houſes, ſpread all my Wealth before thee, chuſe any Object that delights thee: if thou would eat the Spirit of Gold, and drink diſſolv'd Pearl in Wine, 'tis for thee.

Fal. So, Sir.

Del. Nay, my ſweet Wife.

Fal. Good Lord! how you are perfum'd! in your Terms and all! pray you leave us.

Del. Come, Gentlemen.

Faſt. Adieu, ſweet Lady.

Fal. I, I! let thy Words ever ſound in mine Ears, and thy Graces diſperſe Contentment through all my Senſes! Oh, how happy is that Lady above other Ladies, that enjoys ſo abſolute a Gentleman to her Servant! A Counteſs gives him her Hand to kiſs? ah, fooliſh Counteſs! he's a Man worthy (if a Woman may ſpeak of a Man's worth) to kiſs the Lips of an Empreſs.

Fung. What's Maſter *Faſtidius* gone, Siſter?

[*Return'd with his Taylor.*

Fal. I, Brother (he has a Face like *Cherubin*!)

Fung. Gods me, what luck's this? I have fetch'd my Taylor and all: which way went he, Siſter? can you tell?

Fal. Not I, in good faith (and he has a Body like an Angel!)

Fung. How long is't ſince he went?

Fal. Why, but e'en now: did you not meet him? (and a Tongue able to raviſh any Woman i'th' Earth!)

Fung. O, for God's ſake (I'll pleaſe you for your Pains:) but e'en now, ſay you? Come good Sir: 'Slid I had forgot it too: Siſter, if any Body ask for mine Uncle *Sogliardo*, they ſhall ha' him at the *Herald*'s Office yonder by *Paul*'s.

Fal. Well, I will not altogether deſpair: I have heard of a Citizen's Wife has been belov'd of a Courtier; and why not I? heigh, ho: well I will unto my private Chamber, lock the Door to me, and think over all his good Parts, one after another.

GREX.

Mit. Well, I doubt, this laſt *Scene* will endure ſome grievous Torture.

Cor. How? you fear 'twill be rack'd by ſome hard Conſtruction?

Mit.

Mit. Do not you?

Cor. No, in good faith: Unleſs mine Eyes could light me beyond Senſe. I ſee no reaſon why this ſhould be more liable to the rack than the reſt, you'll ſay, perhaps, the City will not take it well that the Merchant is made here to dote ſo perfectly upon his Wife; and ſhe again to be ſo *Faſtidiouſly* affected as ſhe is?

Mit. You have utter'd my Thought, Sir, indeed.

Cor. Why, (by that Proportion) the Court might as well take Offence at him we call the Courtier, and with much more pretext, by how much the place tranſcends, and goes before in Dignity and Virtue; but can you imagine that any noble or true Spirit in Court (whoſe Snowy, and altogether unaffected Graces, very worthily expreſs him a Courtier) will make any Exception at the opening of ſuch an empty Trunk, as this *Briſk* is? or think his own worth impeach'd, by beholding his motly Inſide?

Mit. No, Sir, I do not.

Car. No more, aſſure you, will any grave wiſe Citizen, or modeſt Matron, take the Object of this folly in *Deliro*, and his Wife; but rather apply it as the Foil to their own Virtues. For that were to affirm, that a Man writing of *Nero*, ſhould mean all Emperors: Or ſpeaking of *Machiavel*, comprehend all States Men; or in our *Sordido*, all Farmers; and ſo of the reſt: than which nothing can be utter'd more malicious or abſurd. Indeed, there are a ſort of theſe narrow-ey'd decypherers, I confeſs, that will extort ſtrange and abſtruſe meanings out of any Subject be it never ſo conſpicuous and innocently deliver'd. But to ſuch (where-e'er they ſit conceal'd) let them know, the Author defies them and their Writing-Tables; and hopes no ſound or ſafe Judgment will infect it ſelf with their contagious Comments, who (indeed) come here only to pervert and poyſon the Senſe of what they hear, and for nought elſe.

Mit. Stay, what new *Mute* is this, that walks ſo ſuſpiciouſly?

Cor. O, marry this is one, for whoſe better illuſtration, we muſt deſire you to preſuppoſe the Stage, the middle Iſle in *Pauls*; and that, the Weſt end of it.

Mit.

Mit. So, Sir, and what follows?

Cor. Faith, a whole Volume of Humour, and worthy the unclapſing.

Mit. As how? what name do you give him firſt?

Cor. He hath ſhift of Names, Sir: ſome call him *Apple John*, ſome *Signior Whiff*, marry, his main ſtanding name is *Cavalier Shift*: the reſt are but as clean Shirts to his Natures.

Mit. And what makes he in *Pauls* now?

Cor. Troth, as you ſee, for the advancement of a *Siquis*, or two; wherein he has ſo varied himſelf, that if any of 'em take, he may hull up and down in the humorous World a little longer.

Mit. It ſeems then he bears a very changing ſail?

Cor. O, as the Wind, Sir: here comes more.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Shift, Orange, Clove.

Shift. THIS is rare, I have ſet up my Bills without diſcovery.

Oran. What? *Signior Whiff*! what Fortune has brought you into theſe Weſt Parts?

Shift. Troth, *Signior*, nothing but your Rheum; I have been taking an Ounce of Tobacco hard by here, with a Gentleman, and I am come ſpit private in *Paul's*. Save you, Sir.

Oran. Adieu good *Signior Whiff*.

Clov. Maſter *Apple John* you are well met: when ſhall we ſup together, and laugh, and be fat with thoſe good Wenches? ha?

Shift. Faith, Sir, I muſt now leave you, upon a few humours and occaſions; but when you pleaſe, Sir.

Clove. Farewel ſweet *Apple John*: I wonder there are no more ſtore of Gallants here!

GREX.

Mit. What be theſe two, *Signior*?

Cor. Marry a couple, Sir, that are meer Strangers to the whole ſcope of our Play; only come to walk a turn or two i' this *Scene* of *Pauls* by chance.

Orange. 'Save you, good Maſter *Clove.*

Clove. Sweet Maſter *Orange.*

GREX.

Mit. How? *Clove* and *Orange*?

Cor. I, and they are well met, for 'tis as dry an *Orange* as ever grew; nothing but *Salutation*; and, *O God, Sir*; and, *it pleaſes you to ſay ſo, Sir*; one that can laugh at a jeſt for Company with a moſt plauſible and extemporal grace; and ſome Hour after, in private, ask you what it was; the other, Monſieur *Clove*, is a more ſpic'd Youth; he will ſit you a whole Afternoon ſometimes in a Book-ſeller's Shop, reading the *Greek*, *Italian*, and *Spaniſh*; when he underſtands not a word of either; if he had the Tongues to his Sutes, he were an excellent Linguiſt.

Clove. Do you hear this reported for certainty?

Orange. O God, Sir.

Puntarvolo, Carlo.

Punt. Sirrah, take my Cloak; and you Sir Knave, follow me cloſer. If thou loſeſt my Dog, thou ſhalt dye a Dog's death; I will hang thee.

Car. Tut, fear him not, he's a good lean Slave, he loves a Dog well, I warrant him; I ſee by his Looks, I: Maſs he's ſomewhat like him. 'Slud poyſon him, make him away with a crooked Pin, or ſomewhat, Man; thou maiſt have more ſecurity of thy Life? and ſo Sir, what? you ha' not put out your whole Venture yet? ha' you?

Punt. No, I do want yet ſome fifteen or ſixteen hundred Pounds; but my Lady (my Wife) is out of her humour; ſhe does not now go.

Car. No? how then?

Punt. Marry, I am now enforc'd to give it out, upon the return of my ſelf, my Dog, and my Cat.

Car. Your Cat! where is ſhe?

Punt. My Squire has her there, in the Bag: Sirrah, look to her: How lik'ſt thou my change, *Carlo*?

Car. Oh, for the better, Sir; your Cat has nine Lives, and your Wife ha' but one.

Punt.

Punt. Beſides, ſhe will never be Sea-ſick, which will ſave me ſo much in Conſerves? when ſaw you *Signior Sogliardo*?

Car. I came from him but now, he is at the *Heralds* Office yonder; he requeſted me to go afore, and take up a Man or two for him in *Pauls*, againſt his Cogniſance was ready.

Punt. What, has he purchaſt Arms, then?

Car. I, and rare ones too; of as many Colours as e'er you ſaw any Fool's Coat in your Life. I'll go look among yond' Bills, an' I can fit him with Legs to his Arms---

Punt. With Legs to his Arms! Good: I will go with you, Sir.

[*They go to look upon the Bills.*

Faſtidius, Deliro, Macilente.

Faſt. Come, let's walk in *Mediterraneo*: I aſſure you, Sir, I am not the leaſt reſpected among Ladies; but let that paſs; do you know how to go into the Preſence, Sir?

Maci. Why, on my Feet, Sir.

Faſt. No, on your Head, Sir; for 'tis that muſt bear you out, I aſſure you; as thus, Sir. You muſt firſt have an eſpecial Care ſo to wear your Hat, that it oppreſs not confuſedly this your predominant, or fore top; becauſe (when you come at the preſence Door) you may with once or twice ſtroaking up your Fore-head thus, enter with your predominant perfect; that is ſtanding up ſtiff.

Maci. As if one were frighted?

Faſt. I, Sir.

Maci. Which, indeed, a true fear of your Miſtreſs ſhould do, rather than Gum-water, or Whites of Eggs; is't not ſo, Sir?

Faſt. An ingenious obſervation; give me leave to crave your Name, Sir?

Deli. His Name is *Macilente*, Sir.

Faſt. Good *Signior Macilente*, if this Gentleman, *Signior Deliro*, furniſh you (as he ſays he will) with Clothes, I will bring you to Morrow by this time, into the preſence of the moſt divine and *acute* Lady in Court; you ſhall ſee ſweet ſilent Rhetorique, and dumb Eloquence ſpeaking in her Eye; but when ſhe ſpeaks her ſelf, ſuch an Anato-

my of Wit, finewiz'd and arteriz'd, that 'tis the goodlieſt Model of Pleaſure that ever was to behold. Oh! ſhe ſtrikes the World into admiratien of her; (O, O, O) I cannot expreſs 'em, believe me.

Maci. O, your only Admiration, is your Silence, Sir.

Punt. 'Fore God, *Carlo*, this is good; let's read 'em again.

The firſt B I L L.

'If there be any Lady or Gentlewoman of good carri-
'age that is deſirous to deſirous to entertain (to her pri-
'vate uſes) a young, ſtraight, and upright Gentleman, of
'the Age of five or ſix and twenty at the moſt; who can
'ſerve in the Nature of a Gentleman-Uſher, and hath lit-
'tle Legs of purpoſe, and a black Satten Sute of his own,
'to go before her in; which Sute (for the more ſweet-
'ning) now lies in Lavender; and can hide his Face with
'her Fan, if need require; or ſit in the cold at the Stair-
'foot for her, as well as another Gentleman: Let her ſub-
'ſcribe her Name and Place, and diligent reſpect ſhall be
'given.'

Punt. This is above meaſure excellent! ha?

Car. No, this, this! here's a fine Slave.

The ſecond B I L L.

'If this City, or the Suburbs of the ſame, do afford a-
'ny young Gentleman, of the firſt, ſecond, or third Head,
'more or leſs, whoſe Friends are but lately deceaſed, and
'whoſe Lands are but new come into his Hands, that (to be
'as exactly qualified as the beſt of our ordinary Gallants
'are) is affected to entertain the moſt Gentleman-like uſe
'of Tobacco; as firſt, to give it the moſt exquiſite Per-
'fume; then to know all the delicate ſweet forms for the
'aſſumption of it; as alſo the rare Corollary and Practice
'of the *Cuban* Ebolition, *Euripus* and Whiff; which he
'ſhall receive, or take in here at *London*, and evaporate at
Uxbridge, ot farther, if it pleaſe him. If there be any
'ſuch generous Spirit, that is truly enamour'd of theſe
'good Faculties: May it pleaſe him, but (by a note of his
'Hand) to ſpecifie the Place or Ordinary where he uſes to
'eat and lie; and moſt ſweet attendance with Tobacco and
'Pipes of the beſt ſort, ſhall be miniſtred: *Sint Quaſo*
Candide Lector.

Punt.

Punt. Why this is without *parallel*, this!

Car. Well, I'll mark this Fellow for *Sogliardo*'s uſe preſently.

Punt. Or rather, *Sogliardo* for his uſe.

Car. Faith either of 'em will ſerve, they are both good properties: I'll deſign the other a place too, that we may ſee him.

Punt. No better place than the *Mitre*, that we may be Spectators with you, *Carlo*. Soft, behold who enters here: *Signior Sogliardo*! ſave you.

[*To them*] *Soligardo.*

Sog. Save you, good Sir *Puntarvolo*; your Dog's in health, Sir, I ſee; how now, *Carlo*?

Car. We have ta'en ſimple pains, to chuſe you out followers here.

Punt. Come hither, Signior.

Clove. Monſieur *Orange*, yond' Gallants obſerve us; pry'thee let's talk fuſtian a little, and gull 'em; make 'em believe we are great Scholars.

[*They ſhew him the Bills.*

Orange. O Lord, Sir.

Clove. Nay pr'y thee, let's, believe me, you have an excellent habit in diſcourſe.

Orange. It pleaſes you to ſay ſo, Sir.

Clove. By this Church, you ha' la; nay come, begin: *Ariſtotle* in his Dæmonologia, approves *Scaliger* for the beſt Navigator in his time; and in his Hypercritiques, he reports him to be Heautontimorumenos: you underſtand the *Greek*, Sir.

Orange. O God, Sir.

Maci. For Societies ſake he does. O, here be a couple of fine tame Parrots.

Clove. Now, Sir, whereas the *Ingenuity* of the time, and the Souls *Syndereſis* are but *Embrions* in Nature, added to the Paunch of *Eſquiline*, end the *Inter-vallum* of the *Zodiack*, beſides the *Ecliptick line* being *optick* and not *mental*, but by the *contemplative* and *theorick* part thereof, doth demonſtrate to us the *vegetable circumference*, and the *ventoſity* of the *Tropicks*, and whereas our *intellectual*, or *mincing capreal* (according to the *Metaphyſicks*) as you may

read in *Plato's Hiſtoriomaſtix*——— You conceive me Sir?

Orange. O Lord, Sir.

Clove. Then coming to the pretty *Animal*, as *Reaſon long ſince is fled to Animals*, you know, or indeed for the more *modelizing*, or *enamelling* or rather *diamondizing* of your *ſubject*, you ſhall perceive the *Hypotheſis*, or *Galaxia*, (whereof the *Meteors* long ſince had their *initial inceptions* and *notions*) to be merely *Pythagorical*, *Mathematical*, and *Ariſtocratical*——— For look you, Sir, there is ever a kind of *concinity* and *ſpecies*——— Let us turn to our former diſcourſe, for they mark us not.

Faſt. Maſs, yonder's the Knight *Puntarvolo*.

Deli. And my Couſin *Sogliard*, methinks.

Maci. I, and his Familiar that haunts him, the Devil with the ſhining Face.

Deli. Let 'em alone, obſerve 'em not.

[*Sogliardo, Puntarvolo, Carlo, walk.*

Sog. Nay, I will have him, I am reſolute for that. By this Parchment Gentlemen, I have been ſo toil'd among the *Harrots* yonder, you will not believe, they do ſpeak i' the ſtrangeſt Language, and give a Man the hardeſt Terms for his Money, that ever you knew.

Car. But ha' you Arms, ha' you Arms?

Sog. Y'faith, I thank them, I can write my ſelf Gentleman now, here's my Patent, it coſt me thirty Pound, by this Breath.

Punt. A very fair Coat, well charg'd and full of Armory.

Sog. Nay, it has as much variety of Colours in it, as you have ſeen a Coat have; how like you the Creſt, Sir?

Punt. I underſtand it not well, what is't?

Sog. Marry, Sir, it is your Bore without a Head *Rampant*. A Bore without a Head, that's very rare!

Car. I, and Rampant too; troth, I commend the *Heralds* wit, he has decyphered him well: A Swine without a Head, without Brain, Wit, any thing indeed, ramping to Gentility. You can blazon the reſt, Signior? can you not?

Sog. O, I, I have it in writing here of purpoſe, it coſt me two Shillings the tricking.

Car.

Car. Let's hear, let's hear.

Punt. It is the moſt vile, fooliſh, abſurd, palpable, and ridiculous Eſcutcheon that ever this Eye ſurvis'd. Save you, good Monſieur *Faſtidius*.

[*They ſalute as they meet in the Walk.*

Car. Silence, good Knight; on, on.

Sog. *Gyron'y*, of eight *pieces*; *Azure* and *Gules*, between three *Plates*; a *Chev'ron*, *engrailed Checkey*, *Or*, *Vert*, and *Ermins*; on a *cheef Argent* between two *Ann'lets*, *ſables*; a Boar's Head, *Proper*.

Car. How's that, on a *cheef Argent*.

Sog. On a *cheef Argent*, a Boar's Head *Proper*, between two *Ann'lets ſables*.

Car. 'Slud. it's a Hogs-cheek, and Puddings in a Pewter Field this.

[*Here they ſhift.* Faſtidius *mixes with* Puntarvolo, Carlo *and* Sogliardo, Deliro *and* Macilente, Clove *and* Orange, *four Couple.*

Sog. How like you 'em, Signior?

Punt. Let the Word be, *Not without Muſtard*; your Creſt is very rare, Sir.

Car. A Frying-pan, to the Creſt, had had no fellow.

Faſt. Intreat your poor Friend to walk off a little, Signior, I will ſalute the Knight.

Car. Come, lap't up, lap't up.

Faſt. You are right well encountred, Sir; how does your fair Dog?

Punt. In reaſonable ſtate, Sir; what Citizen is that you were conſorted with? a Merchant of any worth?

Faſt. 'Tis Signior *Deliro*, Sir.

Punt. Is it he? Save you, Sir. [*Salute.*

Deli. Good Sir *Puntarvolo*.

Maci. O, what Copy of Fool would this place miniſter, to one endued with patience to obſerve it?

Car. Nay, look you, Sir, now you are a Gentleman, you muſt carry a more exalted Preſence, change your Mood and Habit to a more auſtere Form, be exceeding proud, ſtand upon your Gentility, and ſcorn every Man. Speak nothing humbly, never diſcourſe under a Noble-man, though you ne'er ſaw him but riding to the *Star-Chamber*, it's all one. Love no Man. Truſt no Man. Speak ill of

no Man to his Face; nor well of any Man behind his Back. Salute fairly on the Front, and wiſh 'em hang'd upon the turn. Spread your ſelf upon his Boſom publickly, whoſe Heart you would eat in private. Theſe be Principles, think on them, I'll come to you again preſently.

Punt. Sirrah, keep cloſe; yet not ſo cloſe; thy Breath will draw my Ruff.

Sog. O, good Couſin, I am a little buſie, how does my Niece? I am to walk with a Knight, here.

[*To them.*] *Fungoſo, Taylor.*

Fung. O he is here, look you, Sir, that's the Gentleman.

Tay. What, he i' the Bluſh-coloured Sattin?

Fung. I, he Sir; though his Suit bluſh, he bluſhes not, look you, that's the Suit, Sir: I would have mine ſuch a Suit without difference, ſuch Stuff, ſuch a Wing, ſuch a Sleeve, ſuch a Skirt, Belly and all; therefore, pray you obſerve it. Have you a Pair of Tables?

Faſt. Why do you ſee, Sir? they ſay I am phantaſtical; why, true, I know it, and I purſue my Humour ſtill, in contempt of this cenſorious Age. 'Slight, an' a Man ſhould do nothing but what a ſort of ſtale Judgments about this Town will approve in him, he were a ſweet Aſs: I'd beg him i' faith. I ne'er knew any more find more fault with a Faſhion, than they that knew not how to put themſelves into't. For mine own part, ſo I pleaſe mine own Appetite, I am careleſs what the fuſty World ſpeaks of me. Puh.

Fung. Do you mark, how it hangs at the Knee there?

Tay. I warrant you, Sir.

Fung. For Gods ſake do, note all; do you ſee the Coller, Sir?

Tay. Fear nothing, it ſhall not differ in a Stich, Sir.

Fung. Pray Heav'n it do not, you'll make theſe Linings ſerve? and help me to a Chapman for the Outſide, will you?

Tay. I'll do my beſt, Sir; you'll put it off preſently?

Fung. I, go with me to my Chamber you ſhall have it —— but make haſte of it, for the love of a Cuſtomer, for I'll ſit i' my old Suit, or elſe lye a Bed, and read the *Arcadia* till you have done.

Car.

Car. O, if ever you were ſtruck with a Jeſt, Gallants, now, now, I do uſher the moſt ſtrange Piece of Military Profeſſion that ever was diſcover'd in *Inſula Paulina.*

Faſt. Where? where?

Punt. What is he for a Creature?

Car. A Pimp, a Pimp, that I have obſerv'd yonder, the rareſt *ſuperficies* of a Humour; he comes every Morning to empty his Lungs in *Paul*'s here; and offers up ſome five or ſix *Hecatombs* of Faces and Sighs and away again. Here he comes; nay, walk, walk, be not ſeen to note him, and we ſhall have excellent ſport.

[*To them*] *Shift.*

Punt. 'Slid, he vented a Sigh e'en now, I thought he would have blown up the Church.

Car. O, you ſhall have him give a number of theſe falſe Fires e're he depart.

Faſt. See, now he is expoſtulating with his Rapier! look, look.

Car. Did you ever in your Days obſerve better Paſſion over a Hilt?

Punt. Except it were in the Perſon of a Cutler's Boy, or that the fellow were nothing but Vapour, I ſhould think it impoſſible.

Car. See again, he claps his Sword o' the Head, as who ſhould ſay, well, go to.

Faſt. O violence! I wonder the Blade can contain it ſelf, being ſo provok'd.

Car. *With that, the moody Squire thumpt his Breaſt,*
And rear'd his Eye to Heav'n for revenge.

Sog. Troth, an' you be good Gentlemen, let's make 'em Friends, and take up the matter between his Rapier and him.

Car. Nay, if you intend that, you muſt lay down the matter; for this Rapier (it ſeems) is in the nature of a Hanger-on, and the good Gentleman would happily be rid of him.

Faſt. By my faith, and 'tis to be ſuſpected, I'll ask him.

Maci. O, here's rich Stuff, for Life's ſake, let us go.
A Man would wiſh himſelf a ſenſeleſs Pillar,
Rather than view theſe monſtrous Prodigies.

Nil habet infœlix paupertas durius in ſe,
Quàm quod ridiculos homines facit———

Faſt. Signior.

Shift. At your Service.

Faſt. Will you ſell your Rapier?

Car. He is turn'd wild upon the Queſtion, he looks as he had ſeen a Serjeant.

Shift. Sell my Rapier? now fate bleſs me.

Punt. Amen.

Shift. You ask'd me, if I would ſell my Rapier, Sir?

Faſt. I did indeed.

Shift. Now, Lord have Mercy upon me.

Punt. Amen, I ſay ſtill.

Shift. 'Slid, Sir, what ſhould you behold in my Face, Sir, that ſhould move you (as they ſay, Sir) to ask me, Sir, if I would ſell my Rapier?

Faſt. Nay (let me pray you, Sir) be not mov'd: I proteſt, I would rather have been ſilent, than any way offenſive, had I known your nature.

Shift. Sell my Rapier? 'ods lid! Nay, Sir (for mine own part) as I am a Man that has ſerv'd in Cauſes, or ſo, ſo I am not apt to injure any Gentleman in the degree of falling foul, but (ſell my Rapier?) I will tell you, Sir, I have ſerv'd with this fooliſh Rapier, where ſome of us dare not appear in haſte; I name no Man; but let that paſs. (Sell my Rapier?) death to my Lungs. This Rapier, Sir, has travell'd by my ſide, Sir, the beſt part of *France* and the *Low Country:* I have ſeen *Vliſhing*, *Brill*, and the *Hague*, with this Rapier, Sir, in my Lord of *Leyſter's* time: And (by Gods will) he that ſhould offer to diſrapier me now, I would——Look you, Sir, you preſume to be a Gentleman of ſort, and ſo likewiſe your Friends here, if you have any Diſpoſition to travel, for the ſight of ſervice, or ſo, one, two, or all of you, I can lend you Letters to divers Officers and Commanders in the *Low Countries*, that ſhall for my cauſe do you all the good Offices, that ſhall pertain or belong to Gentlemen of your——Pleaſe you to ſhew the bounty of your Mind, Sir, to impart ſome ten Groats, or half a Crown to our uſe, till our ability be of growth to return it, and we ſhall think our ſelf——What, ſell my Rapier?

Sog.

Sog. I pray you, what ſaid he, Signior? he's a proper Man.

Faſt. Marry, he tells me, if I pleaſe to ſhew the bounty of my Mind, to impart ſome ten Groats to his uſe, or ſo——

Punt. Break his Head and give it him.

Car. I thought he had been playing o' the *Jews* Trump, I.

Shift. My Rapier? no Sir; my Rapier is my Guard, my Defence, my Revenue, my Honour; (if you cannot impart, be ſecret, I beſeech you) and I will maintain it, where there is a Grain of Duſt, or a Drop of Water (Hard is the choice when the valiant muſt eat their Arms, or clem:) Sell my Rapier? no, my dear, I will not be divorc'd from thee, yet; I have ever found thee true as Steel —— and (you cannot impart Sir?) Save you, Gentlemen; (nevertheleſs if you have a fancy to it, Sir)

Faſt. Pr'ythee away; is Signior *Deliro* departed?

Car. Ha' you ſeen a Pimp out-face his own wants better?

Sog. I commend him, that can diſſemble 'em ſo well.

Punt. True, and having no better a cloke for it, than he has neither.

Faſt. Gods precious, what miſchievous luck is this! adieu, Gentlemen.

Punt. Whither in ſuch haſte, Monſieur *Faſtidius*?

Faſt. After my Merchant, Signior *Deliro*, Sir.

Car. O hinder him not, he may hap loſe his tide, a good Flounder i' faith.

Orange. Hark you, Signior *Whiffe*, a word with you.

[Orange *and* Clove *call* Shift *aſide.*

Car. How? Signior *Whiffe*?

Orange. What was the difference between that Gallant that's gone, and you, Sir?

Shift. No difference; he would ha' given me Five Pound for my Rapier, and I refus'd it; that's all.

Clove. O, was't no otherwiſe? we thought you had been upon ſome Terms.

Shift. No other than you ſaw, Sir.

Clove. Adieu, good Maſter *Apple-John.*

Car.

Car. How? *Whiffe*, and *Apple-John* too? Heart, what'll you ſay if this be the *Appendix*, or Label, to both yond' Indentures?

Punt. It may be.

Car. Reſolve us of it *Janus*, thou that look'ſt every way; or thou *Hercules*, that haſt travel'd all Countries.

Punt. Nay, *Carlo*, ſpend not time in Invocations now, 'tis late.

Car. Signior, here's a Gentleman deſirous of your Name, Sir.

Shift. Sir, my Name is *Cavalier Shift*: I am known ſufficiently in this walk, Sir.

Car. Shift? I heard your Name varied e'en now, as I take it.

Shift. True, Sir, it pleaſes the World (as I am her excellent *Tobacconiſt*) to give me the Stile of Signior *Whiffe*; as I am a poor Eſquire about the Town here, they call me Maſter *Apple-John*. Variety of good Names does well, Sir.

Car. I, and good parts, to make thoſe good Names; out of which I imagine yond' Bills to be yours.

Shift. Sir, if I ſhould deny the Manuſcripts, I were worthy to be baniſht the middle Iſle for ever.

Car. I take your Word, Sir; this Gentleman has ſubſcrib'd to 'em, and is moſt deſirous to become your Pupil. Marry you muſt uſe Expedition. *Signior Inſulſo Sogliardo*, this is the Profeſſor.

Sog. In good time, Sir; nay, good Sir, houſe your Head; do you profeſs theſe Slights in Tobacco?

Shift. I do more than profeſs, Sir, and (if you pleaſe to be a Practitioner) I will undertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you ſhall take it plauſibly in any Ordinary, Theatre, or the Tilt-yard, if need be, i' the moſt popular Aſſembly that is.

Punt. But you cannot bring him to the *Whiffe*, ſo ſoon?

Shift. Yes, as ſoon, Sir; he ſhall receive the firſt, ſecond, and third *Whiffe*, if it pleaſe him, and (upon the receipt) take his Horſe, drink his three Cups of *Canary*, and expoſe one at *Hounſlow*, a ſecond at *Stanes*, and a third at *Bagſhot*.

Car.

Car. Baw-waw!

Sog. You will not ſerve me, Sir, will you? I'll give you more than Countenance.

Shift. Pardon me, Sir, I do ſcorn to ſerve any Man.

Car. Who? he ſerve? he! he keeps high Men, and low Men, he! he has a fair Living at *Fullam*.

Shift. But in the nature of a Fellow, I'll be your Follower, if you pleaſe.

Sog. Sir, you ſhall ſtay, and dine with me, and if we can agree, we'll not part in haſte: I am very bountiful to Men of Quality. Where ſhall we go, Signior?

Punt. Your Mitre is your beſt Houſe.

Shift. I can make this Dog take as many *Whiffes* as I liſt, and he ſhall retain, or effume them, at my pleaſure.

Punt. By your patience, follow me, Fellows.

Sog. Sir, *Puntarvolo*!

Punt. Pardon me, my Dog ſhall not eat in his Company for a Million.

Car. Nay, be not you amaz'd, Signior *Whiffe*, what e'er that Stiff-neckt Gentleman ſays.

Sog. No, for your do not know the Humour of the Dog, as we do; where ſhall we dine, *Carlo?* I would fain go to one of theſe Ordinaries, now I am a Gentleman.

Car. So you may; were you never at any yet?

Sog. No faith, but they ſay there reſorts your moſt choice Gallants.

Car. True, and the Faſhion is, when any Stranger comes in amongſt 'em, they all ſtand up and ſtare at him, as he were ſome unknown Beaſt, brought out of *Africk*; but that'll be help'd with a good adventurous Face. You muſt be impudent enough, ſit down, and uſe no reſpect; when any thing's propounded above your Capacity, ſmile at it, make two or three Faces, and 'tis excellent, they'll think you have travell'd: though you argue, a whole Day, in ſilence thus, and diſcourſe in nothing but laughter, 'twill paſs. Only (now and then) give fire, diſcharge a good full Oath, and offer a great Wager, 'twill be admirable.

Sog. I warrant you, I am reſolute; come, good Signior, there's a poor *French* Crown for your Ordinary.

Shift. It comes well, for I had not ſo much as the leaſt Portcullice of Coin before.

GREX.

GREX.

Mit. I travel with another Objection, Signior, which I fear will be enforc'd againſt the Author, e'er I can be deliver'd of it.

Cor. What's that, Sir?

Mit. That the argument of his *Comedy* might have been of ſome other nature, as of a Duke to be in love with a Counteſs, and that Counteſs to be in love with the Duke's Son, and the Son to love the Lady's Waiting-maid; ſome ſuch croſs wooing, with a Clown to their Servingman, better than to be thus near, and familiarly allied to the time.

Cor. You ſay well, but I would fain hear one of theſe *autumn* Judgments define once, *Quid ſit Comedia?* if he cannot, let him content himſelf with *Cicero*'s Definition (till he have Strength to propoſe to himſelf a better) who would have a *Comedy* to be *Imitatio vitæ, Speculum conſuetudinis, Imago veritatis*; a thing throughout pleaſant, and ridiculous, and accommodated to the Correction of Manners; if the Maker have fail'd in any Particle of this, they may worthily tax him; but if not, why—be you (that are for them) ſilent, as I will be for him; and give way to the Actors.

Sordido, *with a Halter about his Neck*; Hind.

Sord. Nay, Gods-pretious, if the Weather and Seaſon be ſo reſpectleſs, that Beggars ſhall live as well as their Betters; and that my Hunger and Thirſt for Riches, ſhall not make them hunger and thirſt with Poverty; that my Sleep ſhall be broken and their Hearts not broken; that my Coffers ſhall be full, and yet care; their's empty, and yet merry! 'Tis time, that a Croſs ſhould bear Fleſh and Blood, ſince Fleſh and Blood cannot bear this Croſs.

GREX.

Mit. What, will he hang himſelf?

Cor. Faith I, it ſeems his Prognoſtication has not kept touch with him, and that makes him deſpair.

Mit. Beſhrow me, he will be out of his Humour then, indeed.

Sord. Tut, theſe Star-monger Knaves, who would truſt 'em? one ſays dark and Rainy, when 'tis as clear as Chryſtal; another ſays, tempeſtuous Blaſts and Storms, and 'twas as calm as a Milk-bowl; here be ſweet Raſcals for

for a Man to credit his whole Fortunes with: You Sky-ſtaring Coxcombs you, you Fat-brains, out upon you; you are good for nothing but to ſweat Night-caps, and make Rug-gowns dear! You learned Men, and have not a legion of Devils, *a voſtre ſervice*! *a voſtre ſervice*! by Heav'n, I think I ſhall dye a better Scholar than they! but ſoft, how now, Sirrah?

Hind. Here's a Letter come from your Son, Sir.

Sord. From my Son, Sir? what would my Son, Sir? ſome good News no doubt.

The LETTER.

'SWeet and dear Father (deſiring you firſt to ſend me 'your Bleſſing, which is more worth to me than 'Gold or Silver) I deſire you likewiſe to be advertiſed, that 'this Shrove-tide (contrary to cuſtom) we uſe always to 'have Revels; which is indeed dancing and makes an ex-'cellent ſhew in truth; eſpecially if we Gentlemen be 'well attir'd, which our Seniors note, and think the bet-'ter of our Fathers, the better we are maintain'd, and that 'they ſhall know if they come up, and have any thing to 'do in the Law; therefore, good Father, theſe are (for 'your own ſake as well as mine) to re-deſire you, that 'you let me not want that which is fit for the ſetting up 'of our Name, in the honourable Volume of Gentility, 'that I may ſay to our Calumniators, with *Tully*, *Egoſum 'ortus domus meæ, tu occaſus tuæ.* And thus (not doubt-'ing of your Fatherly benevolence) I humbly ask your 'Bleſſing, and pray God to bleſs you.

Yours, if his own.

How's this! *Yours, if his own*? is he not my Son, except he be his own Son? Belike this is ſome new kind of ſubſcription the Gallants uſe. Well! wherefore doſt thou ſtay Knave? Away: go. Here's a Letter indeed! Revels? and Benevolence? is this a weather to ſend Benevolence? or is this a ſeaſon to revel in? 'Slid the Devil and all takes part to vex me, I think! this Letter would never have come now elſe, now, now, when the Sun ſhines, and the Air thus clear. Soul, if this hold, we ſhall ſhortly have an excellent crop of Corn ſpring out of the high Ways: The Streets and Houſes of the Town will be hid with the rankneſs of the Fruits, that grow there in ſpight of good Hus-

Husbandry. Go to, I'll prevent the ſight of it, come as quickly as it can, I will prevent the ſight of it. I have this remedy, Heav'n. Stay; I'll try the pain thus a little. O, nothing, nothing. Well now! ſhall my Son gain a Benevolence by my Death? or any Body be the better for my Gold, or ſo forth? No; alive I kept it from 'em, and (dead) my Ghoſt ſhall walk about it, and preſerve it; my Son and Daughter ſhall ſtarve e're they touch it, I have hid it as deep as Hell from the ſight of Heav'n, and to it I go now. [*Falls off.*

[*To him*] *Ruſtici.*

1 *Ruſt.* Ay me, what pitiful ſight is this! help, help, help.

2 *Ruſt.* How now? what's the matter?

1 *Ruſt.* O, here's a Man has hang'd himſelf, help to get him again.

2 *Ruſt.* Hang'd himſelf? 'Slid carry him afore a Juſtice; 'tis *chance-medly*, o' my word.

3 *Ruſt.* How now, what's here to do?

4 *Ruſt.* How comes this?

2 *Ruſt.* One has executed himſelf, contrary to order of Law, and by my conſent he ſhall anſwer't.

5 *Ruſt.* Would he were in eaſe to anſwer it.

1 *Ruſt.* Stand by, he recovers, give him Breath.

Sord. Oh!

5 *Ruſt.* Maſs, 'twas well you went the Foot-way, Neighbour.

1 *Ruſt.* I, an' I had not cut the Halter.

Sord. How! cut the Halter? Ay me, I am undone, I am undone.

2 *Ruſt.* Marry, if you had not been undone, you had been hang'd I can tell you.

Sord. You thread-bare horſe-bread-eating Raſcals, if you wou'd needs have been meddling, could you not have untied it, but you muſt cut it? and in the midſt too! Ay me.

1 *Ruſt.* Out on me, 'tis the Catterpillar *Sordido*! how curſed are the Poor, that the Viper was bleſt with this good Fortune?

2 *Ruſt.* Nay, how accurſt art thou, that art cauſe to the curſe of the Poor?

3 *Ruſt.*

3 *Ruſt.* I, and to ſave ſo wretched a Caytiff?

4 *Ruſt.* Curſt be thy Fingers that loos'd him.

2 *Ruſt.* Some deſperate Fury poſſeſs thee, that thou maiſt hang thy ſelf too.

5 *Ruſt.* Never maiſt thou be ſav'd, that ſav'd ſo damn'd a Monſter.

Sord. What Curſes breathe theſe Men! how have my Deeds
Made my looks differ from another Man's,
That they ſhould thus deteſt, and loath my Life!
Out on my wretched humour, it is that
Makes me thus monſtrous in true human Eyes.
Pardon me (gentle Friends) I'll make fair mends
For my foul Errors paſt, and twenty fold
Reſtore to all Men, what with wrong I robb'd them:
My Barns and Garners ſhall ſtand open ſtill
To all the Poor that come, and my beſt Grain
Be made Alms-bread, to feed half-famiſh'd Mouths.
Though hitherto amongſt you I have liv'd,
Like an unſavoury Muck-hill to my ſelf,
Yet now my gather'd heaps being ſpread abroad,
Shall turn to better and more fruitful uſes.
Bleſs then this Man, curſe him no more for ſaving
My Life and Soul together. O, how deeply
The bitter Curſes of the Poor do pierce!
I am by wonder chang'd; come in with me
And witneſs my Repentance; now I prove,
" No Life is bleſt, that is not grac'd with Love.

2 *Ruſt.* O Miracle! ſee when a Man has grace!

3 *Ruſt.* Had't not been pity, ſo good a Man ſhould have been caſt away?

2 *Ruſt.* Well, I'll get our Clerk put his Converſion in the *Acts* and *Monuments*.

4 *Ruſt.* Do, for I warrant him he's a *Martyr*.

2 *Ruſt.* O God, how he wept, if you mark'd it! did you ſee how the Tears trill'd?

5 *Ruſt.* Yes, believe me, like Maſter Vicar's Bowles upon the Green for all the World.

3 *or* 4. O Neighbour, God's Bleſſing o' your Heart, Neighbour, 'twas a good grateful deed.

GREX.

GREX.

Cor. How now, *Mitis*? what's that you conſider ſo ſeriouſly?

Mit. Troth, that which doth eſſentially pleaſe me, the warping condition of this green and foggy Multitude; but in good faith, *Signior*, your Author hath largely outſtript my Expectation in this *Scene*, I will liberally confeſs it. For when I ſaw *Sordido* ſo deſperately intended, I thought I had had a hand of him, then.

Cor. What? you ſuppos'd he ſhould have hung himſelf indeed?

Mit. I did, and had fram'd my Objection to it ready, which may yet be very fitly urg'd, and with ſome neceſſity; for though his purpos'd violence loſt th' effect, and extended not to death, yet the intent and horror of the Object, was more than the nature of a *Comedy* will in any ſort admit.

Cor. I? what think you of *Plautus*, in his *Comedy*, called *Ciſtellaria*, there? where he brings in *Alceſimarchus* with a drawn Sword ready to kill himſelf, and as he is e'en fixing his Breaſt upon it, to be reſtrain'd from his reſolv'd outrage, by *Silenium* and the Bawd; is not his Authority of power to give our *Scene* approbation?

Mit. Sir, I have this only Evaſion left me, to ſay, *I think it be ſo indeed, your memory is happier than mine*: But I wonder, what Engine he will uſe to bring the reſt out of their humours!

Cor. That will appear anon, never pre-occupy your imagination withal. Let your mind keep company with the *Scene* ſtill, which now removes it ſelf from the Country to the Court. Here comes *Macilente* and *Signior Briſk*, freſhly ſuited, loſe not your ſelf, for now the *Epitaſis*, or buſie part of our Subject is in act.

Macilente, Briſk, Cinedo, Saviolina.

Faſt. Well, now, *Signior Macilente*, you are not only welcome to the Court, but alſo to my Miſtreſs's withdrawing Chamber: But, get me ſome Tobacco, I'll but go in, and ſhew I am here, and come to you preſently, Sir.

Maci. What's that he ſaid? by Heav'n, I mark'd him not.

My

My Thoughts and I were of another World,
I was admiring mine own Out-ſide here,
To think what Priviledge and Pam it bears
Here, in the Court! Be a Man ne'er ſo vile
In Wit, in Judgment, Manners, or what elſe;
If he can purchaſe but a Silken Cover,
He ſhall not only paſs, but paſs regarded:
Whereas, let him be poor, and meanly clad,
Though ne'er ſo richly parted, you ſhall have
A Fellow (that knows nothing but his Beef,
Or how to rince his clammy Guts in Beer)
Will take him by the Shoulders, or the Throat,
And kick him down the Stairs. Such is the ſtate
Of Virtue in bad Clothes! ha, ha, ha, ha,
That Raiment ſhould be in ſuch high requeſt!
How long ſhould I be, e're I ſhould put off
To the Lord *Chancellor's* Tomb, or the *Sheriffs* Poſts?
By Heav'n (I think) a thouſand, thouſand Year.
His Gravity, his Wiſdom, and his Faith,
To my dread Soveraign (graces that ſurvive him)
Theſe I could well indure to reverence,
But not his Tomb; no more than I'd commend
The Chappel Organ, for the Gilt without,
Or this Baſe-Viol, for the varniſh'd Face.

Faſt. I fear I have made you ſtay ſomewhat long, Sir; but is my Tobacco ready, Boy?

Cine. I, Sir.

Faſt. Give me, my Miſtreſs is upon coming, you ſhall ſee her preſently, Sir, (*Tob.*) you'll ſay you never accoſted a more piercing Wit. This Tobacco is not dried Boy, or elſe the Pipe is defective. Oh, your Wits of *Italy* are nothing comparable to her! her Brain's a very Quiver of Jeſts! and ſhe does dart them abroad with that ſweet, looſe, and judicial aim, that you would—here ſhe comes, Sir.

[*She is ſeen, and goes in again.*

Maci. 'Twas time, his Invention had been bog'd elſe.

Savi. Give me my Fan there.

Maci. How now, *Monſieur Briſk*?

Faſt. A kind of affectionate Reverence ſtrikes me with a cold ſhivering (methinks.)

Maci.

Maci. I like ſuch Tempers well, as ſtand before their Miſtreſſes with fear and trembling; and before their Maker, like impudent Mountains.

Faſt. By this Hand, I'd ſpend twenty Pound my Vaulting-horſe ſtood here now, ſhe might ſee me do but one Trick.

Maci. Why, does ſhe love activity?

Cine. Or if you had but your long Stockings on, to be dancing a Galliard, as ſhe comes by.

Faſt. I, either. O, theſe ſtirring humours make Ladies mad with deſire; ſhe comes. My good *Genius* embolden me: Boy, the Pipe quickly.

Maci. What? will he give her Muſick?

Faſt. A ſecond good Morrow to my fair Miſtreſs.

Savi. Fair Servant, I'll thank you a Day hence, when the Date of your Salutation comes forth.

Faſt. How like you that anſwer? is't not admirable?

Maci. I were a ſimple Courtier, if I could not admire trifles, Sir.

Faſt. Troth, ſweet Lady, I ſhall (*Tob.*) be prepar'd to give you thanks for thoſe thanks, and (*Tob.*) ſtudy more officious, and obſequious regards (*Tob.*) to your fair Beauties. (*Tob.*) Mend the Pipe, Boy.

[*He talks, and takes Tobacco between.*

Maci. I ne'er knew Tobacco taken as a *Parentheſis* before.

Faſt. 'Fore God (ſweet Lady) believe it, I do honour the meaneſt Ruſh in this Chamber for your love.

Savi. I, you need not tell me that, Sir, I do think you do prize a Ruſh before my Love.

Maci. Is this the wonder of Nations?

Faſt. O, by this Air, pardon me, I ſaid for your Love, by this Light; but it is the accuſtomed ſharpneſs of your Ingenuity, ſweet Miſtreſs, to—Maſs your Viol's new ſtrung, methinks.

[*He takes down the Viol, and plays between.*

Maci. Ingenuity! I ſee his Ignorance will not ſuffer him to ſlander her, which he had done moſt notably, if he had ſaid Wit for Ingenuity, as he meant it.

Faſt. By the Soul of Muſick, Lady (*hum, hum.*)

Savi. Would we might hear it once.

Faſt.

Faſt. I do more adore and admire your (*hum, hum,*) predominant perfections, than (*hum, hum,*) ever I ſhall have power and faculty to expreſs (*hum.*)

Savi. Upon the Viol *de Gambo*, you mean?

Faſt. It's miſerably out of Tune, by this Hand.

Savi. Nay, rather by the Fingers.

Maci. It makes good Harmony with her Wit.

Faſt. Sweet Lady, tune it. Boy, ſome Tobacco.

Maci. Tobacco again? he does court his Miſtreſs with very exceeding good changes.

Faſt. *Signior Macilente*, you take none, Sir? (*Tob.*)

Maci. No, unleſs I had a Miſtreſs, *Signior*, it were a great indecorum for me to take Tobacco.

Faſt. How like you her Wit? (*Tob.*)

Maci. Her Ingenuity is excellent, Sir.

Faſt. You ſee the ſubject of her ſweet Fingers there? (*Tob.*) Oh, ſhe tickles it ſo, that (*Tob.*) ſhe makes it laugh moſt divinely; (*Tob.*) I'll tell you a good jeſt now, and your ſelf ſhall ſay it's a good one: I have wiſht my ſelf to be that Inſtrument (I think) a thouſand times, and not ſo few, by Heav'n (*Tob.*)

Maci. Not unlike, Sir; but how? to be cas'd up, and hung by on the Wall?

Faſt. O, no, Sir, to be in uſe I aſſure you; as your judicious Eyes may teſtifie. (*Tob.*)

Savi. Here, Servant, if you will play, come.

Faſt. Inſtantly, ſweet Lady. (*Tob.*) In good faith, here's moſt divine Tobacco!

Savi. Nay, I cannot ſtay to dance after your Pipe.

Faſt. Good! nay, dear Lady, ſtay; by this ſweet ſmoke, I think your Wit be all fire. (*Tob.*)

Maci. And he's the *Salamander* belongs to it.

Savi. Is your Tobacco perfum'd, Servant, that you ſwear by the ſweet ſmoke?

Faſt. Still more excellent! (before Heav'n, and theſe bright Lights) I think (*Tob.*) you are made of Ingenuity, I. (*Tob.*)

Maci. True, as your diſcourſe is: O abominable!

Faſt. Will your Ladyſhip take any?

Savi. O, peace I pray you; I love not the breath of Woodcock's Head.

Faſt.

Faſt. Meaning my Head, Lady?

Savi. Not altogether ſo, Sir; but (as it were fatal to their Follies that think to grace themſelves with taking Tobacco, when they want better entertainment) you ſee your Pipe bears the true form of a Wood-cock's Head.

Faſt. O admirable *ſimile*!

Savi. 'Tis beſt leaving of you in admiration, Sir.

Maci. Are theſe the admired Lady-wits, that having ſo good a plain Song, can run no better diviſion upon it? All her jeſts are of the ſtamp, (*March* was fifteen Years ago.) Is this the Comet, *Monſieur Faſtidius*, that your Gallants wonder at ſo?

Faſt. Heart of a Gentleman, to neglect me afore Preſence thus! Sweet Sir, I beſeech you be ſilent in my Diſgrace. By the *Muſes*, I was never in ſo vile a humour in my Life, and her Wit was at the Flood too. Report it not for a Million, good Sir; let me be ſo far endear'd to your Love.

GREX.

Mit. What follows next, *Signior Cordatus*? this Gallant's humour is almoſt ſpent, methinks it ebbs apace, with this contrary breath of his Miſtreſs.

Cor. O, but it will flow again for all this, till there come a general drought of humour among all our Actors, and then I fear not but his will fall as low as any. See who preſents himſelf here!

Mit. What, i' the old Caſe?

Cor. I' faith, which makes it the more pitiful; you underſtand where the *Scene* is?

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Fallace, Fungoſo.

Fal. WHY are you ſo melancholy, Brother?

Fung. I am not melancholy, I thank you Siſter.

Fal. Why are you not merry then? there are but two of us in all the World, and if we ſhould not be Comforts one to the another, God help us.

Fung.

Fung. Faith, I cannot tell, Sister, but if a Man had any true Melancholy in him, it would make him Melancholy to see his yeomanly Father cut his Neighbour's Throats, to make his Son a Gentleman, and yet when he has cut 'em, he will see his Son's Throat cut too, e're he make him a true Gentleman indeed, before Death cut his own Throat. I must be the first Head of our House, and yet he will not give me the Head till I be made so. Is any Man term'd a Gentleman that is not always i' the Fashion? I would know but that.

Fal. if you be melancholy for that, Brother, I think I have as much Cause to be melancholy, as any one: for I'll be sworn, I live as little in the fashion, as any Woman in *London*. By the Faith of a Gentlewoman, (Beast that I am to say it) I ha' not one Friend i' the World besides my Husband. When saw you Master *Fastidius Brisk*, Brother?

Fung. But a while since, Sister, I think I know not well in truth. By this Hand, I could fight with all my Heart, methinks.

Fal. Nay good Brother, be not resolute.

Fung. I sent him a Letter, and he writes me no Answer neither.

Fal. Oh, sweet *Fastidius Brisk!* O fine Courtier! thou art he mak'st me sigh, and say, How blessed is that Woman that hath a Courtier to her Husband! and how miserable a Dame she is, that hath neither Husband, nor Friend i' the Court! O, sweet *Fastidius!* O fine Courtier! How comely he bows him in his Court'sie! how full he hits a Woman between the Lips when he kisses! how upright he sits at the Table! how daintily he carves! how sweetly he talks, and tells News of this Lord, and of that Lady! how cleanly he wipes his Spoon, at every spoonful of any White-meat he eats! and what a neat Case of Pick-tooths he carries about him still! O, sweet *Fastidius*! O, fine Courtier!

Deliro, Musicians, Macilente, Fungoso.

Deli. See, yonder she is, Gentlemen. Now, (as ever you'll bear the Name of Musicians) touch your Instruments sweetly, she has a delicate Ear, I tell you: play not a false Note, I beseech you.

Musi. Fear not, *Signior Deliro*.

Deli.

Deli. O, begin, begin, ſome ſprightly thing: Lord! how my Imagination labours with the Succeſs of it! Well ſaid, good i' faith! Heav'n grant it pleaſe her. I'll not be ſeen, for then ſhe'll be ſure to diſlike it.

Fal. Hey———da! this is excellent! I'll lay my Life this is my Husband's dotage. I thought ſo; nay, never play bo-peep with me, I know you do nothing but ſtudy how to anger me, Sir.

Deli. Anger thee, ſweet Wife? why, didſt thou not ſend for Muſicians at Supper laſt Night thy ſelf?

Fal. To Supper, Sir? now come up to Supper, I beſeech you: as though there were no difference between Supper-time, when Folks ſhould be merry, and this time when they ſhould be melancholy? I would never take upon me to take a Wife, if I had no more Judgment to pleaſe her.

Deli. Be pleas'd, ſweet Wife, and they ſhall ha' done, and would to Fate my Life were done, if I can never pleaſe thee.

Maci. Save you, Lady, where is Maſter *Deliro*?

Deli. Here, Maſter *Macilente*, you are welcome from Court, Sir; no doubt you have been grac'd exceedingly of Maſter *Briſk*'s Miſtreſs, and the reſt of the Ladies for his ſake.

Maci. Alas, the poor *Phantaſtick*! he's ſcarce known
To any Lady there; and thoſe that know him,
Know him the ſimpleſt Man of all they know:
Deride, and play upon his amorous Humours,
Though he but apiſhly doth imitate
The gallant'ſt Courtiers kiſſing Ladies Pumps,
Holding the Cloth for them, praiſing their Wits,
And ſervilely obſerving every one,
May do them Pleaſure fearful to be ſeen
With any Man (though he be ne'er ſo worthy)
That's not in Grace with ſome that are the greateſt.
Thus Courtiers do, and theſe he counterfeits,
But ſets not ſuch a ſightly Carriage
Upon their Vanities, as they themſelves;
And therefore they deſpiſe him: for indeed
He's like the *Zani* to a Tumbler,
That tries Tricks after him, to make Men laugh.

Fal.

Fal. Here's an unthankful ſpiteful Wretch! the good Gentleman vouchſaft to make him his Companion (becauſe my Husband put him into a few Rags) and now ſee how the unrude Raſcal back-bites him!

Deli. Is he no more grac'd amongſt 'em then, ſay you?

Maci. Faith, like a Pawn at *Cheſs*: fills up a Room, that's all.

Fal. O Monſter of Men! can the Earth bear ſuch an envious Caytiff?

Del. Well, I repent me I e'er credited him ſo much: but (now I ſee what he is, and that his masking Vizor is off) I'll forbear him no longer. All his Lands are mortgag'd to me, and forfeited: beſides, I have Bonds of his in my Hand, for the Receipt of now fifty Pound, now a hundred, now two hundred: ſtill as he has had a Fan but wagg'd at him, he would be in a new Suit. Well, I'll ſalute him by a *Serjeant*, the next time I ſee him i' faith, I'll Suit him.

Maci. Why, you may ſoon ſee him, Sir, for he is to meet *Signior Puntarvolo* at a *Notaries* by the *Exchange*, preſently; where he means to take up, upon return———

Fal. Now, out upon thee, *Judas*; canſt thou not be content to backbite thy Friend, but thou muſt betray him? wilt thou ſeek the undoing of any Man? and of ſuch a Man too? and will you, Sir, get your living by the Counſel of Traytors?

Deli. Dear Wife have Patience.

Fal. The Houſe will fall, the Ground will open and ſwallow us: I'll not bide here, for all the Gold and Silver in Heav'n.

Deli. O, good *Macelente*, let's follow and appeaſe her, or the Peace of my Life is at an end.

Maci. Now Peaſe, and not Peace, feed that Life whoſe Head hangs ſo heavily over a Woman's Manger.

Fal. Help me, Brother: 'Ods body, an' you come here I'll do my ſelf a Miſchief.

[Deliro *follows his Wife.*

Del. Nay, hear me, ſweet Wife, unleſs thou wilt have me go, I will not go.

Fal. Tut, you ſhall ne'er ha' that Vantage of me, to ſay, you are undone by me: I'll not bid you ſtay, I. Brother, ſweet Brother, here's four Angels I'll give you towards your Suit: for the love of Gentry, and as ever you came of Chriſtian Creature, make haſte to the Water-ſide (you know where Maſter *Faſtidius* uſes to Land) and give him warning of my Husband's malicious Intent; and tell him of that lean Raſcal's Treachery: O Heav'ns! how my Fleſh riſes at him! Nay, ſweet Brother, make haſte: You may ſay, I would have writ to him, but that the neceſſity of the time would not permit. He cannot chuſe but take it extraordinarily from me: and commend me to him, good Brother; ſay, I ſent you.

Fung. Let me ſee theſe four Angels, and then forty Shillings more I can borrow on my Gown in *Fetter-Lane*. Well, I will go preſently ſay on my Suit, pay as much Money as I have, and ſwear my ſelf into Credit with my Taylor for the reſt.

Del. O, on my Soul you wrong her, *Macilente*. Though ſhe be froward, yet I know ſhe is Honeſt.

[Deliro *and* Macilente *paſs over the Stage.*

Maci. Well, then have I no Judgment. Would any Woman (but one that were wild in her Affections) have broke out into that immodeſt and violent Paſſion againſt her Husband? or is't poſſible——

Del. If you love me, forbear; all the Arguments i'the World ſhall never wreſt my Heart to believe it.

GREX.

Cor. How like you the decyphering of his Dotage?

Mit. O, ſtrangely! and of the other's Envy too, that labours ſo ſeriouſly to ſet Debate betwixt a Man and his Wife. Stay, here comes the Knight Adventurer.

Cor. I, and his Scrivener with him.

Puntarvolo, Notary, Carlo, Servants.

Pun. I wonder Monſieur *Faſtidius* comes not! But *Notary*, if thou pleaſe to draw the Indentures the while, I will give thee thy Inſtructions.

Not. With all my Heart, Sir; and I'll fall in Hand with 'em preſently.

Pun. Well then, firſt the Sum is to be underſtood.

Not.

Not. Good, Sir.

Pun. Next, our ſeveral Appellations, and Character of my Dog and Cat, muſt be known. Shew him the Cat, Sirrah.

Not. So, Sir.

Pun. Then, that the intended Bound is the *Turk*'s Court in *Conſtantinople*; the Time limited for our Return, a Year; and that if either of us miſcarry, the whole Venture is loſt. Theſe are general, conceiv'ſt thou; or if either of us turn *Turk*.

Not. I, Sir.

Pun. Now for Particulars: That I may make my Travels by Sea or Land, to my beſt liking; and that (hiring a Coach for my ſelf) it ſhall be lawful for my Dog, or Cat, or both, to ride with me in the ſaid Coach.

Not. Very good, Sir.

Pun. That I may chuſe to give my Dog, or Cat, Fiſh, for fear of Bones; or any other Nutriment that (by the Judgment of the moſt authentical Phyſicians where I travel) ſhall be thought dangerous.

Not. Well, Sir.

Pun. That (after the Receipt of his Money) he ſhall neither in his own Perſon, nor any other, either by direct or indirect Means, as Magick, Witchcraft, or other ſuch exotick Arts, attempt, practiſe, or complot any thing to the Prejudice of me, my Dog, or my Cat: Neither ſhall I uſe the help of any ſuch Soceries or Inchantments, as Unctions to make our Skins impenetrable, or to travel inviſible by Virtue of a Powder, or a Ring, or to hang any three forked Charm about my Dog's Neck, ſecretly convey'd into his Collar, (underſtand you?) but that all be performed ſincerely, without Fraud or Impoſture.

Not. So, Sir.

Pun. That (for teſtimony of the Performance) my ſelf am to bring thence a *Turk*'s Muſtachio, my Dog a *Grecian* Hare's Lip, and my Cat the Train or Tail of a *Thracian* Rat.

Not. 'Tis done, Sir.

Pun. 'Tis ſaid, Sir; not done, Sir: But forward; that upon my return, and landing on the Tower-wharf, with

the aforeſaid Teſtimony, I am to receive Five for One, according to the proportion of the Sums put forth.

Not. Well, Sir.

Pun. Provided, that if before our departure, or ſetting forth, either my ſelf or theſe be viſited with Sickneſs, or any other caſual Event, ſo that the whole Courſe of the Adventure be hindred thereby, that then he is to return, and I am to receive the prenominated Proportion upon fair and equal Terms.

Not. Very good, Sir; is this all?

Pun. It is all, Sir; and diſpatch them, good *Notary*.

Not. As faſt as is poſſible, Sir.

Pun. O *Carlo*! welcome: Saw you Monſieur *Briſk*?

Car. Not I: Did he appoint you to meet here?

Pun. I, and I muſe he ſhould be ſo tardy; he is to take an hundred Pounds of me in Venture, if he maintain his Promiſe.

Car. Is his Hour paſt?

Pun Not yet, but it comes on apace.

Car. Tut, be not jealous of him; he will ſooner break all the Commandments, than his Hour; upon my Life, in ſuch a Caſe truſt him.

Pun. Methinks, *Carlo*, you look very ſmooth! ha?

Car. Why, I came but now from a Hot-houſe, I muſt needs look ſmooth.

Pun. From a Hot-houſe!

Car. I, do you make a Wonder on't? Why its your only Phyſick. Let a Man ſweat once a Week in a Hot-Houſe, and be well rubb'd, and froted, with a good plump juicy Wench, and ſweet Linnen, he ſhall ne'er ha' the Pox.

Pun. What, the *French* Pox?

Car. The *French* Pox! Our Pox. We have 'em in as good Form as they, Man: what?

Pun. Let me periſh but thou art a Salt one! was your new-created Gallant there with you? *Sogliardo*?

Car. O Porpuſe! hang him, no: he's a Lieger at *Horn*'s Ordinary yonder; his villainous *Ganymede* and he ha' been droning a Tobacco-pipe there ever ſin' Yeſterday Noon.

Pun. Who? Signior *Tripartite*, that would give my Dog the Whiff?

Car.

Car, I, he. They have hir'd a Chamber and all, private to practiſe in, for the making of the *Patoun*, the *Receit reciprocal*, and a Number of other Myſteries, not yet extant. I brought ſome dozen or twenty Gallants this Morning to view 'em (as you'd do a Piece of Perſpective) in at a Key hole; and there we might ſee *Sogliardo* ſit in a Chair, holding his Snowt up like a Sow under an Apple-tree, while the other open'd his Noſtrils with a Poking-ſtick, to give the Smoke a more free Delivery. They had ſpit ſome three or fourſcore Ounces between 'em, afore we came away.

Pun. How ſpit three or fourſcore Ounces?

Car. I, and preſerv'd it in Porrengers, as a Barber do's his Blood when he opens a Vein.

Pun. Out, *Pagan*; how doſt thou open the Vein of thy Friend?

Car. Friend? is there any ſuch fooliſh thing i'the World? ha? Slid, I ne'er reliſh'd it yet.

Pun. Thy Humour is the more dangerous.

Car. No, not a Whit, Signior. Tut, a Man muſt keep time in all; I can oil my Tongue when I meet him next, and look with a good ſlick Forehead; 'twill take away all ſoil of Suſpicion, and that's enough: what *Lynceus* can ſee my Heart? Piſh, the Title of a Friend, it's a vain idle Thing, only venerable among Fools; you ſhall not have one that has any opinion of Wit affect it.

[*To them,*] *Deliro*, *Macilente*.

Deli. Save you, good Sir *Puntarvolo*.

Pun. Signior *Deliro* welcome.

Deli. Pray you, Sir did you ſee Maſter *Faſtidius Briſk*? I heard he was to meet your Worſhip here.

Pun. You heard no Figment, Sir; I do expect him at every Pulſe of my Watch.

Deli. In good time, Sir.

Car. There's a Fellow now looks like one of the *Patricians* of *Sparta*; marry, his Wit's after Ten i' the Hundred: a good Blood-hound, a cloſe-mouth'd Dog, he follows the Scent well; marry, he's at a Fault now methinks.

Pun. I ſhould wonder at that Creature is free from the danger of thy Tongue.

Car. O, I cannot abide thoſe Limbs of Sattin, or rather

Satan indeed, that'll walk like the Children of Darkneſs) all Day in a melancholy Shop, with their Pockets full of Blanks, ready to ſwallow up as many poor Unthrifts as come within the Verge.

Pun. So! and what haſt thou for him that is with him, now?

Car. O, (Dam me) *Immortality*! I'll not meddle with him, the pure Element of Fire, all Spirit, extraction.

Punt. How *Carlo*? ha? what is he, Man?

Car. A Scholar, *Macilente*, do you not know him? a rank raw-bon'd Anatomy, he walks up and down like a charg'd Musket, no Man dares encounter him: that's his reſt there.

Punt. His reſt? why has he a forked Head?

Car. Pardon me, that's to be ſuſpended, you are too quick, too apprehenſive.

Deli. Troth (now I think on't) I'll defer it till ſome other time.

Maci. Not by any Means, Signior, you ſhall not loſe this Opportunity, he will be here preſently now.

Deli. Yes faith, *Macilente*, 'tis beſt. For, look you, Sir, I ſhall ſoo excedingly offend my Wife in't, that——

Maci. Your Wife? now for ſhame loſe theſe Thoughts, and become the Maſter of your own Spirits. Should I (if I had a Wife) ſuffer my ſelf to be thus paſſionately carried (to and fro) with the Stream of her Humour? and neglect my deepeſt Affairs, to ſerve her Affections? 'Slight, I would geld my ſelf firſt.

Deli. O but, Signior, had you ſuch a Wife as mine is, you would———

Maci. Such a Wife? Now hate me, Sir, if ever I diſcern'd any wonder in your Wife yet, with all the ſpeculation I have: I have ſeen ſome that ha' been thought fairer than ſhe, in my time; and I have ſeen thoſe, ha' not been altogether ſo tall, eſteem'd properer Women; and I have ſeen leſs Roſes grow upon ſweeter Faces, that have done very well too, in my Judgment: but in good faith, Signior, for all this, the Gentlewoman is a good pretty proud hard-favour'd thing, marry not ſo peerleſsly to be doted upon, I muſt confeſs: nay, be not angry.

Deli.

Deli. Well. Sir, (however you pleaſe to forgot your ſelf) I have not deſerv'd to be thus plaid upon; but henceforth, pray you forbear my Houſe, for I can but faintly endure the favour of his Breath at my Table, that ſhall thus Jade me for my Courteſies.

Maci. Nay, then, Signior, let me tell you, your Wife is no proper Woman, and by my Life, I ſuſpect her honeſty, that's more, which you may likewiſe ſuſpect (if you pleaſe:) do you ſee? I'll urge you to nothing, againſt your Appetite, but if you pleaſe, you may ſuſpect it.

Deli. Good, Sir.

Maci. Good Sir? Now Horn upon Horn purſue thee, thou blind egregious Dotard.

Car. O, you ſhall here him ſpeak like Envy. Signior *Macilente*, you ſaw Monſieur *Briſk* lately? I heard you were with him at Court.

Maci. I, *Buffoon*, I was with him.

Car. And how is he reſpected there? (I know you'll deal ingenuouſly with us) is he made of amongſt the ſweeter ſort of Gallants?

Maci. Faith I. his Civet and his Caſting-glaſs, have helpt him to a place amongſt the reſt: And there, his *Seniors* give him good ſlight looks, After their Garb, ſmile, and ſalute in *French* with ſome new Complement.

Car. What, is this all?

Maci. Why ſay, that they ſhould ſhew the frothy Fool
Such grace as they pretend comes from the Heart,
He had a mighty Wind-fall out of doubt.
Why, all their *Graces* are not to do grace
To Virtue, or Deſert: but to ride both
With their gilt Spurs quite breathleſs, from themſelves.
'Tis now eſteem'd *Preciſianiſm* in Wit,
And a Diſeaſe in Nature, to be kind
Toward Deſert, to love, or ſeek good Names,
Who feeds with a good Name? who thrives with loving?
Who can provide Feaſt for his own Deſires,
With ſerving others? ha, ha, ha:
'Tis folly, by our wiſeſt worldings prov'd,
(If not to gain by love) to be belov'd.

Car. How like you him? is't not a good ſpiteful ſlave? ha?

Pun. Shrewd, ſhrewd.

Car. Dam me, I could eat his Fleſh now, divine ſweet Villain;

Maci. Nay, prithee leave: what's he there?

Car. Who? this i' the ſtarch'd Beard? it's the dull ſtiff Knight *Puntarvolo*, Man; he's to travel now preſently: he has a good knotty Wit, marry he carries little on't out of the Land with him.

Maci. How then?

Car. He puts it forth in venture, as he does his Money upon the return of a Dog, and Cat.

Maci. Is this he?

Car. I, this is he; a good tough Gentleman: he looks like a Shield of Brawn at *Shrovetide*, out of Date, and ready to take his leave; or a dry Poul of Ling upon *Eaſter-eve*, that has furniſh'd the Table all *Lent*, as he has done the City this laſt vacation.

Maci. Come, you'll never leave your ſtabbing *ſimile's*: I ſhall ha' you aiming at me with 'em by and by, but——

Car. O, renounce me then: pure, honeſt, good *Devil*, I love thee above the love of Women: I could e'en melt in admiration of thee, now! Gods ſo, look here, Man; Sir *Dagonet*, and his Squire!

[*To them,*] *Sogliardo*, *Shift*.

Sog. Save you, my dear *Gallanto's*; nay, come approach, good *Cavalier*: prethee (ſweet Knight) know this Gentleman, he's one that it pleaſes me to uſe as my good Friend and Companion; and therefore do him good Offices: I beſeech you, Gentiles, know him, know him all over.

Punt. Sir (for Signior *Sogliardo's* ſake) let it ſuffice, I know you.

Sog. Why (as I am a Gentleman) I thank you, Knight, and it ſhall ſuffice. Hark you, Sir *Puntarvolo*, you'd little think it; he's as reſolute a piece of Fleſh as any i' the World.

Punt. Indeed, Sir?

Sog. Upon my Gentilty, Sir: *Carlo*, a word with you; Do you ſee that ſame fellow, there?

Car. What? *Cavalier Shift*?

Sog. O, you know him; cry you Mercy: before me, I think

think him the talleſt Man living within the Walls of *Europe*.

Car. The Walls of *Europe*! take heed what you ſay, Signior, *Europe*'s a huge thing within the Walls.

Sog. Tut, (an' 'twere as huge again) I'd juſtifie what I ſpeak. 'Slid, he ſwagger'd e'en now in a place where we were: I never ſaw a Man do it more reſolute.

Car. Nay, indeed ſwaggering is a good Argument of Reſolution. Do you hear this, Signior?

Maci. I, to my grief. O, that ſuch muddy Flags,
For every drunken Flouriſh, ſhould atchieve
The Name of Manhood; whilſt true perfect Valour
(Hating to ſhew it ſelf) goes by deſpis'd!
Heart, I do know now (in a fair juſt Cauſe)
I dare do more than he, a thouſand times:
Why ſhould not they take Knowledge of this? ha?
And give my worth Allowance before his?
Becauſe I cannot ſwagger! Now the Pox
Light on your *Pickt-hatch* proweſs.

Sog. Why, I tell you, Sir, he has been the only *Bid-ſtand* that ever kept *New-market*, *Salisbury-plain*, *Hockley* i' the hole, *Gads-hill*; and all the high Places of any requeſt: he has had his Mares and his Geldings, he, ha' been worth Forty, Threeſcore, a hundred Pound a Horſe, would ha' ſprung you over Hedge and Ditch like your Grey-hound; he has done Five hundred Robberies in his time, more or leſs, I aſſure you.

Punt. What? and ſcap'd?

Sog. Scapt! i' faith I: he has broken the Jayl when he has been in Irons and Irons; and been out, and in again; and out, and in; Forty times, and not ſo few, he.

Maci. A fit Trumpet, to proclaim ſuch a Perſon.

Car. But can this be poſſible?

Shift. Why, 'tis nothing, Sir, when a Man gives his Affections to it.

Sog. Good *Pilades*, diſcourſe a Robbery or two, to ſatisfie theſe Gentlemen of thy worth.

Shift. Pardon me, my dear *Oreſtes*: Cauſes have their *quiddits*, and 'tis ill jeſting with Bell-ropes.

Car. How? *Pilades* and *Oreſtes*?

Sog. I, he is my *Pilades*, and I am his *Oreſtes*: how

like you the Conceit?

Car. O, it's an old ſtale enterlude Device: No, I'll give you Names my ſelf, look you, he ſhall be your *Judas*, and you ſhall be his Elder-Tree to hang on.

Maci. Nay, rather, let him be Captain *Pod*, and this his *Motion*; for he does nothing but ſhew him.

Car. Excellent: or thus, you ſhall be *Holden*, and he your Camel.

Shift. You do not mean to ride, Gentlemen?

Punt. Faith, let me end it for you, Gallants: you ſhall be his *Countenance*, and he your *Reſolution*.

Sog. Troth, that's pretty: how ſay you, *Cavalier*, ſhall't be ſo?

Car. I, I, moſt Voices.

Shift. Faith, I am eaſily yielding to any good Impreſſions.

Sog. Then give hands, good *Reſolution*.

Car. Maſs, he cannot ſay, good *Countenance*, now (properly) to him again.

Punt. Yes, by an *Irony*.

Maci. O, Sir, the Countenance of *Reſolution* ſhould, as he is, be altogether grim and unpleaſant.

[*To them,*] *Faſtidius Briſk.*

Faſt. Good Hours, make Muſick with your Mirth, Gentlemen, and keep time to your Humours: How now, *Carlo*?

Punt. Monſieur *Briſk*! many a long Look have I extended for you, Sir.

Faſt. Good faith I muſt crave Pardon: I was invited this Morning e're I was out of my Bed, by a Bevy of Ladies, to a Banquet: whence it was almoſt one of *Hercules* labours for me to come away, but that the reſpect of my Promiſe did ſo prevail with me. I know they'll take it very ill, eſpecially one, that gave me this Bracelet of her Hair but over Night, and this Pearl another gave me from her Forehead, marry, ſhe——— what? are the Writings ready?

Punt. I will ſend my Man to know. Sirrah, go you to the *Notaries*, and learn if he be ready: leave the Dog, Sir.

Faſ

Faſt. And how does my rare qualified Friend, *Sogliardo*? Oh, Signior *Macilente*! by theſe Eyes, I ſaw you not, I had ſaluted you ſooner elſe, o' my troth: I hope, Sir, I may preſume upon you, that you will not divulge my late Check or Diſgrace (indeed) Sir.

Maci. You may, Sir.

Car. He knows ſome notorious Jeſt by this Gull, that he hath him ſo obſequious.

Sog. Monſieur *Faſtidius*, do you ſee this Fellow there? does he not look like a Clown? would you think there were any thing in him?

Faſt. Any thing in him? beſhrew me, I: the Fellow hath a good ingenious Face.

Sog. By this Element he is as ingenious a tall Man as ever ſwagger'd about *London*: he, and I, call *Countenance* and *Reſolution*, but his Name is *Cavalier Shift*.

Punt. Cavalier, you knew Signior *Clog*, that was hang'd for the Robbery, at *Harrow* o' the Hill?

Sog. Knew him, Sir! why, 'twas he gave all the Directions for the Action.

Punt. How, was it your Project, Sir?

Shift. Pardon me, *Countenance*, you do me ſome wrong to make Occaſions publick, which I imparted to you in private.

Sog. Gods will! here are none but Friends, *Reſolution*.

Shift. That's all one; Things of Conſequence muſt have their Reſpects: where, how, and to whom. Yes, Sir, he ſhewed himſelf a true *Clog* in the coherence of that Affair, Sir: for if he had manag'd Matters as they were corroborated to him, it had been better for him by a Forty or Fifty ſcore of Pounds, Sir, and he himſelf might ha' liv'd (in deſpight of Fates to have fed on Woodcocks, with the reſt: but it was his heavy Fortune to ſink, poor *Clog*, and therefore talk no more of him.

Punt. Why, had he more Aiders then?

Sog. O God, Sir! I, there were ſome preſent there, that were the nine *Worthies* to him, i' faith.

Shift. I, Sir, I can ſatisfie you at more convenient Conference: but (for mine own part) I have now reconcil'd my ſelf to other Courſes, and profeſs a living out of my other Qualities.

Sog.

Sog. Nay, he has left all now (I aſſure you) and is able to live like a Gentleman, by his Qualities. By this Dog, he has the moſt rare Gift in Tobacco that ever you knew.

Car. He keeps more ado with this Monſter, than ever *Bankes* did with his Horſe, or the Fellow with the Elephant.

Maci. He will hang out his Picture ſhortly, in a Cloth, you ſhall ſee.

Sog. Oh, he does manage a Quarrel the beſt that ever you ſaw, for Terms and Circumſtances.

Faſt. Good faith, Signior, (now you ſpeak of a Quarrel) I'll acquaint you with a Difference, that happened between a Gallant, and my ſelf; Sir *Puntarvolo*, you know him if I ſhould name him, Signior *Luculento*.

Punt. *Luculento*! what in-auſpicious Chance interpos'd it ſelf to your two Loves?

Faſt. Faith, Sir, the ſame that ſundred *Agamemnon* and great *Thetis* Son; but let the Cauſe eſcape, Sir: He ſent me a Challenge (mixt with ſome few Braves) which I reſtor'd, and in fine we met. Now indeed, Sir, (I muſt tell you) he did offer at firſt very deſperately, but without Judgment: For, look you, Sir; I caſt my ſelf into this Figure; now he comes violently on, and withal advancing his Rapier to ſtrike, I thought to have took his Arm (for he had left his whole Body to my Election, and I was ſure he could not recover his Guard.) Sir, I miſt my Purpoſe in his Arm, raſh'd his Doublet Sleeve, ran him cloſe by the left Cheek, and through his Hair. He again lights me here, (I had on a Gold Cable Hat-band, then new come up, which I wore about a Murrey *French* Hat I had) cuts my Hatband, (and yet it was maſſie Goldſmiths Work) cuts my Brims, which by good Fortune (being thick embroidered with Gold Twiſt and Spangles) diſappointed the force of the Blow: Nevertheleſs it graz'd on my Shoulder, takes me away ſix Purls of an *Italian* Cut-work Band I wore (coſt me three Pound in the Exchange but three Days before.)

Punt. This was a ſtrange Encounter.

Faſt. Nay, you ſhall hear, Sir: With this we both fell out, and breath'd. Now (upon the ſecond Sign of his Aſſault) I betook me to the former manner of my Defence; he (on the other ſide) abandon'd his Body to the ſame Dan-

ger,

ger as before, and follows me ſtill with Blows: But I (being loth to take the deadly Advantage that lay before me of his left Side) made a kind of *Stramazoun*, ran him up to the Hilts through the Doublet, through the Shirt, and yet miſs'd the Skin. He (making a reverſe Blow) falls upon my emboſs'd Girdle, I had threwn off the Hangers a little before) ſtrikes off a Skirt of a thick-lac'd Sattin Doublet I had (lin'd with four Taffataes) cuts off two Panes embroidered with Pearl, rends through the Drawings-out of Tiſſue, enters the Linings, and skips the Fleſh.

Car. I wonder he ſpeaks out of his wrought Shirt.

Faſt. Here (in the Opinion of mutual Damage) we paus'd; but e're (I proceed) I muſt tell you Signior, that (in this laſt Encounter) not having leiſure to put off my Silver Spurs, one of the Rowels catch'd hold of the Ruffle of my Boot, and (being *Spaniſh* Leather, and ſubject to tear) overthrows me, rends me two pair of Silk Stockings, (that I put on, being ſomewhat a raw Morning, a Peach-colour and another) and ſtrikes me ſome half-inch deep into the ſide of the Calf: He (ſeeing the Blood come) preſently takes Horſe, and away: I (having bound up my Wound with a piece of my wrought Shirt)———

Car. O! Comes it in there?

Faſt. Rid after him, and (lighting at the Court-gate both together) embrac'd, and march'd Hand in Hand up into the Preſence. Was not this Buſineſs well carried?

Maci. Well? yes, and by this we can gueſs what Apparel the Gentleman wore.

Punt. 'Fore Valour, it was a Deſignment begun with much Reſolution, maintain'd with as much Proweſs, and ended with more Humanity. How now, what ſays the *Notary*?

Serv. He ſays, he is ready, Sir; he ſtays but your Worſhip's Pleaſure.

Punt. Come, we will go to him, Monſieur. Gentlemen, ſhall we entreat you to be Witneſſes?

Sog. You ſhall entreat me, Sir Come, *Reſolution*.

Shift. I follow you, good *Countenance*.

Car. Come, Signior, come, come.

Maci. O that there ſhould be Fortune
To cloath theſe Men ſo naked in Deſert!

And

And that the juſt Storm of a wretched Life
Beats 'em not ragged, for their wretched Souls,
And ſince as fruitleſs, even as black as Coals!

GREX.

Mit. Why, but Signior, how comes it that *Fungoſo* appear'd not with his Siſter's Intelligence to *Briſk*?

Cor. Marry, long of the evil Angels that ſhe gave him, who have indeed tempted the good ſimple Youth to follow the Tail of the Faſhion, and neglect the Impoſition of his Friends. Behold, here he comes, very worſhipfully attended, and with good Variety.

Fungoſo, Taylor, Shoe-maker Haberdaſher.

Fung. Gramercy, good Shoe-maker, I'll put Strings to my ſelf. Now, Sir, let me ſee, what muſt you have for this Hat?

Habe. Here's the Bill, Sir.

Fung. How does it become me? well?

Tay. Excellent, Sir, as ever you had any Hat in your Life.

Fun. Nay, you'll ſay ſo all.

Habe. In faith, Sir, the Hat's as good as any Man i' this Town can ſerve you, and will maintain Faſhion as long; ne er truſt me for a Groat elſe.

Fung. Do's it apply well to my Sute?

Tay. Exceeding well, Sir.

Fung. How lik'ſt thou my Sute, Haberdaſher?

Habe. By my troth, Sir, 'tis very rarely well made; I never ſaw a Suit ſit better, I can tell on.

Tay. Nay, we have no Art to pleaſe our Frienhs, we.

Fung. Here, Haberdaſher, tell this ſame.

Hab. Good faith, Sir, it makes you have an excellent Body.

Fung. Nay (believe me) I think I have as good a Body in Clothes as another.

Tay. You lack Points to bring your Apparel together, Sir.

Fung. I'll have Points anon: How now? is't right?

Habe. Faith, Sir, 'tis too little; but upon farther hopes ——— Good Morrow to you, Sir.

Fung. Farewel, good Haberdaſher. Well, now Maſter *Snip*, let me ſee your Bill.

GREX.

GREX.

Mit. Methinks he diſcharges his Followers too thick.

Cor. O, therein he ſaucily imitates ſome Great Man. I warrant you, though he turns off them, he keeps this Taylor, in place of a Page, to follow him ſtill.

Fung. This Bill is very reaſonable, in faith. (Hark you Maſter *Snip*) Troth, Sir, I am not altogether ſo well furniſh'd at this preſent, as I could wiſh I were; but—— If you'll do me the Favour to take part in Hand, you ſhall have all I have, by this Hand———

Tay. Sir———

Fung. And but give me Credit for the reſt, till the beginning of the next Term.

Tay. O Lord, Sir———

Fung. 'Fore God, and by this Light, I'll pay you to the utmoſt, and acknowledge my ſelf very deeply ingag'd to you by the Courteſie.

Tay. Why, how much have you there, Sir?

Fung. Marry, I have here four Angels, and fifteen Shillings of white Money; it's all I have, as I hope to be bleſt.

Tay. You will not fail me at the next Term with the reſt?

Fung. No, an' I do, pray Heaven I be hang'd. Let me never breath again upon this mortal Stage, as the Philoſopher calls it. By this Air, (and as I am a Gentleman) I'll hold.

GREX.

Cord. He were an Iron-hearted Fellow, in my judgment that would not credit upon his Volley of Oaths.

Tay. Well, Sir, I'll not ſtick with any Gentleman for a Trifle: you know what 'tis remains?

Fung. I, Sir, and I give you thanks in good faith. O Fate! how happy am I made in this good Fortune! Well, now I'll go ſeek out Monſieur *Briſk*. 'Ods ſo, I have forgot Ribband for my Shoes, and Points. 'Slid, what luck's this! how ſhall I do? Maſter *Snip*, pray let me reduct ſome two or three Shillings for Points and Ribbands; as I am an honeſt Man, I have utterly diſfurniſh'd my ſelf, in the default of Memory, pray le' me be beho'ding to you, it ſhall come home i' the Bill, believe me.

Tay.

Tay. Faith, Sir, I can hardly depart with ready Money but I'll take up, and ſend you ſome by my Boy, preſently. What colour'd Ribband wou'd you have?

Fung. What you ſhall think meet i' your Judgment, Sir, to my Suit.

Tay. Well, I'll ſend you ſome preſently,

Fung. And Points too, Sir.

Tay. And Points too, Sir.

Fung. Good Lord! How ſhall I ſtudy to deſerve this Kindneſs of you, Sir? Pray let your Youth make haſte, for I ſhould have done a Buſineſs an Hour ſince, that I doubt I ſhall come too late. Now, in good faith, I am exceeding proud of my Suit.

GREX.

Cor. Do you obſerve the plunges that this poor Gallant is put to (Signior) to purchaſe the Faſhion?

Mit. I, and to be ſtill a Faſhion behind with the World, that's the Sport.

Cor. Stay: O here they come from *ſeal'd and deliver'd.*

Puntarvolo, Faſtidius Brisk, Servants, Carlo, Sogliardo, Macilente, Shift, Fungoſo.

Punt. Well, now my whole venture is forth, I will reſolve to depart ſhortly.

Faſt. Faith, Sir *Puntarvolo*, go to the Court, and take leave of the Ladies firſt.

Punt. I care not, if it be this Afternoon's Labour. Where is *Carlo?*

Faſt. Here he comes.

Car. Faith, Gallants, I am perſwading this Gentleman to turn Courtier. He is a Man of fair Revenue, and his Eſtate will bear the charge well. Beſides, for his other Gifts of the Mind, or ſo, why, they are as Nature lent him 'em, pure, ſimple, without any artificial Drug or Mixture of theſe two thredbare beggarly Qualities, Learning, and Knowledge, and therefore the more accommodate and genuine. Now, for the Life itſelf———

Faſt. O, the moſt Celeſtial, and full of wonder and delight, that can be imagin'd, Signior, beyond Thought and Apprehenſion of Pleaſure! A Man lives there, in that divine Rapture, that he will think himſelf i' the Ninth Heav'n for the time, and loſe all ſenſe of Mortality whatſoever, when

when he ſhall behold ſuch Glorious (and almoſt Immortal) Beauties, hear ſuch Angelical and Harmonious Voices, Diſcourſe with ſuch flowing and *Ambroſian* Spirits, whoſe Wits are as ſudden as Lightning, and humourous as *Nectar*; Oh, it makes a Man all *quinteſſence* and *flame*, and lifts him up (in a Moment) to the very Chryſtal Crown of the Sky, where (hovering in the ſtrength of his Imagination) he ſhall behold all the delights of the *Heſperides*, the *Inſulæ Fortunatæ*, *Adonis* Gardens, *Tempe* or what elſe (confin'd within the ampleſt verge of *Poeſie*) to be meer *Umbræ* and imperfect Figures conferr'd with the moſt eſſential Felicity of your Court.

Maci. Well, this *Encomion* was not extemporal, it came too perfectly off.

Car. Beſides, Sir, you ſhall never need to go to a hot-houſe, you ſhall ſweat there with courting your Miſtreſs, or loſing your Money at *primero*, as well as in all the Stoves in *Sweden*. Marry this, Sir, you muſt ever be ſure to carry a good ſtrong Perfume about you, that your Miſtreſſes Dog may ſmell you out amongſt the reſt; and (in making love to her) never fear to be out: For you may have a Pipe of Tobacco, or a Baſe Viol ſhall hang o' the Wall, of purpoſe, will put you in preſently. The tricks your *Reſolution* has taught you in Tobacco, (the *Whiffe*, and thoſe Sleights) will ſtand you in very good Ornament there.

Faſt. I, to ſome perhaps; but, an' he ſhould come to my Miſtreſs with Tobacco (this Gentleman knows) ſhe'd reply upon him, i' faith. O, (by this bright Sun) ſhe has the moſt acute, ready, and facetious Wit, that——— tut there's no Spirit able to ſtand her. You can report it, Signior, you have ſeen her.

Punt. Then can he report no leſs, out of his Judgment, I aſſure him.

Maci. Troth, I like her well enough, but ſhe's too ſelf-conceited, methinks.

Faſt. I indeed, ſhe's a little too Self-conceited, an' 'twere not for that Humour, ſhe were the Moſt-to-be-admir'd Lady in the World.

Punt. Indeed, it is a Humour that takes from her other Excellencies.

Maci. Why, it may eaſily be made to forſake her, in my thought.

Faſt. Eaſily, Sir? then are all impoſſibilities eaſie. *Maci.*

Maci. You conclude too quick upon me, Signior; what will you ſay, if I make it ſo perſpicuouſly appear now, that your ſelf ſhall confeſs nothing more poſſible?

Faſt. Marry, I will ſay, I will both applaud and admire you for it.

Punt. And I will ſecond him in the Admiration.

Maci. Why, I'll ſhew you, Gentlemen. *Carlo*, come hither. [*They whiſper.*

Sog. Good faith I have a great humour to the Court; what thinks my *Reſolution*? ſhall I adventure?

Shift. Troth, *Countenance*, as you pleaſe; the Place is a place of good Reputation and Capacity.

Sog. O, my tricks in Tobacco (as *Carlo* ſays) will ſhew excellent there.

Shift. Why, you may go with theſe Gentlemen now, and ſee Faſhions; and after, as you ſhall ſee Correſpondence.

Sog. You ſay true. You will go with me, *Reſolution*?

Shift. I will meet you, *Countenance*, about three or four a Clock; but, to ſay to go with you, I cannot, for (as I am *Apple John*) I am to go before the *Cockatrice* you ſaw this Morning, and therefore pray, preſent me excus'd, good *Countenance*.

Sog. Farewel, good *Reſolution*, but fail not to meet.

Shift. As I live.

Punt. Admirably excellent!

Maci. If you can but perſwade *Sogliardo* to Court, there's all now.

Car. O let me alone, that's my Task.

Faſt. Now, by Wit, *Macilente*, it's above Meaſure excellent! 'twill be the only Court-exploit that ever prov'd Courtier ingenious.

Punt. Upon my Soul, it puts the Lady quite out of her Humour, and we ſhall laugh with Judgment.

Car. Come, the Gentleman was of himſelf reſolv'd to go with you, afore I mov'd it.

Maci. Why then, Gallants, you two, and *Carlo*, go afore to prepare a Jeſt: *Sogliardo* and I will come ſome while after you.

Car. Pardon me. I am not for the Court.

Punt.

Punt. That's true; *Carlo* comes not at Court, indeed. Well, you ſhall leave it to the faculty of Monſieur *Briſk*, and my ſelf; upon our Lives we will manage it happily. *Carlo* ſhall beſpeak Supper at the Mitre, againſt we come back; where we will meet, and dimple our Cheeks with laughter at the Succeſs.

Car. I, but will you all promiſe to come?

Punt. My ſelf ſhall undertake for them; he that fails, let his Reputation lie under the laſh of thy Tongue.

Car. Gods ſo, look who comes here!

Sog. What, Nephew!

Fung. Uncle, God ſave you; did you ſee a Gentleman, one Monſieur *Briſk*, a Courtier? he goes in ſuch a Suit as I do.

Sog. Here is the Gentleman, Nephew, but not in ſuch a Suit.

Fung. Another Suit! [*He ſwoons.*

Sog. How now, Nephew?

Faſt. Would you ſpeak with me, Sir?

Car. I, when he has recover'd himſelf, poor Poll.

Punt. Some *Roſa-ſolis.*

Maci. How now, Signior?

Fung. I am not well, Sir.

Maci. Why, this it is, to dodge the Faſhion.

Car. Nay, come Gentlemen, remember your Affairs; his Diſeaſe is nothing but the *flux* of Apparel.

Punt. Sirs, return to the Lodging, keep the Cat ſafe: I'll be the Dogs *Guardian* my ſelf.

Sog. Nephew, will you go to Court with us? theſe Gentlemen and I are for the Court: nay, be not ſo melancholly.

Fung. By Gods lid I think, no Man in Chriſtendom has that Raſcally Fortune that I have.

Maci. Faith, your Suit is well enough, Signior.

Fung. Nay, not for that, I proteſt, but I had an Errand to Monſieur *Faſtidius*, and I have forgot it.

Maci. Why, go along to Court with us, and remember it; come Gentlemen, you three take one Boat, and *Sogliardo* and I will take another: we ſhall be there inſtantly.

Faſt. Content: good Sir, vouchſafe us your pleaſance.

Punt.

Punt. Farewel, *Carlo*; remember.

Car. I warrant you: would I had one of *Kemp*'s ſhooes to throw after at you.

Punt. Good Fortune will cloſe the Eyes of our Jeſt, fear not and we ſhall frolick.

GREX.

Mit. This *Macilente*, Signior, begins to be more ſociable on a ſudden, methinks, than he was before: there's ſome portent in't, I believe.

Cor. O, he's a Fellow of a ſtrange Nature. Now does he (in this calm of his humour) Plot, and Store up a World of malicious Thoughts in his Brain, till he is ſo full with 'em, that you ſhall ſee the very Torrent of his Envy break forth like a Land-flood: And, againſt the Courſe of all their Affections oppoſe it ſelf ſo violently, that you will almoſt have wonder to think, how 'tis poſſible the Current of their Diſpoſitions ſhall receive ſo quick and ſtrong an Alteration.

Mit. I marry, Sir, this is that, on which my expectation has dwelt all this while: For I muſt tell you, Signior (though I was loth to interrupt the *Scene*) yet I made it a Queſtion in mine own private diſcourſe, how he ſhould properly call it, *Every Man out of his Humour*, when I ſaw all his Actors ſo ſtrongly purſue, and continue their Humours?

Cor. Why, therein his Art appears moſt full of Luſtre, and approacheth neareſt the Life: Eſpecially when in the Flame and Height of their Humours, they are laid flat, it fills the Eye better, and with more Contentment. How tedious a ſight were it to behold a proud exalted Tree lopt, and cut down by degrees, when it might be feld in a Moment? and to ſet the Ax to it before it came to that pride and fulneſs, were, as not to have it grow.

Mit. Well, I ſhall long till I ſee this Fall, you talk of.

Cor. To help your longing, Signior, let your Imagination be ſwifter than a pair of Oars: and by this, ſuppoſe *Puntarvolo*, *Brisk*, *Fungoſo*, and the Dog arriv'd at the Court-Gate, and going up to the great Chamber. *Macilente*, and *Sogliardo*, we'll leave them on the Water, 'till poſ-

poſſibility and natural means may land 'em. Here come the Gallants, now prepare your Expectation.

ACT V.

Puntarvolo, Faſtidius Briſk, Fungoſo, Groom. Macilente, Sogliardo.

Punt. COme, gentile Signior, you are ſufficiently inſtructed.

Faſt. Who, I, Sir?

Punt. No, this Gentleman. But ſtay, I take thought how to beſtow my Dog, he is no competent attendant for the Preſence.

Faſt. Maſs, that's true indeed, Knight, you muſt not carry him into the Preſence.

Punt. I know it, and I (like a dull Beaſt) forgot to bring one of my Cormorants to attend me.

Faſt. Why, you're beſt leave him at the Porters Lodge.

Punt. Not ſo; his worth is too well known amongſt them, to be forth coming.

Faſt. 'Slight how'll you do then?

Punt. I muſt leave him with one, that is ignorant of his Quality, if I will have him to be ſafe, And ſee! Here comes one that will carry Coals, *ergo*, will hold my Dog. My honeſt Friend, may I commit the tuition of this Dog to thy prudent care?

Groom. You may, if you pleaſe, Sir.

Punt. Pray thee let me find thee here at my return; it ſhall not be long, till I will eaſe thee of thy Employment, and pleaſe thee. Forth, Gentiles.

Faſt. Why, but will you leave him with ſo ſlight command, and infuſe no more charge upon the Fellow?

Punt. Charge? no; there were no Policy in that; that were to let him know the value of the Gem he holds, and ſo to tempt frail Nature againſt her Diſpoſition. No, pray thee let thy honeſty be ſweet, as it ſhall be ſhort.

Groom. Yes, Sir.

Punt.

Punt. But hark you Gallants, and chiefly Monſieur *Briſk*, when we come in Eye-ſhot, or preſence of this Lady, let not other matters carry us from our Project; but (if we can) ſingle her forth to ſome place———

Faſt. I warrant you.

Punt. And be not too ſudden, but let the device induce it ſelf with good Circumſtance. On.

Fung. Is this the way? good truth, here be fine Hangings.

Groom. Honeſty ſweet, and ſhort? marry it ſhall, Sir, doubt you not; for even at this Inſtant if one would give me Twenty Pounds, I would not deliver him; there's for the ſweet; but now, if any Man come offer me but two Pence, he ſhall have him; there's for the Short now. 'Slid what a mad humorous Gentleman is this to leave his Dog with me? I could run away with him now, an' he were worth any thing.

Maci. Come on, Signior, now prepare to court this All-witted Lady, moſt naturally, and like your ſelf.

Sog. Faith, an' you ſay the Word, I'll begin to her in Tobacco.

Maci. O, fie on't; no; you ſhall begin with, *How does my ſweet* Lady, or, *Why are you ſo melancholy, Madam?* though ſhe be very merry, it's all one; be ſure to kiſs your Hand often enough; pray for her Health, and tell her, how, *more than moſt Fair* ſhe is. Screw your Face at' one Side thus, and proteſt; let her fleer, and look a-ſcew, and hide her Teeth with her Fan, when ſhe laughs a Fit, to bring her into more matter, that's nothing; you muſt talk forward (though it be without ſenſe, ſo it be without bluſhing) 'tis moſt Court-like, and well.

Sog. But ſhall I not uſe Tobacco at all?

Maci. O, by no means, 'twill but make your Breath ſuſpected, and that you uſe it only to confound the rankneſs of that.

Sog. Nay, I'll be adviſ'd, Sir, by my Friends.

Maci. God's my Life, ſee where Sir *Puntar*'s Dog is.

Groom. I would the Gentleman would return for his ſollower here, I'll leave him to his Fortunes elſe.

Maci. 'Twere the only true jeſt in the World to poyſon him now; ha? by this Hand I'll do it, if I could but get of the Fellow. *Signior Sogliardo*, walk aſide, and think upon ſome device to entertain the Lady with. *Sog.*

Sog. So I do, Sir.

Maci. How now, mine honeſt Friend? whoſe Dog-keeper art thou?

Groom. Dog-keeper, Sir? I hope I ſcorn that i' faith.

Maci. Why? doſt thou not keep a Dog?

Groom. Sir, now I do, and now I do not: I think this be ſweet and ſhort. Make me his Dog-keeper!

[*He throws off the Dog.*

Maci. This is excellent, above expectation! nay, ſtay, Sir, you'd be travelling; but I'll give you a Dram ſhall ſhorten your Voyage, here. So Sir, I'll be bold to take my leave of you. Now to the *Turks* Court in the Devil's Name, for you ſhall never go o' God's name. *Sogliardo*, come.

Sog. I ha' 't i' faith now, will ſting it.

Maci. Take heed how you leeſe it not, *Signior*, e're you come there; preſerve it.

GREX.

Cor. How like you this firſt Exploit of his?

Mit. O, a piece of true envy; but I expect the iſſue of the other device.

Cor. Here they come, will make it appear.

[*To them*] *Saviolina, Puntarvolo, Faſtidius Briſk, Fungoſo, Macilente, Sogliardo.*

Savi. Why, I thought, Sir *Puntarvolo*, you had been gone your Voyage?

Punt. Dear, and moſt amiable Lady, your divine Beauties do bind me to thoſe Offices, that I cannot depart when I would.

Savi. 'Tis moſt Court-like ſpoken, Sir; but how might we do to have a ſight of your Dog and Cat?

Faſt. His Dog is in the Court, Lady.

Savi. And not your Cat? how dare you truſt her behind you, Sir?

Punt. Troth, Madam, ſhe hath ſore Eyes, and ſhe doth keep her Chamber; marry I have left her under ſufficient Guard, there are two of my followers to attend her.

Savi. I'll give you ſome Water for her Eyes; when do you go, Sir?

Punt. Certes, ſweet Lady, I know not.

Faſt.

Faſt. He doth ſtay the rather, Madam, to preſent your acute judgment with ſo courtly and well-parted a Gentleman as yet your Ladyſhip hath never ſeen.

Savi. What's he, gentle *Monſieur Briſk*? not that Gentleman?

Faſt. No Lady, this is a Kinſman to Juſtice *Silence*.

Punt. Pray, Sir, give leave to report him; he's a Gentleman (Lady) of that rare and admirable Faculty, as (I proteſt) I know not his like in *Europe*; he is exceedingly Valiant, an excellent Scholar, and ſo exactly travell'd, that he is able, in diſcourſe, to deliver you a Model of any Prince's Court in the World; ſpeaks the Languages with that purity of Phraſe, and facility of Accent, that it breeds Aſtoniſhment; his Wit, the moſt exuberant, and (above wonder) pleaſant, of all that ever entred the concave of this Ear.

Faſt. 'Tis moſt true, Lady; marry he is no ſuch excellent proper Man.

Punt. His Travels have chang'd his Complexion, Madam.

Savi. O, Sir *Puntarvolo*, you muſt think every Man was not born to have my Servant *Briſk*'s Feature.

Punt. But that which tranſcends all, Lady; he doth ſo peerleſly imitate any manner of Perſon for Geſture, Action, Paſſion, or whatever——

Faſt. I, eſpecially a Ruſtick, or a Clown, Madam, that it is not poſſible for the ſharpeſt-ſighted Wit (in the World) to diſcern any ſparks of the Gentleman in him, when he does it.

Savi. O, *Monſieur Briſk*, be not ſo tyrannous to confine all Wits within the compaſs of your own; not find the Sparks of a Gentleman in him; if he be a Gentleman?

Fung. No in truth (ſweet Lady) I believe you cannot.

Savi. Do you believe ſo? why, I can find ſparks of a Gentleman in you, Sir.

Punt. I, he is a Gentleman, Madam, and a Reveller.

Fung. Indeed, I think I have ſeen your Ladyſhip at our Revels.

Savi. Like enough, Sir; but would I might ſee this wonder you talk of; may one have a ſight of him, for any reaſonable Sum?

Punt.

Punt. Yes, Madam, he will arrive preſently.

Savi. What, and ſhall we ſee him Clown it?

Faſt. I' faith (ſweet Lady) that you ſhall; ſee, here he comes.

Punt. This is he! pray obſerve him, Lady.

Savi. Beſhrew me, he Clowns it properly indeed.

Punt. Nay, mark his Courtſhip.

Sog. How does my ſweet Lady? hot and moiſt? beautiful and luſty? ha?

Savi. Beautiful, an' it pleaſe you, Sir, but not luſty.

Sog. O ho, Lady; it pleaſes you to ſay ſo in truth; and how does my ſweet Lady? in Health? *Bona roba, quaſo, qua novelles? qua novelles?* ſweet Creature!

Savi. O excellent! why Gallants, is this he that cannot be decipher'd? they were very blear-witted, i' faith, that could not diſcern the Gentleman in him.

Punt. But you do, in earneſt, Lady?

Savi. Do I, Sir? why, if you had any true Court-judgment in the carriage of his Eye, and that inward power that forms his Countenance, you might perceive his counterfeiting as clear as the Noon-day; Alas—— Nay, if you would have tried my Wit, indeed, you ſhould never have told me he was a Gentleman, but preſented him for a true Clown indeed; and then have ſeen if I could have decipher'd him.

Faſt. 'Fore God, her Ladyſhip ſays true (Knight) but does he not affect the Clown moſt naturally, Miſtreſs?

Punt. O, ſhe cannot but affirm that, out of the bounty of her judgment.

Savi. Nay, out of doubt he does well, for a Gentleman to imitate; but I warrant you, he becomes his natural carriage of the Gentleman, much better than his Clownery.

Faſt. 'Tis ſtrange, in truth, her Ladyſhip ſhould ſee ſo far into him!

Punt. I, Is't not?

Savi. Faith, as eaſily as may be; not decipher him, quoth you?

Fung. Good ſadneſs, I wonder at it!

Maci. Why, has ſhe decipher'd him, Gentlemen?

Punt. O, moſt miraculouſly, and beyond admiration?

Maci. Is't poſſible?

Faſt. She hath gather'd moſt infallible ſigns of the Gentleman in him, that's certain.

Savi. Why, Gallants, let me laugh at you a little; was this your device, to try my Judgment in a Gentleman?

Maci. Nay, Lady, do not ſcorn us, though you have this gift of Perſpicacy above others: What if he ſhould be no Gentleman now, but a Clown indeed, Lady?

Punt. How think you of that? would not your Ladyſhip be out of your Humour?

Faſt. O, but ſhe knows it is not ſo.

Savi. What if he were not a Man, ye may as well ſay? nay, if your Worſhips could gull me ſo, indeed, you were wiſer than you are taken for.

Maci. In good faith, Lady, he is a very perfect Clown, both by Father and Mother; that I'll aſſure you.

Savi. O, Sir, you are very pleaſurable.

Maci. Nay, do but look on his Hand, and that ſhall reſolve you; look you, Lady, what a Palm here is.

Sog. Tut, that was with holding the Plough.

Maci. The Plough! did you diſcern any ſuch thing in him, Madam?

Faſt. Faith no, ſhe ſaw the Gentleman as bright as at Noon-day, ſhe; ſhe decipher'd him at firſt.

Maci. Troth, I am ſorry your Ladyſhip's ſight ſhould be ſo ſuddenly ſtruck.

Savi. O, you're goodly Beagles!

Faſt. What, is ſhe gone?

Sog. Nay, ſtay, ſweet Lady, *quæ novelles? quæ novelles?*

Savi, Out, you Fool, you.

Fung. She's out of her humour i' faith.

Faſt. Nay, let's follow it while 'tis hot, Gentlemen.

Punt. Come, on mine honour we ſhall make her bluſh in the preſence; my ſpleen is great with laughter.

Maci. Your laughter will be a Child of a feeble Life, I believe, Sir. Come *Signior*, your looks are too dejected, methinks; why mix you not mirth with the reſt?

Fung. By God's Will, this Suit frets me at the Soul. I'll have it alter'd to morrow, ſure.

Shift, Faſtidius, Puntarvolo, Sogliardo, Fungoſo, Macilente.

Shift. I am come to the Court, to meet with my Countenance *Sogliardo*; poor Men muſt be glad of ſuch Countenance,

tenance, when they can get no better. Well, Need may inſult upon a Man, but it ſhall never make him deſpair of conſequence. The World will ſay, 'tis baſe; tuſh, baſe! 'tis baſe to live under the Earth, not baſe to live above it, by any means.

Faſt. The poor Lady is moſt miſerably out of her humour, i' faith.

Punt. There was never ſo witty a jeſt broken, at the Tilt of all the Court-wits Chriſten'd.

Maci. O, this applauſe taints it foully.

Sog. I think I did my part in courting. O! *Reſolution*!

Punt. Ay me, my Dog.

Maci. Where is he?

Faſt. God's precious, go ſeek for the Fellow, good *Signior.* [*He ſends away* Fungoſo.

Punt. Here, here I left him.

Maci. Why, none was here when we came in now, but *Cavalier Shift*; enquire of him.

Faſt. Did you ſee Sir *Puntarvolo*'s Dog here, *Cavalier*, ſince you came?

Shift. His Dog, Sir? he may look his Dog, Sir. I ſaw none of his Dog, Sir.

Maci. Upon my Life, he has ſtol'n your Dog, Sir, and been hir'd to it by ſome that have ventur'd with you; you may gueſs by his peremptory anſwers.

Punt. Not unlike; for he hath been a notorious Thief by his own confeſſion. Sirrah, where is my Dog?

Shift. Charge me with your Dog, Sir? I ha' none of your Dog, Sir.

Punt. Villain, thou lyeſt.

Shift. Lye, Sir? y'are but a Man, Sir.

Punt. Rogue, and Thief, reſtore him.

Sog. Take heed, Sir *Puntarvolo*, what you do; he'll bear no Coals, I can tell you (o' my word.)

Maci. This is rare.

Sog. It's mar'le he ſtabs you not; by this Light, he hath ſtab'd forty, for forty times leſs matter, I can tell you, of my knowledge.

Punt. I will make thee ſtoop, thou Abject.

Sog. Make him ſtoop, Sir! Gentlemen, pacifie him or he'll be kill'd.

Maci. Is he ſo tall a Man?

Sog. Tall a Man? if you love his Life, ſtand betwixt 'em; make him ſtoop!

Punt. My Dog, Villain, or I will hang thee; thou haſt confeſt Robberies, and other fellonious acts, to this Gentleman thy *Countenance*——

Sog. I'll bear no witneſs.

Punt. And, without my Dog, I will hang thee, for them.

Sog. What? kneel to thine Enemies? [Shift *kneels.*

Shift. Pardon me, good Sir; God is my witneſs, I never did Robbery in all my Life. [Fungoſo *return'd.*

Fung. O, Sir *Puntarvolo*, your Dog lies giving up the Ghoſt in the Wood-yard.

Maci. Heart! is he not dead yet?

Punt. O, my Dog, born to diſaſtrous Fortune! pray you conduct me, Sir.

Sog. How? did you never do any Robbery in your Life?

Maci. O, this is good; ſo he ſwore, Sir.

Sog. I, I heard him. And did you ſwear true, Sir?

Shift. I, (as I hope to be forgiven, Sir) I ne'er robb'd any Man, I never ſtood by the high-way ſide, Sir, but only ſaid ſo, becauſe I would get my ſelf a Name, and be counted a tall Man.

Sog. Now out, baſe *viliaco*; thou my *Reſolution*? I thy *Countenance*? By this Light, Gentlemen, he hath confeſt to me the moſt inexorable company of Robberies, and damn'd himſelf that he did 'em; you never heard the like: Out Scoundrel, out; follow me no more, I command thee; out of my ſight, go, hence, ſpeak not; I will not hear thee; away *Camouccio*.

Maci. O, how I do feed upon this now, and fat my ſelf! here were a couple unexpectedly diſhumour'd; well, by this time, I hope, Sir *Puntarvolo* and his Dog are both out of humour to travel. Nay, Gentlemen, why do you not ſeek out the Knight, and comfort him? our Supper at the *Mitre* muſt of neceſſity hold to Night, if you love your Reputations.

Faſt. Fore God, I am ſo melancholy for his Dog's diſaſter, but I'll go.

Sog.

Sog. Faith, and I may go too, but I know I ſhall be ſo melancholy.

Maci. Tuſh, melancholy? you muſt forget that now, and remember you lie at the mercy of a *Fury*: *Carlo* will rack your Sinews aſunder, and rail you to duſt, if you come not.

GREX.

Mit. O, then their fear of *Carlo*, belike, makes them hold their meeting.

Cor. I, here he comes; conceive him but to be enter'd the *Mitre*, and 'tis enough.

Carlo, Drawer, George.

Car. Holla; where be theſe Shot-ſharks?

Draw. By and by; you're welcome, good Maſter *Buffone.*

Car. Where's *George?* call me *George* hither, quickly.

Draw. What Wine pleaſe you have, Sir; I'll draw you that's neat, Maſter *Buffone.*

Car. Away *Neophite*, do as I bid thee, bring my dear *George* to me: Maſs, here he comes.

George. Welcome, Maſter *Carlo.*

Car. What! is Supper ready, *George?*

George. I Sir, almoſt; will you have the Cloth laid, Maſter *Carlo?*

Car. O, what elſe? are none of the Gallants come yet?

George. None yet, Sir.

Car. Stay, take me with you, *George*; let me have a good fat Loin of Pork laid to the Fire, preſently.

George. It ſhall, Sir.

Car. And withal, hear you? draw me the biggeſt Shaft you have, out of the Butt you wot of; away, you know my meaning, *George*, quick.

George. Done, Sir.

Car. I never hungred ſo much for any thing in my Life, as I do to know our Gallants ſucceſs at Court; now is that lean bald-rib *Macilente*, that ſalt Villain, plotting ſome miſchievous Device, and lies a Soaking in their frothy Humours like a dry Cruſt, till he has drunk 'em all up; could the Pummiſe but hold up his Eyes at other Mens Happineſs, in any reaſonable proportion, 'ſlid, the Slave were to be lov'd next Heav'n, above Honour, Wealth, rich

Fare, Apparel, Wenches, all the Delights of the Belly and the Groin, whatever.

George. Here, Maſter *Carlo.*

Car. Is't right, Boy?

George. I, Sir, I aſſure you 'tis right.

Car. Well ſaid, my dear *George*, depart: Come, my ſmall Gimblet, you in the falſe Scabberd, away, ſo. Now to you, Sir *Burgomaſter*, let's taſte of your Bounty.

[*He puts forth the Drawers, and ſhuts the Door.*

GREX.

Mit. What, will he deal upon ſuch quantities of Wine, alone?

Cor. You will perceive that, Sir.

Car. I marry, Sir, here's purity; O *George*, I could bite off his Noſe for this, now: Sweet Rogue he has drawn *Nectar*, the very Soul of the Grape! I'll waſh my Temples with ſome on't preſently, and drink ſome half a ſcore draughts; 'twill heat the Brain, kindle my Imagination, I ſhall talk nothing but Crackers and Fire-works to Night. So, Sir! pleaſe you to be here, Sir, and I here: So. [*He ſets the two Cups aſunder, and firſt drinks with the one, and pledges with the other.*

GREX.

Cor. This is worth the obſervation, Signior.

Car. 1 *Cup.* Now, Sir; here's to you; and I preſent you with ſo much of my Love.

2 *Cup.* I take it kindly from you, Sir, and will return you the like Proportion; but withal, Sir, remembring the merry Night we had at the Counteſſes, you know where, Sir.

1. By Heav'n, you put me in mind now of a very neceſſary Office, which I will propoſe in your pledge, Sir; the Health of that honourable Counteſs, and the ſweet Lady that ſat by her, Sir.

2. I do vail to it with reverence. And now, Signior, with theſe Ladies, I'll be bold to mix the Health of your divine Miſtreſs.

1. Do you know her, Sir?

2. O Lord, Sir, I; and in the reſpectful Memory and mention of her, I could wiſh this Wine were the moſt precious Drug in the World.

1. Good faith, Sir, you do honour me in't exceeding-ly.

GREX.

Mit. Whom ſhould he perſonate in this, Signior?

Cor. Faith, I know not, Sir; obſerve, obſerve him.

2. If it were the baſeſt filth, or mud that runs in the Channel, I am bound to pledge it, reſpectively, Sir. And now, Sir, here is a repleniſh'd Bowl, which I will reciprocally turn upon you, to the Health of the Count *Frugale.*

1. The Count *Frugale's* Health, Sir? I'll pledge it on my Knees, by this Light.

4. Will you, Sir? I'll drink it on my Knees then, by the Light.

GREX.

Mit. Why this is ſtrange!

Cor. Ha' you heard a better drunken Dialogue?

2. Nay, do me right, Sir.

1. So I do, in good faith.

2. Good faith you do not; mine was fuller.

1. Why, believe me, it was not.

2. Believe me it was; and you do lye.

1. Lye, Sir?

2. I, Sir.

1. 'Swounds!

2. O, come, ſtab if you have a mind to it.

1. Stab? doſt thou think I dare not?

Car. Nay, I beſeech you Gentlemen, what means this? nay, look, for ſhame reſpect your Reputations.

[*Speaks in his own Perſon, and over-turns Wine, Pot, Cups and all.*

Macilente, Carlo, George.

Maci. Why, how now *Carlo!* what Humour's this?

Car. O, my good *Miſchief*! art thou come? where are the reſt? where are the reſt?

Maci. Faith, three of our Ordinance are burſt.

Car. Burſt? how comes that?

Maci. Faith, over-charg'd, over-charg'd.

Car. But did not the Train hold?

Maci. O, yes, and the poor Lady is irrecoverably blown up.

Car. Why, but which of the Munition is miſcarried? ha?

Maci. *Imprimis*, Sir *Puntarvolo*; next, the *Countenance*, and *Reſolution*.

Car. How? how, for the Love of Wit?

Maci. Troth, the *Reſolution* is prov'd recreant; the *Countenance* hath chang'd his Copy; and the paſſionate Knight is ſhedding funeral Tears over his departed Dog.

Car. What's his Dog dead?

Maci. Poyſon'd, 'tis thought; marry, how, or by whom, that's lett for ſome cunning Woman here o' the *Bankſide* to reſolve For my part, I know nothing, more than that we are like to have an exceeding melancholy Supper of it.

Car. 'Slife, and I had purpos'd to be extraordinarily merry, I had drunk off a good preparative of old Sack here; but will they come, will they come?

Maci. They will aſſuredly come; marry, *Carlo*, (as thou lov'ſt me) run over 'em all freely to Night, and eſpecially the Knight; ſpare no ſulphurous Jeſt that may come out of that ſweaty Forge of thine; but ply 'em with all manner of Shot, Minion, Saker, Culverine, or any thing what thou wilt.

Car. I warrant thee, my dear Caſe of Petrionels, ſo I ſtand not in dread of thee, but that thou'lt ſecond me.

Maci. Why, my good *German* Tapſter, I will.

Car. What, *George*, *Lomtero*, *Lomtero*, *&c.*

[*He danceth.*

George. Did you call, Maſter *Carlo*?

Car. More *Nectar*, *George*: *Lomtero*, *&c.*

Georg. Your Meat's ready, Sir, an' your Company were come.

Car. Is the Loin of Pork enough?

George. I, Sir, it is enough.

Maci. Pork? heart, what doſt thou with ſuch a greaſie Diſh? I think thou doſt varniſh thy Face with the Fat on't, it looks ſo like a Glew-Pot.

Car. True, my Raw-bon'd-Rogue, and if thou would'ſt farce thy lean Ribs with it too, they would not (like ragged

ged Laths) rub out ſo many Doublets as they do; but thou know'ſt not a good Diſh, thou. O, it's the only nouriſhing Meat in the World. No marvel though that ſaucy, ſtubborn Generation, the *Jews*, were forbidden it; for what would they ha' done, well pamper'd with fat Pork that durſt murmur at their Maker out of Garlick and Onions. 'Slight, fed with it, the Whorſon ſtrummel, patch'd, goggle ey'd Grumbledories, would ha' *Gigantomachiz'd*. Well ſaid, my ſweet *George*, fill, fill.

GREX.

Mit. This ſavours too much of prophanation.

Cor. Oſervetur ad imum, qualis ab incœpto proceſſerit, & ſibi conſtet. The neceſſity of his vein compels a Toleration, for bar this, and daſh him out of humour before his time.

Car. 'Tis an *Axiome* in natural Philoſophy, *What comes neareſt the nature of that it feeds, converts quicker to nouriſhment, and doth ſooner eſſentiate.* Now nothing in Fleſh and Entrails, aſſimilates or reſembles Man more, than a Hog or Swine———

Maci. True; and he (to requite their Courteſie) often times d'offeth his own Nature, and puts on theirs; as when he becomes as churliſh as a Hog, or as drunk as a Sow; but to your concluſion.

Car. Marry, I ſay, nothing reſembling Man more than a Swine, it follows, nothing can be more nouriſhing, for indeed (but that it abhors from our nice Nature) if we fed one upon another, we ſhould ſhoot up a great deal faſter, and thrive much better; I refer me to your uſurous *Cannibals*, or ſuch like; but ſince it is ſo contrary, Pork, Pork, is your only Feed.

Maci. I take it, your Devil be of the ſame Diet; he would ne'er ha deſir'd to been incorporated into Swine elſe. O, here comes the melancholy Meſs; upon 'em *Carlo*, charge, charge.

Car. 'Fore God, Sir *Puntarvolo*, I am ſorry for your Heavineſs; Body o' me, a ſhrewd Miſchance! Why, had you no Unicorns Horn, nor Bezoars Stone about you? ha?

Puntarvolo, Carlo, Macilente, Faſt. Brisk, Sogliardo, Fungoſo.

Punt. Sir, I would requeſt you be ſilent.

Maci. Nay, to him again.

Car. Take comfort, good Knight, if your Cat ha' recovered her Catarrh, fear nothing; your Dog's miſchance may be holpen.

Faſt. Say how (ſweet *Carlo*) for ſo God mend me, the poor Knight's Moans draw me into fellowſhip of his Misfortunes. But be not diſcourag'd, good Sir *Puntarvolo*, I am content your Adventure ſhall be perform'd upon your Cat.

Maci. I believe you, Muſk-Cod, I believe you; for rather than thou would'ſt make preſent repayment, thou would'ſt take it upon his own bare return from *Calais*.

Car. Nay, 'ds life, he'd be content (ſo he were well rid out of his Company) to pay him five for one, at his next meeting him in *Pauls*. But for your Dog, Sir *Puntar.* if he be not out-right dead, there is a Friend of mine, a *Quack-ſalver*, ſhall put Life in him again, that's certain.

Fung. O, no, that comes too late.

Maci. Gods precious, Knight, will you ſuffer this?

Punt. Drawer, get me a Candle and hard Wax preſently.

Sog. I, and bring up Supper; for I am ſo melancholy.

Car. O, Signior, where's your *Reſolution?*

Sog. Reſolution! hang him Raſcal: O, *Carlo*, if you love me, do not mention him.

Car. Why, how, how ſo?

Sog. O, the arrant'ſt Crocodile that ever Chriſtian was acquainted with. By my Gentry, I ſhall think the worſe of Tobacco while I live, for his Sake: I did think him to be as tall a Man———

Maci. Nay, *Buffone*, the Knight, the Knight.

Car. 'Slud, he looks like an Image carv'd out of Box, full of knots; his Face is (for all the World) like a *Dutch* Purſe, with the Mouth downward, his Beard the Taſſels; and he walks (let me ſee) as melancholy as one o' the Maſters ſide in the *Counter*. Do you hear Sir *Puntar?*

Punt.

Punt. Sir, I do entreat you no more, but enjoyn you to ſilence, as you affect your Peace.

Car. Nay, but dear Knight, underſtand (here are none but Friends, and ſuch as wiſh you well) I would ha' you do this now; flea me your Dog preſently (but in any caſe keep the Head) and ſtuff his Skin well with Straw, as you ſee theſe dead Monſters at *Bartholomew* Fair.

Punt. I ſhall be ſudden, I tell you.

Car. Or if you like not that, Sir, get me ſomewhat a leſs Dog, and clap into the Skin; here's a Slave about the Town here, a *Jew*, one *Yohan*; or a Fellow that makes Perrukes, will glew it on artificially, it ſhall ne'er be diſcern'd; beſides, 'twill be ſo much the warmer for the Hound to travel in, you know.

Maci. Sir *Puntarvolo*, death, can you be ſo patient?

Car. Or thus, Sir; you may have (as you come through *Germany*) a Familiar for little or nothing, ſhall turn itſelf into the Shape of your Dog, or any thing (what you will) for certain Hours——— [*The Knight beats him.*] 'Ods my Life, Knight what do you mean? you'll offer no Violence, will you? hold, hold.

Punt. 'Sdeath, you Slave, you Ban-dog, you.

Car. As you love Wit, ſtay the enraged Knight, Gentlemen.

Punt. By my Knight-hood, he that ſtirs in his reſcue, dies. Drawer, be gone.

Car. Murder, Murder, Murder.

Punt. I, are you howling, you Wolf? Gentlemen, as you tender your Lives, ſuffer no Man to enter, till my Revenge be perfect. Sirrah, *Buffone*, lie down; make no Exclamations, but down; down, you Cur, or I will make thy Blood flow on my Rapier Hilts.

Car. Sweet Knight hold in thy Fury, and 'fore Heav'n I'll honour thee more than the *Turk* does *Mahomet*.

Punt. Down (I ſay.) Who's there? [*Within.*

Conſ. Here's the Conſtable, open the Doors.

Car. Good *Macilente*———

Punt. Open no Door, if the *Adalantado* of *Spain* were here he ſhould not enter: One help me with the Light, Gentlemen; you knock in vain, Sir Officer.

Car

Car. Et tu Brute.

Punt. Sirrah, close your Lips, or I will drop it in thine Eyes by Heav'n.

Car. O, O.

[*He seals up his Lips.*

Conſ. Open the Door, or I will break it open.

Maci. Nay, good Conſtable, have patience a little, you ſhall come in preſently, we have almoſt done.

Punt. So; now, are you out of Humour, Sir? Shift, Gentlemen.

[*They all draw and diſperſe.*

[*To them*] *Conſtable, Officers, Drawers.*

Conſ. Lay hold upon this Gallant, and purſue the reſt.

Faſt. Lay hold on me, Sir! for what?

Conſ. Marry, for your Riot here, Sir, with the reſt of your Companions.

Faſt. My Riot! Maſter Conſtable, take heed what you do. *Carlo*, did I offer any violence?

Conſ. O, Sir, you ſee he is not in Caſe to anſwer you, and that makes you ſo peremptory.

Faſt. Peremptory? S'life I appeal to the Drawers, if I did him any hard meaſure.

George. They are all gone, there's none of them will be laid any hold on.

Conſ. Well, Sir, you are like to anſwer till the reſt can be found out.

Faſt. 'Slid, I appeal to *George*, here.

Conſ. Tut, *George* was not here; away with him to the *Counter*, Sirs. Come, Sir, you were beſt get your ſelf dreſt ſomewhere.

George. Good Lord, that Maſter *Carlo* could not take heed, and knowing what a Gentleman the Knight is, if he be angry.

Draw. A Pox on 'em, they have left all the Meat on our Hands, would they were choak'd with it for me.

Maci. what, are they gone, Sirs?

[Macilente *comes back.*

George. O, here's Maſter *Macilente.*

Maci. Sirrah, *George*, do you ſee that concealment there? that Napkin under the Table?

George.

George. Gods ſo, Signior *Fungoſo*!

Maci. He's good Pawn for the Reckoning; be ſure you keep him here, and let him not go away till I come again, though he offer to diſcharge all: I'll return preſently.

George. Sirrah, we have a Pawn for the Reckoning.

Draw. What? of *Macilente*?

George. No, look under the Table.

Fung. I hope all be quiet now; if I can get but forth of this ſtreet, I care not? Maſters, I pray you tell me, is the Conſtable gone?

He looks out under the Table.

George. What; Maſter *Fungoſo*?

Fung. Was't not a good device this ſame of me, Sirs?

George. Yes faith? ha' you been here all this while?

Fung. O God, I; good Sir, look an' the Coaſt be clear, I'd fain be going.

George. All's clear, Sir, but the Reckoning; and that you muſt clear, and pay before you go, I aſſure you.

Fung. I pay? 'Slight, I eat not a bit ſince I came into the Houſe, yet.

Draw. Why, you may when you pleaſe, 'tis all ready below that was beſpoken.

Fung. Beſpoken? not by me, I hope?

George. By you, Sir? I know not that; but 'twas for you and your Company, I am ſure.

Fung. My Company? 'Slid, I was an invited Gueſt, ſo I was.

Draw. Faith we have nothing to do with that. Sir. They're all gone but you, and we muſt be anſwer'd; that's the ſhort and the long on't.

Fung. Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my Maſters, then would this Pot, Cup, and all were in my Belly, if I have a Croſs about me.

George. What, and have ſuch Apparel? do not ſay ſo, Signior, that mightily diſcredits your Cloaths.

Fung. As I am an honeſt Man, my Taylor had all my Money this Morning, and yet I muſt be fain to alter my Suit too; good Sirs, let me go, 'tis *Friday* Night, and in good truth I have no Stomach in the world to eat any thing.

Draw. That's no matter, ſo you pay, Sir.

Fung.

Fung. Gods light, with what Conſcience can you ask me to pay that I never drank for?

George. Yes, Sir, I did ſee you drink once.

Fung. By this Cup (which is Silver) but you did not; you do me infinite wrong, I look'd in the Pot once, indeed, but I did not drink.

Draw. Well, Sir, if you can ſatisfie our Maſter, it ſhall be all one to us. (By and by.)

GREX.

Cor. Loſe not your ſelf now, Signior.

Macilente, Deliro, Fallace.

Maci. Tut, Sir, you did bear too hard a conceit of me in that, but I will now make my love to you moſt tranſparent, in ſpight of any duſt of ſuſpicion that may be raiſed to cloud it; and henceforth, ſince I ſee it is ſo againſt your Humour, I will never labour to perſwade you.

Deli. Why, I thank you, Signior; but what's that you tell me may concern my peace ſo much?

Maci. Faith, Sir, 'tis thus. Your Wife's Brother, Signior *Fungoſo*, being at Supper to Night at a Tavern, with a ſort of Gallants, there happened ſome diviſion amongſt 'em, and he is left in Pawn for the Reckoning; now, if ever you look that time ſhall preſent you with an happy occaſion to do your Wife ſome gracious and acceptable Service, take hold of this opportunity, and preſently go and redeem him; for, being her Brother, and his Credit ſo amply engag'd as now it is, when ſhe ſhall hear (as he cannot himſelf, but he muſt out of extremity report it) that you came, and offered your ſelf ſo kindly, and with that reſpect of his Reputation, why, the benefit cannot but make her dote, and grow mad of your Affections.

Deli. Now, by Heav'n, *Macilente*, I acknowledge my ſelf exceedingly indebted to you, by this kind tender of your Love; and I am ſorry to remember that I was ever ſo rude, to neglect a Friend of your importance; bring me Shoes and a Cloke there; I was going to bed, if you had not come; what Tavern is it?

Maci. The Mitre, Sir.

Deli. O, why *Fido*, my Shoes. Good faith it cannot but pleaſe her exceedingly.

Fal.

Fal. Come, I mar'l what piece of Night-work you have in hand now, that you call for a Cloke, and your Shoes! what, is this your pandar?

Deli. O, ſweet Wife, ſpeak lower, I would not he ſhould hear thee for a world ———

Fal. Hang him Raſcal, I cannot abide him for his Treachery, with his wild quick-ſet Beard there. Whither go you now with him?

Deli. No whither with him, dear Wife, I go alone to a place, from whence I will return inſtantly. Good *Macilente*, acquaint not her with it by any means, it may come ſo much the more accepted, frame ſome other anſwer. I'll come back immediately.

Fal. Nay, an' I be not worthy to know whither you go, ſtay till I take knowledge of your coming back.

Maci. Hear you, Miſtreſs *Deliro*.

Fal. So, Sir, and what ſay you?

Maci. Faith Lady, my Intents will not deſerve this ſlight reſpect, when you ſhall know 'em.

Fal. Your Intents? why, what may your Intents be, for Gods ſake?

Maci. Troth, the time allows no circumſtance, Lady, therefore know this was but a device to remove your Husband hence, and beſtow him ſecurely, whilſt (with more conveniency) I might report to you a Misfortune that hath happened to Monſieur *Briſk*———nay comfort, ſweet Lady, This Night (being at Supper) a ſort of young Gallants commited a Riot, for the which he (only) is apprehended and carried to the *Counter*; where if your Husband, and other Creditors ſhould but have knowledge of him, the poor Gentleman were undone for ever.

Fal. Ay me! that he were.

Maci. Now therefore, if you can think upon any preſent means for his delivery, do not foreſlow it. A bribe to the Officer that commited him, will do it.

Fal. O God, Sir, he ſhall not want for a bribe; pray you, will you commend me to him, and ſay I'll viſit him preſently.

Maci. No, Lady, I ſhall do you better Service, in protracting your Husband's return, that you may go with more ſafety.

Fal.

Fal. Good truth, ſo you may; farewel, good Sir. Lord, how a woman may be miſtaken in a Man? I would have ſworn upon all the Teſtaments in the world he had not lov'd Maſter *Brisk*. Bring me my Keys there, Maid. Alas, good Gentleman, if all I have i' this Earthly World will pleaſure him, it ſhall be at his Service.

GREX.

Mit. How *Macilente* ſweats i' this buſineſs, if you mark him.

Cor. I, you ſhall ſee the true Picture of Spight anon: here comes the pawn, and his Redeemer.

Deliro, Fungoſo, Drawers, Macilente.

Deli. Come, Brother, be not diſcourag'd for this, Man; what?

Fung. No truly, I am not diſcourag'd; but I proteſt to you Brother, I have done imitating any more Gallants either in Purſe or Apparel, but as ſhall become a Gentleman, for good carriage, or ſo.

Deli. You ſay well. This is all i' the Bill here? is't not?

George. I, Sir.

Deli. There's your Money, tell it; and Brother, I am glad I met with ſo good occaſion to ſhew my love to you.

Fung. I will ſtudy to deſerve it in good truth, an' I live.

Deli. What, is't right?

George. I, Sir, and I thank you.

Fung. Let me have a Capon's Leg ſav'd, now the Reckoning is paid.

George. You ſhall, Sir.

Maci. Where's Signior *Deliro*?

Deli. Here, *Macilente*.

Maci. Hark you, Sir, ha' you diſpatcht this ſame?

Deli. I marry have I.

Maci. Well then, I can tell you news, *Brisk* is i' the *Counter*.

Deli. I' the *Counter*?

Maci. 'Tis true, Sir, committed for the Stir here to Night. Now would I have you ſend your Brother home afore, with the report of this your kindneſs done him, to his Siſter, which will ſo pleaſingly poſſeſs her, and out of his Mouth too, that i' the mean time you may clap your Action on *Brisk*, and your Wife (being in ſo happy a mood) cannot entertain it ill, by any means.

Deli.

Deli. 'Tis very true, ſhe cannot indeed, I think.

Maci. Think? why 'tis paſt thought, you ſhall never meet the like opportunity, I aſſure you.

Deli. I will do it. Brother, pray you go home afore (this Gentleman and I have ſome private Buſineſs) and tell my ſweet Wife, I'll come preſently.

Fung. I will, Brother.

Maci. And, Signior, acquaint your Siſter, how liberally, and out of his Bounty, your Brother has us'd you, (do you ſee?) made you a Man of good reckoning; redeem'd that you never were poſſeſt of, Credit; gave you as Gentleman-like Terms as might be; found no fault with your coming behind the Faſhion; nor nothing.

Fung. Nay, I am out of thoſe humours now.

Maci. Well, if you be out, keep your diſtance, and be not made a Shot-clog any more. Come, Signior, let's make haſte.

Fallace, Faſtidius Brisk.

Fal. O Maſter *Faſtidius*, what pity is't to ſee ſo ſweet a Man as you are, in ſo ſow'r a Place?

GREX.

Cor. As upon her Lips, does ſhe mean?

Mit. O, this is to be imagin'd the *Counter* belike?

Faſt. Troth, fair Lady, 'tis firſt the pleaſure of the *Fates* and next of the Conſtable, to have it ſo: but I am patient and indeed comforted the more in your kind Viſit.

Fal. Nay, you ſhall be comforted in me more than this, if you pleaſe, Sir. I ſent you word by my Brother, Sir, that my Husband laid to reſt you this Morning, I know not whether you receiv'd it, or no.

Faſt. No believe it, ſweet Creature, your Brother gave me no ſuch Intelligence.

Fal. O, the Lord!

Faſt. But has your Husband any ſuch purpoſe?

Fal. O ſweet Maſter *Brisk*, yes: and therefore be preſently diſcharg'd, for if he come with his Actions upon you (Lord deliver you) you are in for one half a ſcore year; he kept a poor Man in *Ludgate* once Twelve year for ſixteen Shillings. Where's your Keeper? for Loves-ſake call him, let him take a Bribe, and diſpatch you. Lord, how

how my Heart trembles! here are no Spies? are there?

Fast. No, ſweet Miſtreſs, why are you in this Paſſion?

Fal. O Lord, Maſter *Faſtidius*, if you knew how I took up my Husband to Day, when he ſaid he would arreſt you; and how I rail'd at him that perſwaded him to't, the the Scholar there, (who on my Conſcience loves you now) and what care I took to ſend you Intelligence by my Brother; and how I gave him four Sovereigns for his Pains: and now, how I came running out hither without Man or Boy with me, ſo ſoon as I heard on't; you'd ſay I were in a Paſſion indeed: your Keeper, for Gods ſake. O, Maſter *Brisk* (as 'tis in *Euphues*) *Hard is the choice, when one is compell'd either by ſilence to dye with Grief, or by ſpeaking to live with Shame.*

Fast. Fair Lady, I conceive you, and may this Kiſs aſſure you, that where Adverſity hath (as it were) contracted, Proſperity ſhall not——————Gods me! your Husband.

Fal. O me!

Deliro, Macilente, Fallace Faſtidius Brisk.

Deli. I? is't thus!

Maci. Why, how now, Signior *Deliro*? has the Wolf ſeen you? ha? hath *Gorgon*'s Head made marble of you?

Deli. Some *Planet* ſtrike me dead.

Maci. Why, look you, Sir, I told you, you might have ſuſpected this long afore, had you pleas'd, and ha' ſav'd this labour of Admiration now, and Paſſion, and ſuch Extremities as this frail Lump of Fleſh is Subject unto. Nay, why do you not dote now, Signior? Methinks you ſhould ſay it were ſome Enchantment, *deceptio viſus*, or ſo, ha? If you could perſuade your ſelf it were a Dream now, 'twere excellent: Faith, try what you can do, Signior? it may be your Imagination will be brought to it in time; there's nothing impoſſible.

Fal. Sweet Husband.

Deli. Out laſcivious Strumpet.

Maci. What? Did you ſee how ill that ſtale Vein became him afore, of Sweet Wife, and Dear Heart? And are you faln juſt unto the ſame now, with Sweet Husband? Awey, follow him, go, keep ſtate; what? Remember you

you are a Woman, turn impudent; gi' him not the Head' though you gi' him the Horns. Away. And yet methinks you ſhould take your leave of *Enfans perdus* here, your forlorn hope. How now, Monſieur *Briſk*? what? *Friday*-night? and in affliction too? and yet your *Pulpamenta*? your delicate Morſels? I perceive, the Affection of Ladies and Gentlewomen purſues you whereſoever you go, Monſieur.

Faſt. Now in good faith (and as I am genteel) there could not have come a thing i' this World to have diſtracted me more than the wrinkled Fortunes of this poor Spinſter.

Maci. O yes, Sir; I can tell you a thing will diſtract you much better, believe it. Signior *Deliro* has entred three Actions againſt you, Three Actions, Monſieur; marry, one of them (I'll put you in comfort) is but Three thouſand, and the other two, ſome Five thouſand apiece: Trifles, trifles.

Fal. O, I am undone.

Maci. Nay, not altogether ſo, Sir; the Knight muſt have his hundred Pound repaid, that'll help too; and then Six-ſcore Pounds for a Daimond you know where. Theſe be things will weigh, Monſieur, they will weigh.

Faſt. O Heav'n!

Maci. What, do you ſigh? This it is to kiſs the Hand of a Counteſs, to have her Coach ſent for you, to hang Poniards in Ladies Garters, to wear Bracelets of their Hair, and for every one of theſe great Favours to give ſome ſlight Jewel of Five hundred Crowns, or ſo, why 'tis nothing. Now, Monſieur, you ſee the Plague that treads o' the Heels o' your Foppery: Well, go your ways in, remove your ſelf to the Two-peny Ward quickly, to ſave Charges, and there ſet up your reſt to ſpend Sir *Puntar*'s hundred Pound for him. Away, good Pomander, go.

Why, here's a Change! now is my ſoul at peace:
I am as empty of all Envy now,
As they of Merit to be envied at.
My Humour (like a Flame) no longer laſts
Than it hath Stuff to feed it; and their Folly
Being now rak'd up in their repentant Aſhes,
Affords no ampler Subject to my Spleen.

I am ſo far from malicing their States,
That I begin to pity 'em. It grieves me
To think they have a Being. I could wiſh
They might turn wiſe upon it, and be ſav'd now,
So Heav'n were pleas'd; but let them vaniſh, Vapors.
Gentlemen, how like you it! Has't not been tedious?

GREX.

Cor. Nay, we ha' done cenſuring now.

Mit. Yes, faith.

Maci. How ſo?

Cor. Marry, becauſe we'll imitate your Actors, and be out of our Humours. Beſides, here are thoſe (round about you) of more ability in Cenſure than we, whoſe Judgments can give it a more ſatisfying Allowance; we'll refer you to them.

Maci. I? is't e'en ſo? Well, Gentlemen, I ſhould have gone in, and return'd to you as I was *Aſper* at the firſt, but (by reaſon the Shift would have been ſomewhat long and we are loth to draw your Patience farther) we'll intreat you to imagine it. And now (that you may ſee I will be out of Humour for company) I ſtand wholly to your kind Approbation, and (indeed) am nothing ſo peremptory as I was in the beginning: Marry, I will not do as *Plautus* in his *Amphytrio*, for all this (*ſummi Jovis cauſa, Plaudite:*) beg a *Plaudite* for God's ſake; but if you (out of the Bounty of your good-liking) will beſtow it, why, you may (in time) make lean *Macilente* as fat as Sir *John Falſtaff*.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

At the PRESENTATION before QUEEN *ELIZABETH.*

By MACILENTE.

NEVER till now did Object greet mine Eyes
With any light Content: But in her Graces
All my malicious Powers have loſt their Stings.
Envy is fled my Soul at ſight of her,
And ſhe hath chas'd all black Thoughts from my Boſom;
Like as the Sun doth Darkneſs from the World.
My Stream of Humour is run out of me,
And as our Cities Torrent (bent t' infect
The hollow'd Bowels of the Silver Thames)
Is checkt by Strength and Clearneſs of the River,
Till it hath ſpent it ſelf e'en at the Shore;
So in the ample and unmeaſur'd Flood
Of her Perfections, are my Paſſions drown'd;
And I have now a Spirit as ſweet and clear
As the more rarefy'd and ſubtil Air:
With which, and with a Heart as pure as Fire,
(Yet humble as the Earth) do I implore,
O Heav'n, that ſhe (whoſe Preſence had effected
This Change in me) may ſuffer moſt late Change
In her admir'd and happy Government:
May ſtill this Iſland be call'd Fortunate,
And rugged Treaſon tremble at the Sound,
When Fame ſhall ſpeak it with an Emphaſis.
Let Foreign Polity be dull as Lead,
And pale Invaſion come with half a Heart,
When he but looks upon her bleſſed Soil.
The Throat of War be ſtopt within her Land,
And Turtle-footed Peace dance Fairie Rings
About her Court; where never may there come
Suſpect or Danger, but all Truſt and Safety.
Let Flattrey be dumb, and Envy blind
In her dread Preſence; Death himſelf admire her:
And may her Vertues make him to forget
The Uſe of his inevitable Hand.
Fly from her, Age; ſleep, Time, before her Throne;
Our ſtrongeſt Wall falls down, when ſhe is gone.

THE

THE

ALCHEMIST.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES.

------*petere inde coronam,*
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Muſæ.
Lucret.

DUBLIN:

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MDCCXXIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

LADY moſt deſerving her NAME and BLOOD.

Mary Lady *Wroth.*

MADAM,

IN the Age of Sacrifices, the Truth of Religion was not in the Greatneſs and Fat of the Offerings, but in the Devotion and Zeal of the Sacrificers: Elſe what could a handful of Gums have done in the Sight of a *Hecatomb*? Or, how might I appear at this Altar, except with thoſe Affections that no leſs love the Light and Witneſs, than they have the Conſcience of your Virtue? If what I offer bear an acceptable Odour, and hold the firſt Strength, it is your Value of it, which remembers where, when, and to whom it was kindled. Otherwiſe, as the Times are, there comes rarely forth that Thing ſo full of Authority or Example, but by Aſſiduity and Cuſtom grows leſs, and loſes. This, yet, ſafe in your Judgment (which is a SIDNEYS) is forbidden to ſpeak more, leſt it talk or look like one of the ambitious Faces of the Time, who the more they paint, are the leſs themſelves,

Your Ladyſhip's true Honourer,

P BEN. JOHNSON.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

Subtle, *the Alchemist.*
Face, *the House-keeper.*
Dol. Common, *their Colleague.*
Dapper, *a Clerk.*
Drugger, *a Tobacco-man.*
Love-wit, *Master of the House.*
Epicure Mammon, *a Knight.*
Surley, *a Gamester.*
Tribulation, *a Pastor of* Amsterdam.
Ananias, *a Deacon there.*
Kastrill, *the angry Boy.*
Da. Pliant, *his Sister, a Widow.*

Neighbours, Officers, Mutes.

The SCENE, *LONDON.*

The Principal COMEDIANS were,

Rich. Burbadge.
Joh. Lowin.
Hen. Condel.
Alex. Cooke.
Rob. Armin.
Joh. Hemmings.
Will. Ostler.
Joh. Underwood.
Nic. Tooly.
Will. Eglistone.

THE

THE ALCHEMIST.

The ARGUMENT.

T *he Sickneſs hot, a Maſter quit, for fear,*
H *is Houſe in Town, and left one Servant there,*
E *aſe him corrupted, and gave Means to know.*

A *Cheater, and his Punk; who, now brought low,*
L *eaving their narrow Practice, were become*
C *oz'ners at large; and only wanting ſome*
H *ouſe to ſet up, with him they here contract,*
E *ach for a Share, and all begin to act.*
M *uch Company they draw, and much abuſe,*
I *n caſting Figures, telling Fortunes, News,*
S *elling of Flies, flat Bawd'ry, with the* Stone;
T *ill it, and they, and all in* Fume *are gone.*

PROLOGUE.

FOrtune, *that favours Fools, theſe two ſhort Hours*
We wiſh away, both for your Sakes, and ours,
Judging Spectators; and deſire in place,
To th' Author Juſtice, to our ſelves but Grace.
Our Scene *is* London, *'cauſe we would make known,*
No Countries Mirth is better than our own:

No Clime breeds better Matter for your Whore,
Bawd, Squire, Impoſtor, many Perſons more,
Whoſe Manners, now call'd Humours, feed the Stage;
And which have ſtill been Subject for the Rage
Or Spleen of Comick Writers. Tho' this Pen
Did never aim to grieve, but better Men;
How'e'r the Age he lives in doth endure
The Vices that ſhe breeds, above their Cure.
But when the wholeſom Remedies are ſweet,
And in their working Gain and Profit meet,
He hopes to find no Spirit ſo much diſeas'd,
But will with ſuch fair Correctives be pleas'd:
For here he doth not fear who can apply.
If there be any that will ſit ſo nigh
Unto the Stream, to look what it doth run,
They ſhall find things, they'ld think, or wiſh, were done;
They are ſo natural Follies, but ſo ſhown,
As even the Doers may ſee, and yet not own.

ACT I.

Face, Subtle, Dol Common.

BElieve't, I will. *Sub.* Thy worſt. I fart at thee.
Dol. Ha' you your Wits? Why Gentlemen! for Love——
Fac. Sirrah, I'll ſtrip you——*Sub.* What to do? lick Figs
Out at my——*Fac.* Rogue, Rogue, out of all your ſleights.
Dol. Nay, look ye, Sovereign, General, are you Madmen?
Sub. O, let the wild Sheep looſe. I'll gum your Silks
With good Strong-water, an' you come.
Dol. Will you have
The Neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?
Hark, I hear ſome body. *Fac.* Sirrah——*Sub*, I ſhall mar

All

All that the Taylor has made, if you approach.
Fac. You moſt notorious Whelp, you inſolent Slave,
Dare you do this? *Sub.* Yes faith, yes faith. *Fac.* Why, who
Am I, my Mungril? who am I? *Sub.* I'll tell you,
Since you know not your ſelf—*Fac.* Speak lower, Rogue.
Sub. Yes, You were once (time's not long paſt) the good,
Honeſt, plain, Livery-three-pound-thrum, that kept
Your Maſters Worſhips Houſe here in the *Friers*,
For the Vacations— *Fac.* Will you be ſo lewd?
Sub. Since, by my means, tranſlated Suburb-Captain.
Fac. By your means, Doctor Dog?
Sub. Within Man's memory,
All this I ſpeak of. *Fac.* Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanc'd by you, or you by me?
Do but collect, Sir, where I met you firſt.
Sub. I do not hear well. *Fac.* Not of this, I think it.
But I ſhall put you in mind, Sir; at *Pie-corner*,
Taking your meal of Steam in, from Cook Stalls;
Where, like the Father of Hunger, you did walk
Piteouſly Coſtive, with your pinch'd-horn-noſe,
And your Comp'lexion of the *Roman* Waſh,
Stuck full of black and melancholick Worms,
Like Powder-corns ſhot at th' *Artillery-yard*.
Sub. I wiſh you could advance your Voice a little.
Fac. When you went pinn'd up in the ſeveral Rags
Yo' had rak'd and pick'd from Dunghils, before Day;
Your Feet in mouldy Slippers, for your Kibes
A Felt of Rug, and a thin thredden Cloke,
That ſcarce would cover your no-Buttocks—
Sub. So, Sir!
Fac. When all your *Alchemy*, and your *Algebra*,
Your *Minerals*, *Vegetals*, and *Animals*,
Your conjuring, coz'ning, and your dozen of Trades,
Could not relieve your Corps with ſo much Linnen
Would make you Tinder, but to ſee a Fire;
I gat you Countenance, Credit for your Coals,
Your Stills, your Glaſſes, your Materials;
Built you a Furnace, drew you Cuſtomers,
Advanc'd all your black Arts; lent you, beſide,
A Houſe to practiſe in—*Sub.* Your Maſter's Houſe?

Fac. Where you have ſtudied the more thriving Skill
Of Bawd'ry ſince. *Sub.* Yes, in your Maſter's Houſe.
You and the Rats here kept Poſſeſſion.
Make it not ſtrange. I know yo' were one could keep
The Buttry-hatch ſtill lock'd, and ſave the Chippings,
Sell the Dole-Beer to *Aqua-vitæ*-men,
The which, together with your *Chriſtmaſs* Vails
At *Poſt and Pair*, your letting out of Counters,
Made you a pretty Stock, ſome twenty Marks,
And gave you credit to converſe with Cobwebs,
Here, ſince your Miſtreſs Death hath broke up Houſe.
Fac. You might talk ſoftlier, Raſcal. *Sub.* No, you *Scarabe*,
I'll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you
How to beware to tempt a Fury again,
That carries Tempeſt in his Hand and Voice.
Fac. The Place has made you valiant.
Sub. No, your Clothes.
Thou Vermin have I tane thee out of Dung,
So poor, ſo wretched, when no living thing
Would keep thee Company, but a Spider, or worſe?
Rais'd thee from Brooms, and Duſt, and Watring Pots?
Sublim'd thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee
I' the third Region, call'd our State of Grace?
Wrought thee to Spirit, to Quinteſſence, with pains
Would twice have won me the Philoſopher's Work?
Put thee in Words and Faſhion, made thee fit
For more than ordinary Fellowſhips?
Giv'n thee thy Oaths, thy quarrelling Dimenſions?
Thy Rules to cheat at Horſe-race, Cock-pit, Cards,
Dice, or whatever gallant Tincture elſe?
Made thee a Second in mine own great Art?
And have I this for thanks? Do you rebel?
Do you fly out i' the Projection?
Would you be gone now?
Dol. Gentlemen, what mean you?
Will you mar all? *Sub.* Slave, thou hadſt had no Name—
Dol. Will you undo your ſelves with Civil War?
Sub. Never been known, paſt *Equi clibanum*,
The heat of Horſe-dung, under Ground, in Cellars,
Or an Ale-houſe darker than deaf *John*'s; been loſt

To

To all Mankind, but Laundreſſes and Tapſters,
Had not I been.
Dol. Do you know who hears you, Sovereign?
Fac. Sirrah——
Dol. Nay, General, I thought you were civil——
Fac. I ſhall turn deſperate, if you grow thus lowd.
Sub. And hang thy ſelf, I care not.
Fac. Hang thee, Colliar,
And all thy Pots and Pans, in Picture, I will,
Since thou haſt mov'd me——
Dol. (O, this I'll orethrow all.)
Fac. Write thee up Bawd in *Pauls*, have all thy Tricks
Of coz'ning with a hollow Coal, Duſt, Scrapings,
Searching for things loſt with a Sieve and Shears,
Erecting Figures in your Rows of Houſes,
And taking in of Shadows with a Glaſs,
Told in Red Letters; and a Face cut for thee,
Worſe than *Gamaliel Ratſey's*. *Dol.* Are you ſound?
Ha' you your Senſes, Maſters? *Fac.* I will have
A Book, but barely reckoning thy Impoſtures,
Shall prove a true Philoſopher's Stone, to Printers.
Sub. away, you Trencher-Raſcal.
Fac. Out, you Dog-leach,
The Vomit of all Priſons——*Dol.* Will you be
Your own Deſtructions, Gentlemen? Still ſpew'd out
For lying too heavy o' the Basket.
Sub. Cheater. *Fac.* Bawd.
Sub. Cow-herd. *Fac.* Conjurer. *Sub.* Cut-purſe.
Fac. Witch. *Dol.* O me!
We are ruin'd! loſt! Ha' you no more regard
To your Reputations? Where's your Judgment? 'Slight,
Have yet ſome Care of me, o' your Republick——
Fac. Away, this Breach. I'll bring thee, Rogue, within
The Statute of Sorcery, *Triceſimo tertio*
Of *Harry* the Eighth: I, and (perhaps) thy Neck
Within a Nooſe, for laundring Gold, and barbing it.
Dol. You'll bring your Head within a Cockſcomb, will
you?
[*She catches out* Face's *Sword, and breaks* Subtle's *Glaſs.*
And you, Sir, with your Menſtrue, gather it up.
'Sdeath, you abominable Pair of Stinkards,

Leave off your barking, and grow one again,
Or, by the Light that ſhines, I'll cut your Throats.
I'll not be made a Prey unto the Marſhal,
For ne'er a ſnarling Dog-bolt o' you both.
Ha' you together cozen'd all this while,
And all the World? and ſhall it now be ſaid,
Yo'have made moſt courteous ſhitt to cozen your ſelves?
You will accuſe him? You will bring him in
Within the Statute? Who ſhall take your Word?
A whoreſon, upſtart, Apocryphal Captain,
Whom not a Puritan in *Black-Friars* will truſt
So much as for a Feather! And you too
Will give the Cauſe, forſooth? You will inſult,
And claim a Primacy in the Diviſions?
You muſt be Chief? As if you only had
The Powder to project with, and the Work
Were not begun out of Equality?
The Venture Tripartite? All things in common?
Without Priority? 'Sdeath, you perpetual Curs,
Fall to your Couples again, and cozen kindly,
And heartily, and lovingly, as you ſhould,
And loſe not the beginning of a Term,
Or, by this Hand, I ſhall grow factious too,
And take my part, and quit you. *Fac.* 'Tis his fault,
He ever murmurs, and objects his Pains,
And ſays, the weight of all lies upon him.
Sub. Why, ſo it does. *Dol.* How does it? Do not we
Suſtain our Parts? *Sub.* Yes, but they are not equal.
Do'. Why, if your Part exceed to-day, I hope
Ours may to-morrow match it. *Sub.* I, they may.
Dol. May, murmuring Maſtiff! I, and do. Death on me!
Help me to throttle him. *Sub. Dorothee*, Miſtreſs *Dorothee*,
'Ods precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean?
Dol. Becauſe o' your Fermentation and Cibation?
Sub. Not I, by Heav'n.—
Dol. Your *Sol* and *Luna*—help me.
Sub. Would I were hang'd then. I'll conform my ſelf.
Dol. Will you, Sir? Do ſo then, and quickly: ſwear.
Sub. What ſhall I ſwear?
Dol. To leave your Faction, Sir,

And

And labour kindly in the Common Work.
Sub. Let me not breathe, if I meant ought beſide.
I only us'd thoſe Speeches as a Spur
To him. *Dol.* I hope we need no Spurs, Sir. Do we?
Fac. 'Slid, prove to-day, who ſhall ſhark beſt.
Sub. Agreed.
Dol. Yes, and work cloſe, and friendly.
Sub. 'Slight, the Knot
Shall grow the ſtronger for this Breach, with me.
Dol. Why, ſo, my good Baboons! Shall we go make
A ſort of ſober, ſcurvy, preciſe Neighbours,
(That ſcarce have ſmil'd twice ſin' the King came in)
A Feaſt of Laughter at our Follies? Raſcals,
Would run themſelves from breath, to ſee me ride,
Or you t'have but a Hole to thruſt your Heads in,
For which you ſhould pay Ear-rent? No, agree,
And may *Don Provoſt* ride a feaſting long,
In his old Velvet Jerkin and ſtain'd Scarfs,
(My noble Sovereign, and worthy General)
Ere we contribute a new Crewel Garter
To his moſt worſted Worſhip. *Sub.* Royal *Dol*!
Spoken like *Claridiana*, and thy ſelf.
Fac. For which, at Supper, thou ſhalt ſit in triumph,
And not be ſtyl'd *Dol Common*, but *Dol Proper*,
Dol Singular: The longeſt Cut, at Night,
Shall draw thee for his *Dol Particular*.
Sub. Who's that? one rings. To the Windo', *Dol*.
Pray Heav'n,
The Maſter do not trouble us this Quarter.
Fac. O, fear not him. While there dies one a Week
O' the Plague he's ſafe, from thinking toward *London*.
Beſide, he's buſie at his Hop-yards now:
I had a Letter from him. If he do,
He'll ſend ſuch word, for airing o' the Houſe,
As you ſhall have ſufficient time to quit it:
Tho' we break up a Fortnight, 'tis no matter.
Sub. Who is it, *Dol*?
Dol. A fine young Quodling. *Fac.* O,
My Lawyers Clerk, I lighted on laſt Night
In *Holborn*, at the *Dagger*. He would have

(I told you of him) a Familiar,
To riſle with at Horſes, and win Cups.
Dol. O, let him in.
Sub. Stay. Who ſhall do't? *Fac.* Get you
Your Robes on: I will meet him, as going out.
Dol. And what ſhall I do? *Fac.* Not be ſeen, away.
Seem you very reſerv'd.
Sub. Enough. *Fac.* God b' w' you, Sir.
I pray you let him know that I was here.
His Name is *Dapper*. I would gladly have ſtaid, but——

Dapper, Face, Subtle.

Captain, I am here.
Fac. Who's that? He's come, I think, Doctor.
Good faith, Sir, I was going away. *Dap.* In truth,
I am very ſorry, Captain. *Fac.* But I thought
Sure I ſhould meet you. *Dap.* I, I am very glad.
I had a ſcurvy Writ or two to make,
And I had lent my Watch laſt Night to one
That dines to-day at the Sheriffs, and ſo was robb'd
Of my paſs-time. Is this the Cunning-man?
Fac. This is his Worſhip. *Dap.* Is he a Doctor? *Fac.* Yes.
Dap. And ha' you broke with him, Captain?
Fac. I. *Dap.* And how?
Fac. Faith, he does make the matter, Sir, ſo dainty,
I know not what to ſay—*Dap.* Not ſo, good Captain.
Fac. Would I were fairly rid on't, believe me.
Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, Sir. Why ſhould you
wiſh ſo?
I dare aſſure you, I'll not be ungrateful.
Fac. I cannot think you will, Sir. But the Law
Is ſuch a thing—And then he ſays, *Read*'s Matter
Falling ſo lately—*Dap.* *Read*? He was an Aſs,
And dealt, Sir, with a Fool. *Fac.* It was a Clerk, Sir.
Dap. A Clerk?
Fac. Nay, hear me, Sir, you know the Law
Better, I think—*Dap.* I ſhould, Sir, and the Danger.
You know, I ſhew'd the Statute to you? *Fac.* You did ſo.
Dap. And I will tell then? By this Hand of Fleſh,
Would it might never write good Court hand more,
If I diſcover. What do you think of me,
That I am a *Chiauſe*?

Fac.

Fac. What's that? *Dap.* The *Turk* was, here—
As one would ſay, do you think I am a *Turk*?
Fac. I'll tell the Doctor ſo.
Dap. Do, good ſweet Captain.
Fac. Come, noble Doctor, pray thee let's prevail;
This is the Gentleman, and he is no *Chiauſe*.
Sub. Captain, I have return'd you all my Anſwer.
I would do much, Sir, for your Love—But this
I neither may, nor can. *Fac.* Tut, do not ſay ſo.
You deal now with a noble Fellow, Doctor,
One that will thank you richly, and h' is no *Chiauſe*:
Let that, Sir, move you.
Sub. Pray you forbear—*Fac.* He has
Four Angels here—*Sub.* You do me wrong, good Sir.
Fac. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you with theſe Spirits?
Sub. To tempt my Art, and Love, Sir, to my Peril.
'Fore Heav'n, I ſcarce can think you are my Friend,
That ſo would draw me to apparent danger.
Fac. I draw you? A Horſe draw you, and a Halter,
You, and your Flies together—*Dap.* Nay, good Captain.
Fac. That know no difference of Men.
Sub. Good Words, Sir.
Fac. Good Deeds, Sir, Doctor Dogs-meat.
'Slight, I bring you
No cheating *Clim o' the Cloughs*, or *Claribels*,
That look as big as *Five-and-fifty*, and *Fluſh*,
And ſpit out Secrets like hot Cuſtard—*Dap.* Captain.
Fac. Nor any melancholick Under-ſcribe,
Shall tell the Vicar; but a ſpecial Genteel,
That is the Heir to forty Marks a Year,
Conſorts with the ſmall Poets of the time,
Is the ſole Hope of his old Grand-mother,
That knows the Law, and writes you ſix fair Hands,
Is a fine Clerk, and has his Cyph'ring perfect,
Will take his Oath o' the *Greek Xenophon*,
If need be, in his Pocket; and can court
His Miſtreſs out of *Ovid*. *Dap.* Nay, dear Captain.
Fac. Did you not tell me ſo? *Dap.* Yes, but 'ld ha' you
Uſe Maſter Doctor with ſome more reſpect.
Fac. Hang him, proud Stag, with his broad Velvet Head.
But for your ſake, I'ld choak, ere I would change

An Article of Breath with ſuch a Puckfoiſt——
Come, let's be gone. *Sub.* Pray you le' me ſpeak with
you.
Dap. His Worſhip calls you, Captain. *Fac.* I am ſorry
I e'er imbark'd my ſelf in ſuch a Buſineſs.
Dap. Nay, good Sir, he did call you.
Fac. Will he take then?
Sub. Firſt, hear me——
Fac. Not a Syllable, 'leſs you take.
Sub. Pray ye, Sir——
Fac. Upon no Terms, but an *Aſſumpſit*.
Sub. Your Humour muſt be Law. [*He takes Money.*
Fac. Why now, Sir, talk.
Now I dare hear you with mine Honour. Speak.
So may this Gentleman too.
Sub. Why, Sir—*Fac.* No whiſpering.
Sub. 'Fore Heav'n, you do not apprehend the Loſs
You do your ſelf, in this. *Fac.* Wherein? For what?
Sub. Marry, to be ſo importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will undo you all:
He'll win up all the Mony i' the Town.
Fac. How!
Sub. Yes, and blow up Gameſter after Gameſter,
As they do Crackers in a Puppet-play.
If I do give him a Familiar,
Give you him all you play for; never ſet him:
For he will have it. *Fac.* You are miſtaken, Doctor.
Why, he does ask one but for Cups and Horſes,
A rifling Fly; none o' your great Familiars.
Dab. Yes, Captain, I would have it for all Games.
Sub. I told you ſo. *Fac.* 'Slight, that's a new Buſineſs!
I underſtood you, a tame Bird, to fly
Twice in a Term, or ſo, on *Friday* Nights,
When you had left the Office, for a Nag
Of forty or fifty Shillings. *Dap.* I, 'tis true, Sir;
But I do think now I ſhall leave the Law,
And therefore—*Fac.* Why, this changes quite the Caſe!
Do' you think that I dare move him?
Dap. If you pleaſe, Sir;
All's one to him, I ſee. *Fac.* What! for that Mony?
I cannot with my Conſcience: Nor ſhould you
Make

Make the Requeſt, methinks. *Dap.* No, Sir, I mean
To add Conſideration. *Fac.* Why then, Sir,
I'll try. Say that it were for all Games, Doctor?
Sub. I ſay then, not a Mouth ſhall eat for him
At any Ordinary, but o' the Score,
That is a gaming Mouth, conceive me. *Fac.* Indeed!
Sub. He'll draw you all the Treaſure of the Realm,
If it be ſet him. *Fac.* Speak you this from Art?
Sub. I, Sir, and Reaſon too, the Ground of Art.
He is o' the only beſt Complexion,
The Queen of *Fairy* Loves. *Fac.* What! is he! *Sub.* Peace,
He'll over-hear you Sir, ſhould ſhe but ſee him—
Fac. What? *Sub.* Do not you tell him.
Fac. Will he win at Cards too?
Sub. The Spirits of dead *Holland*, living *Iſaac*,
You'ld ſwear, were in him; ſuch a vigorous Luck
As cannot be reſiſted. 'Slight, he'll put
Six o' your Gallants to a Cloak, indeed.
Fac. A ſtrange Succeſs, that ſome Men ſhall be born to!
Sub. He hears you, Man——
Dap. Sir, I'll not be ingrateful.
Fac. Faith, I have Confidence in his good Nature:
You hear, he ſays he will not be ingrateful.
Sub. Why, as you pleaſe; my Venture follows yours.
Fac. Troth, do it, Doctor; think him truſty, and make him.
He may make us both happy in an Hour;
Win ſome five thouſand Pound, and ſend us two o' it.
Dap. Believe it, and I will, Sir. *Fac.* And you ſhall, Sir.
You have heard all?
Dap. No, what was't? Nothing, I, Sir.
Fac. Nothing? [Face *takes him aſide.*
Dap. A little, Sir. *Fac.* Well, a rare Star
Reign'd at your Birth.
Dap. At mine, Sir? No. *Fac.* The Doctor
Swears that you are——
Sub. Nay, Captain, you'll tell all now.
Fac. A lied to the Queen of *Fairy*.
Dap. Who? that I am?
Believe it, no ſuch matter—*Fac.* Yes, and that
Yo' were

Yo' were born with a Cawl o' your Head.
Dap. Who ſays ſo? *Fac.* Come,
You know it well enough, tho' you diſſemble it.
Dap. I-fac, I do not: You are miſtaken. *Fac.* How!
Swear by your fac? and in a thing ſo known
Unto the Doctor? How ſhall we, Sir, truſt you
I' the other matter? Can we ever think,
When you have won five or ſix thouſand Pound,
You'll ſend us Shares in't, by this rate? *Dap.* By *Jove*, Sir,
I'll win ten thouſand Pound, and ſend you half.
I-fac's no Oath. *Sub.* No, no, he did but jeſt.
Fac. Go to. Go thank the Doctor. He's your Friend,
To take it ſo. *Dap.* I thank his Worſhip. *Fac.* So:
Another Angel. *Dap.* Muſt I? *Fac.* Muſt you? 'Slight,
What elſe is Thanks? Will you be trivial? Doctor,
When muſt he come for his Familiar?
Dap. Shall I not ha' it with me? *Sub.* O, good Sir!
There muſt a World of Ceremonies paſs,
You muſt be bath'd and fum'gated firſt:
Beſides, the Queen of *Fairy* does not riſe
Till it be Noon. *Fac.* Not, if ſhe danc'd to-night.
Sub. And ſhe muſt bleſs it. *Fac.* Did you never ſee
Her Royal Grace yet? *Dap.* Whom? your Aunt of *Fairy*?
Sub. Not ſince ſhe kiſt him in the Cradle, Captain;
I can reſolve you that. *Fac.* Well, ſee her Grace,
Whatere it coſt you, for a thing that I know.
It will be ſomewhat hard to compaſs; but
However, ſee her. You are made, believe it,
If you can ſee her. Her Grace is a lone Woman,
And very rich; and if ſhe take a Phant'ſie,
She will do ſtrange things. See her, at any hand.
'Slid, ſhe may hap to leave you all ſhe has!
It is the Doctor's fear. *Dap.* How will't be done then?
Fac. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you
But ſay to me, Captain, I'll ſee her Grace.
Dap. Captain, I'll ſee her Grace. *Fac.* Enough.
Sub. Who's there? [*One knocks without.*
Anon. (Conduct him forth by the back way,)
Sir, againſt one a Clock prepare your ſelf:
Till when you muſt be faſting; only take

Three

Three drops of Vinegar in at your Noſe,
Two at your Mouth, and one at either Ear;
Then bathe your Fingers ends, and waſh your Eyes,
To ſharpen your five Senſes, and cry *Hum*
Thrice, and then *Buz* as often; and then come.
Fac. Can you remember this? *Dap.* I warrant you.
Fac. Well then, away. 'Tis but your beſtowing
Some twenty Nobles 'mong her Grace's Servants,
And put on a clean Shirt: You do not know
What grace her Grace may do in clean Linnen.
Subtle, Drugger, Face.
Come in: (Good Wives, I pray you forbear me now:
Troth I can do you no good till afternoon.)
What is your Name, ſay you? *Abel Drugger*? *Dru.* Yes, Sir.
Sub. A Seller of Tobacco? *Dru.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* Umh.
Free of the Grocers? *Dru.* I, an't pleaſe you. *Sub.* Well——
Your Buſineſs, *Abel*? *Dru.* This, an't pleaſe your Worſhip;
I am a young Beginner, and am building
Of a new Shop, an't like your Worſhip, juſt
At corner of a Street: (Here's the Plot on't.)
And I would know by Art, Sir, of your Worſhip,
Which way I ſhould make my Door, by Necromancy,
And where my Shelves; and which ſhould be for Boxes,
And which for Pots. I would be glad to thrive, Sir.
And I was wiſh'd to your Worſhip by a Gentleman,
One Captain *Face*, that ſays you know Mens Planets,
And their good Angels, and their bad. *Sub.* I do,
If I do ſee 'em—*Fac.* What! my honeſt *Abel*?
Thou art well met here. *Dru.* Troth, Sir, I was ſpeaking,
Juſt as your Worſhip came here, of your Worſhip.
I pray you ſpeak for me to Maſter Doctor.
Fac. He ſhall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear?
This is my Friend, *Abel*, an honeſt Fellow;
He lets me have good Tobacco, and he does not
Sophiſticate it with Sack-lees or Oil,
Nor waſhes it in Muſcadel and Grains,
Nor buries it in Gravel, under Ground,
Wrapp'd up in greaſie Leather, or piſs'd Clouts:

But keeps it in fine Lilly-pots, that open'd,
Smell like Conſerve of Roſes, or *French* Beans.
He has his Maple Block, his Silver Tongs,
Wincheſter Pipes, and Fire of Juniper,
A neat, ſpruce, honeſt Fellow, and no Goldſmith.
Sub. H' is a fortunate Fellow, that I am ſure on——
Fac. Already, Sir ha' you found it? Lo' thee, *Alell*
Sub. And in right way toward Riches——
Fac. Sir. *Sub.* This Summer
He will be of the Clothing of his Company,
And next Spring call'd to the Scarlet; ſpend what he can.
Fac. What, and ſo little Beard? *Sub.* Sir, you muſt think,
He may have a Receipt to make Hair come:
But he'll be wiſe, preſerve his Youth, and fine for't;
His Fortune looks for him another way.
Fac. 'Slid, Doctor, how canſt thou know this ſo ſoon?
I am amus'd at that! *Sub.* By a Rule, Captain,
In Metapoſcopy, which I do work by;
A certain Star i' the Forehead, which you ſee not.
Your Cheſtnut, or your Olive-colour'd Face
Do's never fail: and your long Ear doth promiſe.
I knew't, by certain ſpots too, in his Teeth,
And on the Nail of his Mercurial Finger.
Fac. Which Finger's that? *Sub.* His little Finger. Look,
You were Born upon a Wedneſday?
Dru. Yes indeed, Sir.
Sub. The Thumb, in Chiromanty, we give *Venus*;
The Fore-finger, to *Jove*; the midſt, to *Saturn*;
The Ring, to *Sol*; the leaſt, to *Mercury*:
Who was the Lord, Sir, of his Horoſcope,
His Houſe of Life being *Libra*; which fore-ſhew'd
He ſhould be a Merchant, and ſhould trade with Ballance.
Fac. Why, this is ſtrange! Is't not, honeſt *Nab*?
Sub. There is a Ship now, coming from *Ormus*,
That ſhall yield him, ſuch a Commodity
Of Drugs—This is the Weſt, and this the South?
Dru. Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And thoſe are your two ſides?
Dru. I, Sir.
Sub. Make me your Door, then, South; your Broad-ſide, Weſt:

And,

And, on the Eaſt-ſide of your Shop, aloft,
Write *Mathlai*, *Tarmiel*, and *Baraborat*;
Upon the North-part, *Rael*, *Velel*, *Thiel*.
They are the Names of thoſe Mercurial Spirits,
That do fright Flyes from Boxes. *Dru.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And
Beneath your threſhold, bury me a Load-ſtone
To draw in Gallants, that wear Spurs: The reſt,
They'll ſeem to follow. *Fac.* That's a ſecret, *Nab*!
Sub. And, on your Stall, a Puppet, with a Vice,
And a Court-*ſucus* to call City-dames.
You ſhall deal much with Minerals. *Dru.* Sir, I have
At home, already——*Sub.* I, I know, you have *Arſnike*,
Vitriol, *Sal-tartre*, *Argaile*, *Alkaly*,
Cinoper: I know all. This Fellow, Captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great Diſtiller,
And give a Say (I will not ſay directly,
But very fair) at the Philoſophers Stone.
Fac. Why, how now, *Abel*! is this true? *Dru.* Good Captain,
What muſt I give? *Fac.* Nay, I'll not counſel thee.
Thou hear'ſt what Wealth (he ſays, ſpend what thou canſt)
Th'art like to come too. *Dru.* I would gi' him a Crown.
Fac. A Crown! and toward ſuch a Fortune? Heart,
Thou ſhalt rather gi' him thy Shop. No Gold about thee?
Dru. Yes, I have a *Portague*, I ha' kept this half Year.
Fac. Out on thee, *Nab*. 'Slight, there was ſuch an offer--
'Shalt keep't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee?
Doctor, *Nab* prays your Worſhip to drink this, and ſwears
He will appear more grateful, as your Skill
Do's raiſe him in the World. *Dru.* I would intreat
Another favour of his Worſhip. *Fac.* What is't, *Nab*?
Dru. But, to look over, Sir, my *Almanack*,
And croſs out my ill-days, that I may neither
Bargain, nor truſt upon them. *Fac.* That he ſhall *Nab*.
Leave it, it ſhall be done, 'gainſt Afternoon.
Sub. And a direction for his Shelves. *Fac.* Now, *Nab*?
Art thou well pleas'd, *Nab*? *Dru.* 'Thank, Sir, both your Worſhips.
Fac. Away.
Why, now you ſmoky perſecuter of Nature!

Now

Now do you ſee, that ſome-thing's to be done,
Beſide your Beech-coal, and your cor'ſive Waters,
Your Croſſlets, Crucibles, and Cucurbites?
You muſt have Stuff, brought Home to you, to work on?
And yet you think I am at no expence,
In ſearching out theſe Veins, then ſo lowing 'em,
Then trying 'em out. 'Fore God, my intelligence
Coſt me more Money, than my ſhare oft comes too,
In theſe are Works. *Sub.* You are pleaſant, Sir. How now?

Face, Dol, Subtle.

Face. What ſays my dainty *Dolkin*? *Dol.* Yonder Fiſh-wife
Will not away. And there's your Gianteſs,
The Bawd of *Lambeth*. *Sub.* Heart, I cannot ſpeak with 'em.
Dol. Not afore Night, I have told 'em, in a Voice,
Thorough the Trunk, like one of your *Familiars*.
But I have ſpied Sir *Epicure Mammon*—— *Sub.* Where?
Dol. Coming along, at far end of the Lane,
Slow of his Feet, but earneſt of his Tongue,
To one that's with him. *Sub. Face*, go you, and ſhift.
Dol, you muſt preſently make ready, too———
Dol. Why, what's the matter? *Sub.* O, I did look for him
With the Suns riſing: 'Marvel, he could ſleep!
This is the Day I am to perfect for him
The *Magiſterium*, our *great Work*, *the Stone*:
And yield it, made, into his Hands: of which,
He has, this Month, talk'd, as he were poſſeſs'd.
And now he's dealing Pieces on't away,
Methinks I ſee him entring Ordinaries,
Diſpenſing for the Pox, and Plaguy Houſes,
Reaching his Doſe, walking *Moore-fields* for Lepers,
And offering Citizens-Wives Pomander-bracelets,
As his preſervative, made of the *Elixer*;
Searching the Spittle, to make old Bawds young;
And the High-ways, for Beggars, to make rich:
I ſee no end of his Labours. He will make
Nature aſham'd, of her long ſleep: when Art,
Who's but a Step-dame, ſhall do more than ſhe,

In her beſt to love to Mankind, ever could
If his Dream laſt, he'll turn the Age to Gold.

ACT II.

Mammon, Surly.

COme on, Sir. Now, you ſet your Foot on Shore
In *novo Orbe*; Here's the rich *Peru*:
And there within, Sir, are the Golden Mines,
Great *Solomon*'s *Ophir*! He was ſailing to't,
Three Years, but we have reach'd it in ten Months.
This is the Day, wherein, to all my Friends,
I will pronounce the happy Word, *Be Rich*.
This Day you ſhall be *ſpectatiſſimi*.
You ſhall no more deal with the hollow Dye,
Or the frail Card. No more be at charge of keeping
The Livery-punk, for the young Heir, that muſt
Seal, at all Hours, in his Shirt. No more,
If he deny, ha' him beaten to't, as he is
That brings him the Commodity. No more
Shall thirſt of Sattin, or the covetous Hunger
Of velvet Entrails, for a rude-ſpun Cloke,
To be diſplaid at *Madam Auguſta*'s, make
The Sons of *Sword*, and *Hazard* fall before
The Golden Calf, and on their Knees, whole Nights,
Commit Idolatry with Wine, and Trumpets:
Or go a feaſting after Drum and Enſign.
No more of this. You ſhall ſtart up young *Viceroys*,
And have your Punques, and Punquetees, my *Surly*.
And unto thee, I ſpeak it firſt, *Be Rich*,
Where is my *Subtle*, there? Within { *Within* } Sir.
hough!
He'll come to you, by and by.

Mam. That's his Fire-drake,
His Lungs, his *Zephyrus*, he that puffs his Coals,
Till he firk Nature up, in her own Center.
You are not faithful, Sir. This Night, I'll change
All, that is Metal, in thy Houſe, to Gold.

And

And, early in the Morning, will I ſend
To all the Plumbers, and the Pewterers,
And buy their Tin, and Lead up: and to *Lothbury*,
For all the Copper. *Sur.* What, and turn that too?
Mam. Yes, and I'll purchaſe *Devonſhire*, and *Cornwall*,
And make them perfect *Indies*! You admire now?
Sur. No faith. *Mam.* But when you ſee th' Effects of the great Medicine!
Of which one Part projected on a hundred
Of *Mercury*, or *Venus*, or the *Moon*,
Shall turn it to as many of the *Sun*;
Nay, to a thouſand, ſo *ad infinitum*:
You will believe me. *Sur.* Yes, when I ſee't, I will.
But, if my Eyes do cozen me ſo (and I
Giving 'em no occaſion) ſure I'll have
A Whore, ſhall piſs 'em out, next Day. *Mam.* Ha! why?
Do you think, I fable with you? I aſſure you,
He that has once the *Flower of the Sun*,
The perfect *Ruby*, which we call *Elixir*.
Not only can do that, but by its Vertue,
Can confer Honour, Love, Reſpect, long Life,
Give Safety, Valour, yea, and Victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty Days,
I'll make an old Man of Fourſcore, a Child.
Sur. No doubt, he's that already. *Mam.* Nay, I mean,
Reſtore his Years, renew him, like an Eagle,
To the fifth Age; make him get Sons and Daughters,
Young Giants; as our *Philoſophers* have done
(The ancient *Patriarchs* afore the Flood)
But taking, once a Week, on a Knives Point,
The quantity of a Grain of Muſtard of it:
Become ſtout *Marſes*, and beget young *Cupids*.
Sur. The decay'd *Veſtals* of *Pickt-hatch* would thank you,
That keep the Fire alive, there. *Mam.* 'Tis the Secret
Of Nature, naturaliz'd 'gainſt all Infections,
Cures all Diſeaſes, coming of all Cauſes;
A Month's Grief in a Day; a Years in twelve:
And, of what Age ſoever, in a Month,

Paſt all the Doſes of your drugging Doctors,
I'll undertake, withal, to fright the Plague
Out o' the Kingdom, in three Months. *Sur.* And I'll
Be bound, the Player ſhall ſing your Praiſes, then,
Without their Poets. *Mam.* Sir, I'll do't. Meantime,
I'll give away ſo much unto my Man,
Shall ſerve the whole City with Preſervative,
Weekly; each Houſe his Doſe, and at the rate——
Sur. As he that built the Water-work, do's with Water?
Mam. You are incredulous. *Sur.* Faith I have a Humour,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your *Stone*
Cannot tranſmute me. *Mam.* *Pertinax Surly*,
Will you believe Antiquity? Records?
I'll ſhew you a Book, where *Moſes*, and his Siſter,
And *Solomon* have written of the Art;
I, and a Treatiſe penn'd by *Adam*. *Sur.* How!
Mam. O' the *Philoſophers Stone*, and in high *Dutch*.
Sur. Did *Adam* write, Sir, in high *Dutch*? *Mam.* He did;
Which proves it was the Primitive Tongue. *Sur.* What Paper?
Mam. On Cedar Board. *Sur.* O that, indeed (they ſay)
Will laſt 'gainſt Worms. *Mam.* 'Tis like your *Iriſh* Wood,
'Gainſt Cob-webbs. I have a piece of *Jaſons*'s Fleece, too,
Which was no other than a Book of *Alchemy*,
Writ in large Sheep-skin, a good fat Ram-vellam.
Such was *Pythagoras*'s Thigh, *Pandora*'s Tub;
And, all that Fable of *Medeas* Charms,
The manner of our Work: The Bulls, our Furnace,
Still breathing Fire: our *Argent-vive*, the Dragon:
The Dragons Teeth, *Mercury* Sublimate,
That keeps the Whiteneſs, Hardneſs, and the Biting;
And they are gather'd into *Jaſon*'s Helm,
(Th' *Alembick*) and then ſow'd in *Mars* his Field,
And thence ſublim'd ſo often till they are fix'd.
Both this, th' *Heſperian* Garden, *Cadmus* Story,
Jove's Shower, the Boon of *Midas*, *Argus* Eyes,
Boccace, his *Demogorgan*, thouſands more,
All abſtract Riddles of our *Stone*. How now?

Mam.

Mammon, Face, Surly.

Mam. Do we ſucceed? is our Day come? and hold's it
Fac. The Evening will ſet red upon you, Sir;
You have Colour for it, Crimſon: the red *Ferment*
Has done his Office, Three Hours hence, prepare you
To ſee Projection. *Mam. Pertinax*, my *Surly*,
Again, I ſay to thee, aloud, *Be Rich.*
This Day, Thou ſhalt have Ingots: and, to Morrow,
Give Lords th' Affront. Is it, my *Zephyrus*, right?
Bluſhes the *Bolts-head*? *Fac.* Like a Wench with Child, Sir,
That were, but now, diſcover'd to her Maſter.
Mam. Excellent witty *Lungs*! My only Care is,
Where to get Stuff enough now, to project on,
This Town will not half ſerve me. *Fac.* No, Sir? Buy
The covering off o' Churches. *Mam.* That's true.
Fac. Yes.
Let 'em ſtand bare, as do their Auditory.
Or Cap 'em new, with Shingles. *Mam.* No, good Thatch:
Thatch will lie light upo' the Rafters, *Lungs*,
Lungs, I will manumit thee, from the *Furnace*;
I will reſtore thee thy Complexion, *Puffe*,
Loſt in the Embers; and repair this Brain,
Hurt wi' the Fume, o' the Metals. *Fac.* I have blown, Sir,
Hard for your Worſhip; thrown by many a Coal,
When 'twas not Beech; weigh'd thoſe I put in, juſt,
To keep your Heat ſtill even; Theſe Blear'd-eyes
Have wak'd, to read your ſeveral Colours, Sir,
Of the *Pale Citron*, the *Green Lyon*, the *Crow*,
The *Peacocks Tail*, the *plumed Swan*. *Mam.* And laſtly,
Thou haſt deſcryed the *Flower*, the *Sanguis Agni*?
Fac. Yes, Sir. *Mam.* Where's Maſter? *Fac.* At Prayers, Sir, he,
Good Man he's doing his Devotions,
For the Succeſs. *Mam. Lungs*, I will ſet a Period
To all thy Labours: Thou ſhalt be the Maſter
Of my *Seraglio*. *Fac.* Good, Sir. *Mam.* But do you hear?
I'll geld you, *Lungs*. *Fac.* Yes, Sir. *Mam.* For I do mean

To have a a Liſt of Wives and Concubines,
Equal with *Solomon*, who had the *Stone*
Alike with me: and I will make me a Back
With the *Elixer*, that ſhall be as tough
As *Hercules*, to encounter Fifty a Night.
Th'art ſure thou ſaw'ſt it *Blood*? *Fac.* Both *Blood* and *Spirit*, Sir.

Mam. I will have all my Beds, blown up; not ſtuft;
Down is too hard. And then, mine Oval Room
Fill'd with ſuch Pictures as *Tiberius* took
From *Elephantis*, and dull *Aretine*
But coldly imitated. Then, my Glaſſes
Cut in more ſubtil Angles, to diſperſe
And multiply the Figures, as I walk
Naked between my *Succaba*. My Miſts
I'll have of Perfume, vapour'd 'bout the Room,
To loſe our ſelves in; and my Baths, like Pits
To fall into: from whence we will come forth,
And rowl us dry in Goſſamour and Roſes.
(Is it arriv'd at *Ruby*?)——— Where I ſpy
A wealthy Citizen, or rich Lawyer,
Have a ſublim'd pure Wife, unto that Fellow
I'll ſend a thouſand Pound, to be my Cuckold.

Fac. And I ſhall carry it? *Mam.* No, I'll ha' no Bawds,
But Fathers and Mothers. They will do it beſt,
Beſt of all others. And my Flatterers
Shall be the pure, and graveſt of Divines,
That I can get for Money. My meet Fools,
Eloquent Burgeſſes, and then my Poets
The ſame that writ ſo ſubtily of the *Fart*.
Whom I will entertain ſtill for that Subject.
The few that would give out themſelves, to be
Court and Town-ſtallions, and, each where, belye
Ladies, who are known moſt innocent, for them;
Thoſe will I beg, to make me *Eunuchs* of:
And they ſhall fan me with ten Eſtrich Tails
A Piece, made in a Plume, to gather Wind.
We will be brave, *Puffe*, now we ha' the *Med'cine*.
My Meat ſhall all come in *Indian* Shells,
Diſhes of Agat ſet in Gold and ſtudded

With

With Emeralds, Saphirs, Hyacinths, and Rubies.
The Tongues of Carps, Dormiſe, and Camels Heels,
Boil'd i'the ſpirit of *Sol*, and diſſolv'd Pearl,
(*Apicius* Diet, 'gainſt the *Epilepſie*)
And I will eat theſe Broaths with Spoons of Amber,
Headed with Diamond, and Carbuncle.
My Foot-Boy ſhall eat Pheaſants, calver'd Salmons,
Knots, Godwits, Lamprey's: I my ſelf will have
The Beards of Barbels ſerv'd inſtead of Sallads;
Oil'd Muſhroomes; and the ſwelling unctuous Paps
Of a fat pregnant Sow, newly cut off,
Dreſt with an exquiſite, and poynant Sauce;
For which, I'll ſay unto my Cook, There's Gold,
Go forth, and be a Knight. *ac.* Sir, I'll go look
A little how it heightens. *Mam.* Do. My Shirts
I'll have of Taffata-ſarſnet, ſoft, and light
As Cob-webs; and for all my other Rayment,
It ſhall be ſuch as might provoke the *Perſian*,
Were he to teach the World Riot anew.
My Gloves of Fiſhes, and Bird-skins, perfum'd
With Gums of *Paradiſe*, and Eaſtern Air——
Sur. And do' you think to have the *Stone* with this?
Mam. No, I do think t' have all this, with the *Stone*.
Sur. Why, I have heard, he muſt be *homo frugi*,
A Pious, Holy, and Religious Man,
One free from mortal Sin, a very Virgin.
Mam. That makes it, Sir, he is ſo. But I buy it.
My Venture brings it me. He, honeſt Wretch,
A Notable, Superſtitious, good Soul,
Has worn his Knees bare, and his Slippers bald,
With Prayer and Faſting for it: and Sir, let him
Do it alone, for me, ſtill. Here he comes.
Not a prophane Word, afore him: 'Tis Poyſon.

Mammon, Subtle, Surly, Face.

Mam. Good Morrow, Father. *Sub.* Gentle Son, good Morrow,
And to your Friend there. What is he, with you?
Mam. An Heretick, that I did bring along,
In hope, Sir, to convert him. *Sub.* Son, I doubt
Yo'are covetous that thus you meet your Time
I' the juſt Point: prevent your Day, at Morning.

This

This argues ſomething, worthy of a Fear
Of importune, and carnal Appetite.
Take heed, do you not cauſe the Bleſſing to leave you,
With your ungovern'd haſte. I ſhould be ſorry
To ſee my Labours, now e'en at Perfection,
Got by long watching, and large Patience,
Not proſper, where my Love and Zeal hath plac'd 'em,
Which (Heaven I call to Witneſs, with your ſelf,
To whom I have pour'd my Thoughts) in all my Ends,
Have look'd no way, but unto publick Good,
To pious Uſes, and dear Charity,
Now grown a Prodigy with Men. Wherein
If you, my Son, ſhould now prevaricate,
And, to your own particular Luſts, employ
So great and Catholick a Bliſs, be ſure,
A Curſe will follow, yea, and overtake
Your ſubtle and moſt ſecret way. *Mam.* I know, Sir,
You ſhall not need to fear me. I but come,
To ha' you confute this Gentleman. *Sur.* Who is,
Indeed, Sir, ſomewhat cauſtive of Belief
Toward your *Stone*: Would not be Gull'd. *Sub.* Well, Son,
All that I can convince him in, is this,
The Work is done: Bright *Sol* is in his *Robe*.
We have a *Med'cine* of the *triple Soul*,
The *glorified Spirit*. Thanks be to Heav'n,
And make us worthy of it, ULEN SPIEGEL.
Fac. Anon, Sir. *Sub.* Look well to the Regiſter,
And let your Heat ſtill leſſen by Degrees,
To the *Aludels*. *Fac.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* Did you look
O' the *Bolts-head* yet? Which, on D. Sir? *Sub.* I,
What's the Complexion? *Fac.* Whitiſh. *Sub.* Infuſe Vinegar,
To draw his *volatile ſubſtance*, and his *Tincture*:
And let the Water in *Glaſs E.* be *feltred*,
And put into the *Gripes Egg*. Lute him well;
And leave him clos'd in *Balneo*. *Fac.* I will Sir.
Sur. What a brave Language here is? next to Cinting?
Sub. I' have another Work, you never ſaw, Son,
That three Days ſince paſt the *Philoſopher's Wheel*,
In the lent Heat of *Athanor*; and's become

Sulphur o' Nature. *Mam*. But 'tis for me? *Sub*. What need you?
You have enough, in that is perfect. *Mam*. O, but——
Sub. Why, this is covetiſe! *Mam*. No, I aſſure you,
I ſhall employ it all in pious Uſes,
Founding of Colleges, and *Grammar* Schools,
Marrying young Virgins, building Hoſpitals,
And now, and then, a Church. *Sub*. How now?
Fac. Sir, pleaſe you,
Shall I not change the *feltre*? *Sub*. Marry, Yes,
And bring me the Complexion of *Glaſs B*.
Mam. Ha' you another? *Sub*. Yes, Son, were I aſſur'd
Your Piety were firm, we would not want
The Means to glorifie it. But I hope the beſt:
I mean to tinct *C*. in *Sand heat*, to Morrow.
And give him *Imbibition*. *Mam*. Of white Oyl?
Sub. No, Sir, of red. *F*. is come over the *Helm* too,
I thank my Maker, in *S. Maries Bath*,
And ſhews *Lac Virginis*. Bleſſed be Heaven.
I ſent you of his *faces* there *calcin'd*.
Out of that *Calx*, I'ha' won the *Salt of Mercury*.
Mam. By powring on your *rectified Water*?
Sub. Yes, and *reverberating* in *Athanor*.
How now? what Colour ſays it? *Fac*. The Ground black, Sir.
Mam. That's your *Crowes head*?
Sur. Your Cock-comb's, is't not?
Sub. No, 'tis not perfect. would it were the *Crow*.
That Work wants ſomething. *Sur*. (O, look'd for this,
The Hay is a pitching) *Sub*. Are you ſure, you loos'd 'em
I' their own *menſtrue*? *Fac*. Yes, Sir, and then married 'em,
And put 'em in a *Bolts-head*, nipp'd to *digeſtion*,
According as you bad me, when I ſet
The *Liquor* of *Mars* to *Circulation*,
In the ſame Heat. *Sub*. The Proceſs, then, was right.
Fac. Yes, by the Token, Sir, the *Retort* brake,
And what was ſav'd was put into the *Pellicane*,
And Sign'd with *Hermes Seal*. *Sub*. I think 'twas ſo.
We ſhould have a new *Amalgama*. (*Sur*. O, this Ferret

Is

Is rank as any Pole-cat.) *Sub.* But I care not.
Let him e'en dye; we have enough beſide,
In *Embrion*. *H.* ha's his *white ſhirt* on? *Fac.* Yes, Sir,
He's ripe for *Incoration*: He ſtands warm,
In his *Aſh-fire*. I would not, you ſhould let
Any dye now, if I might counſel, Sir,
For lucks ſake to the reſt. It is not good.
Mam. He ſays right. *Sur.* I, are you bolted?
Fac. Nay, I know't, Sir,
I' have ſeen th' ill Fortune. What is ſome three Ounces
Of freſh *Materials*? *Mam.* Is't no more? *Fac.* No more, Sir,
Of Gold, t' *Amalgame*, with ſome ſix of *Mercury*.
Mam. Away, here's Money, what will ſerve?
Fac. Ask him, Sir.
Mam. How much? *Sub.* Give him Nine Pound: you may gi' him Ten.
Sur. Yes, Twenty, and be cozen'd, do. *Mam.* There 'tis.
Sub This needs not. But that you will have it ſo,
To ſee Concluſions of all. For two
Of our inferior Works, are at *fixation*.
A third is an *Aſcenſion*. Go your ways.
Ha' you ſet the Oil of *Luna* in *Kemia*?
Fac. Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And the *Philoſopher's* Vinegar?
Fac. I.
Sur. We ſhall have a Sallad. *Mam.* When do you make *Projection*?
Sub. Son, be not haſty, I *exalt* our *Medc'ine*,
By hanging him in *Balneo Vaporoſo*,
And giving Solution; then *congeal* him;
For look how oft I iterate the Work,
So many times I add into his Vertue.
As, if at firſt one Ounce convert a Hundred,
After his Second looſe, he'll turn a thouſand;
His third Solution, ten; his fourth a hundred.
After his fifth, a thouſand thouſand Ounces
Of any imperfect Metal into pure
Silver or Gold, in all Examinations,
As good as any of the natural Mine.
Get you your Stuff here againſt Afternoon,

Your Braſs, your Pewter, and your Andirons.
Mam. Not thoſe of Iron?
Sub. Yes, you may bring them too.
We'll change all Metals. *Sur.* I believe you in that.
Mam. Then I may ſend my Spits?
Sub. Yes, and your Racks.
Sur. And Dripping-pans, and Pot-hangers, and Hooks?
Shall he not? *Sub.* If he pleaſe. To be an Aſs.
Sub. How, Sir!
Mam. This Gent'man you muſt bear withal:
I told you, he had no Faith. *Sur.* And a little Hope, Sir;
But much leſs Charity, ſhould I gull my ſelf.
Sub. Why, what have you obſerv'd, Sir, in our Art,
Seems ſo impoſſible? *Sur.* But your whole Work, no more.
That you ſhould hatch Gold in a Furnace, Sir,
As they do Eggs in *Egypt*! *Sub.* Sir, do you
Believe that Eggs are hatch'd ſo? *Sur.* If I ſhould?
Sub. Why, I think that the greater Miracle.
No Egg but differs from a Chicken more
Than Metals in themſelves. *Sur.* That cannot be.
The Eggs ordain'd by Nature to that End,
And is a Chicken in *Potentia*.
Sub. The ſame we ſay of Lead and other Metals,
Which would be Gold if they had time. *Mam.* And that
Our Art doth further. *Sub.* I, for 'twere abſurd
To think that Nature in the Earth bred Gold
Perfect i'the inſtant. Something went before.
There muſt be remote Matter. *Sur.* I, what is that?
Sub. Marry, we ſay—— *Mam.* I, now it heats: ſtand Father,
Pound him to Duſt——— *Sub.* It is, of the one Part,
A humid Exhalation, which we call
Materia liquida, or the *unctuous Water*;
On the other Part, a certain Craſs and Viſcous
Portion of Earth; both which concorporate,
Do make the elementary Matter of Gold;
Which is not yet *propria Materia*,
But commune to all Metals, and all Stones.
For, where it is forſaken of that Moiſture,

And

And hath more direneſs, it becomes a Stone;
Where it retains more of the humid fatneſs,
It turns to *Sulphur*, or to *Quickſilver*,
Who are the Parents of all other Metals.
Nor can this remote Matter ſuddenly
Progreſs ſo from Extreme unto Extreme,
As to grow Gold, and leap o're all the Means.
Nature doth firſt beget th' imperfect, then
Proceeds ſhe to the Perfect. Of that aiery
And oily Water, *Mercury* is engendered;
Sulphur o' the fat and earthly Part; the one
(Which is the laſt) ſupplying the Place of Male,
The other of Female, in all Metals.
Some do believe *Hermaphrodeity*,
That both do act and ſuffer. But theſe two
Make the reſt ductile, Malleable, extenſive.
And even in Gold they are; for we do find
Seeds of them, by our Fire, and Gold in them;
And can produce the *Species* of each Metal
More perfect thence, than Nature doth in Earth.
Beſide, who doth not ſee, in daily Practice,
Art can beget Bees, Hornets, Beetles, Wasps,
Out of the Carcaſſes and Dung of Creatures;
Yea, Scorpions of an Herb, being rightly plac'd?
And theſe are living Creatures, far more perfect
And excellent than Metals. *Mam.* Well ſaid, *Father*!
Nay, if he take you in Hand, Sir, with an *Argument*,
He'll bray you in a Mortar. *Sur.* Pray you, Sir, ſtay.
Rather than I'll be bray'd, Sir, I'll believe
That *Alchemy* is a pretty kind of Game,
Somewhat like Tricks o' the Cards, to cheat a Man
With Charming. *Sub.* Sir?
Sur. What elſe are all your Terms,
Whereon no one o' your Writers 'grees with other?
Of your *Elixir*, your *Lac Virginis*,
Your *Stone*, your *Medicine*, and your *Chryſoſperme*,
Your *Sal*, your *Sulphur*, and your *Mercury*,
Your *Oil of Height*, your *Tree of Life*; your *Blood*,
Your *Marcheſite*, your *Tutie*, your *Magneſia*,
Your *Toade*, your *Crow*, your *Dragon*, and your *Panther*,
Your *Sun*, your *Moon*, your *Firmament*, your *Adrop*,

Your *Lato*, *Azoch*, *Zernich*, *Chibrit*, *Heautarit*,
And then your *Red Man*, and your *White Woman*,
With all your *Broths*, your *Menſtrues*, and *Materials*,
Of *Piſs* and *Egg-ſhels*, *Women Terms*, *Mans Blood*,
Hair o'th' Head, *burnt Clouts*, *Chalk*, *Merds*, and *Clay*,
Powder of Bones, *Scalings of Iron*, *Glaſs*,
And Worlds of other ſtrange *Ingredients*,
Would burſt a Man to name? *Sub.* And *all theſe nam'd*,
Intending but one thing; which Art our Writers
Us'd to obſcure their Art. *Mam.* Sir, ſo I told him,
Becauſe the ſimple Idiot ſhould not learn it,
And make it Vulgar. *Sub.* Was not all the *Knowledge*
Of the *Ægyptians* writ in myſtick *Symbols*?
Speak not the *Scriptures* oft in *Parables*?
Are not the choiceſt *Fables* of the *Poets*,
That were the *Fountains* and firſt *Springs of Wiſdom*,
Wrapt in perplexed *Allegories*? *Mam.* I urg'd that,
And clear'd to him, that *Syſiphus* was damn'd
To roll the ceaſleſs Stone, only becauſe
He *would* have ours *common*. Who is this? [*Doll is ſeen.*
God's precious—— What do you mean? Go in *good Lady*,
Let me intreat you. Where's this Varlet? *Fac.* Sir?
Sub. You very Knave! do you uſe me thus?
Fac. Wherein, Sir?
Sub. Go in, and ſee, you Traitor. Go.
Mam. Who is it, Sir?
Sub. Nothing, Sir: Nothing.
Mam. What's the matter, good Sir?
I have not ſeen you thus diſtemper'd? Who is't?
Sub. All Arts have ſtill had, Sir, their *Adverſaries*;
But ours the *moſt Ignorant*. What now? [*Face returns.*
Fac. 'Twas not my Fault, Sir; ſhe would ſpeak with you.
Sub. Would ſhe, Sir? Follow me.
Mam. Stay, *Lungs*. *Fac.* I dare not, Sir.
Mam. How! pray thee ſtay.
Fac. She's mad, Sir, and ſent hither——
Mam. Stay Man, what is ſhe? *Fac.* A Lord's Siſter, Sir.
(He'll be mad too. *Mam.* I warrant thee.)
Why ſent hither?

Fac.

Fac. Sir to be cur'd, *Sur.* Why Raſcal!
Fac. Loe you. Here, Sir. [*He goes out.*
Mam. 'Fore God, a *Bradamante*, a brave Piece.
Sur. Heart, this is a Bawdy-houſe! I'll be burnt elſe.
Mam. O, by this Light, no. Do not wrong him. H'is
Too ſcrupulous that Way. It is his Vice.
No, h'is a rare Phyſician, do him right,
An excellent *Paracelſian*, and has done
Strange Cures with *Mineral Phyſick*. He deals all
With Spirits, he. He will not hear a word
Of *Galen*, or his tedious *Recipe's*.
How now, *Lungs*! [Face *again*.
Fac. Softly, Sir, ſpeak ſoftly. I meant
To ha' told your Worſhip all. This muſt not hear.
Mam. No, he will not be gull'd: Let him alone.
Fac. Y'are very right, Sir, ſhe is a moſt rare *Scholar*,
And is gone mad with ſtudying *Braughton's Works*.
If you but name a Word touching the *Hebrew*,
She falls into her Fit, and will diſcourſe
So learnedly of *Genealigies*,
As you would run mad too, to hear her, Sir.
Mam. How might one do t' have Conference with her,
Lungs?
Fac. O, divers have run mad upon the Conference.
I do not know, Sir: I am ſent in haſte,
To fetch a Viol. *Sur.* Be not gull'd, Sir *Mammon*.
Mam. Wherein? 'Pray ye, be patient.
Sur. Yes, as you are,
And truſt confedrate Knaves, and Bawds, and Whores.
Mam. You are too foul, believe it. Come here, *Ulen*,
One word. *Fac.* I dare not, in good faith.
Mam. Stay, Knave.
Fac. H' is extream angry that you ſaw her, Sir.
Mam. Drink that. What is ſhe when ſhe's out of her
Fit?
Fac. O, the moſt affableſt creature, Sir; ſo merry!
So pleaſant! ſhe'll mount you up, like *Quick-ſilver*,
Over the Helm; and *circulate*, like *Oyl*,
A very *Vegetal*: Diſcourſe of *State*,
Of *Mathematicks*, *Bawdry*, any thing——

Mam. Is ſhe no way acceſſible? no means,
No trick to give a Man a taſte of her——wit——
Or ſo?——ULEN. *Fac.* I'll come to you again, Sir.
Mam. Surly, I did not think, one o'your breeding
Would traduce Perſonages of worth. *Sur.* Sir *Epicure*,
Your Friend to uſe: yet, ſtill, loth to be gull'd.
I do not like your *Philoſophical* Bawds.
Their *Stone* is Letchery enough to pay for,
Without this Bait. *Mam.* 'Heart, you abuſe your ſelf.
I know the Lady, and her Friends, and Means,
The Original of this Diſaſter. Her Brother
H'as told me all. *Sur.* And yet you ne're ſaw her
Till now? *Mam.* O, yes, but I forgot, I have (believe it)
One o' the treacherouſeſt memories, I do think,
Of all mankind. *Sur.* What call you her Brother?
Mam. My Lord——
He wi' not have his Name known, now I think on't.
Sur. A very treacherous memory! *Mam.* O' my faith——
Sur. Tut, if you ha' it not about you, paſs it,
Till we meet next. *Mam.* Nay, by this hand, 'tis true.
He's one I honour, and my Noble Friend,
And I reſpect his houſe. *Sur.* Heart! can it be,
That a grave Sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wiſe Sir too, at other times, ſhould thus
With his own Oaths, and Arguments, make hard means
To gull himſelf? and this be your *Elixir*,
Your *lapis mineralis*, and your *lunary*,
Give me your honeſt trick, yet, at *Primero*,
Or *Gleek*; and take your *lutum ſapientis*,
Your *menſtruum ſimplex*: I'll have Gold before you,
And with leſs Danger of the *Quick-ſilver*,
Or the hot *Sulphur*.
Fac. Here's one from Captain *Face*, Sir? [*To* Surly.
Deſires you to meet him i' the *Temple Church*,
Some half hour hence, and upon earneſt Buſineſs.
Sir, if you pleaſe to quit us, now; and come
[*He whiſpers* Mammon.
Again within two hours, you ſhall have
My Maſter buſie examining o' the works;

And

And I will ſteal you unto the Party,
That you may ſee her converſe. Sir, ſhall I ſay,
You'll meet the Captains Worſhip? *Sur.* I will.
But, by Attorney, and to a ſecond purpoſe.
Now, I am ſure, it is a Bawdy-houſe;
I'll ſwear it, were the Marſhal here to thank me:
The naming this Commander doth confirm it.
Don Face! Why, h' is the moſt authentick Dealer
I' theſe Commodities! The *Superintendent*
To all the quainter Traffickers in Town.
He is the *Viſitor*, and does appoint,
Who lies with whom, and at what hour; what price;
Which Gown; and in what Smock; what Fall; what Tyre.
Him will I prove, by a third Perſon, to find
The Subtilties of this dark *Labyrinth*:
Which, if I do diſcover, dear Sir *Mammon*,
You'll give your poor Friend leave, though no *Philoſopher*,
To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, ſhall weep.
Fac. Sir; he does pray, you'll not forget.
Sur. I will not, Sir.
Sir *Epicure*, I ſhall leave you?
Mam. I follow you, ſtraight.
Fac. But do ſo, good Sir, to avoid Suſpicion.
This Gent'man has a par'lous head.
Mam. But wilt thou, ULEN,
Be conſtant to thy promiſe? *Fac.* As my life, Sir.
Mam. And wilt thou inſinuate what I am? and praiſe me?
And ſay, I am a noble Fellow?
Fac. O what elſe, Sir?
And, that you'll make her royal, with the *Stone*,
An Empreſs; and your ſelf King of *Bantam*.
Mam. Wilt thou do this?
Fac. Will I, Sir? *Mam.* *Lungs*, my *Lungs*!
I love thee. *Fac.* Send your ſtuff, Sir, that my Maſter
May buſie himſelf about project on.
Mam. Th' haſt witch'd me, Rogue: Take, go.
Fac. Your Jack, and all, Sir.
Mam. Thou art a Villain——— I will ſend my Jack,
And the Weights too. Slave, I could bite thine Ear.

Away, thou doſt not care for me *Fac.* Not I, Sir?
Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my good weaſel,
Set thee on a bench, and ha' thee twirl a Chain
With the beſt Lords Vermine of 'em all. *Fac.* Away, Sir.
Mam. A *Count*, nay, a *Count-Palatine*———
Fac. Good, Sir, go.
Mam. Shall not advance thee better: no, nor faſter.
Subtle, *Face*, *Dol.*
Has he bit? has he bit?
Fac. And ſwallow'd too, my *Subtle*.
I ha' giv'n him Line, and now he plays, y'faith.
Sub. And ſhall we twitch him?
Fac. Thorow both the Gills,
A wench is a rare bait, with which a Man
No ſooner's taken, but he ſtraight firks mad.
Sub. *Dol*, my Lord *Wha'ts'hums* Siſter, you muſt now
Bear your ſelf STATELICH. *Dol.* O let me alone.
I'll not forget my Race, I warrant you.
I'll keep my diſtance, laugh, and talk aloud;
Have all the tricks of a proud ſcurvy Lady,
And be as rude as her Woman. *Fac.* Well ſaid, *Sanguine*.
Sub. But will he ſend his Andirons?
Fac. His Jack too;
And's Iron ſhooing-horn: I ha' ſpoken to him. Well,
I muſt not looſe my wary Gameſter, yonder.
Sub. O *Monſieur Caution*, that will not be gull'd?
Fac. I, if I can ſtrike a fine hook into him, now,
The *Temple*-Church, there I have caſt mine Angle.
Well, pray for me. I'll about it.
Sub. What, more Gudgeons!
[*One knocks.*
Dol, ſcout, ſcout; ſtay, *Face*, yo, muſt go to the Door.
'Pray God it be my *Anabaptiſt*. Who is't, *Dol*?
Dol. I know him not, he looks like a Gold-end-man.
Sub. Gods ſo! 'tis he, he ſaid he would ſend.
What call you him?
The *ſanctified Elder*, that ſhould deal
For *Mammon*'s Jack and Andirons! Let him in.
Stay, help me off, firſt, with my Gown. Away
Madam, to your withdrawing Chamber. Now,

In

In a new tune, new geſture, but old language;
This fellow is ſent from one negotiates with me
About the *Stone* too; for the *holy Brethren*
Of *Amſterdam*, the *exil'd Saints*: That hope
To raiſe their *Diſcipline* by it. I muſt uſe him
In ſome ſtrange faſhion, now, to make him admire me.

Subtle, Face, Ananias.

Where is my Drudge? *Fac.* Sir.
Sub. Take away the *Recipient*,
And rectifie your *Menſtrua* from the *Phlegma*.
Then pour it o' the *Sol*, in the *Cucurbite*,
And let 'em macerate together. *Fac.* Yes, Sir.
And ſave the Ground? *Sub.* No. *Terra damnata*
Muſt not have entrance in the Work. Who are you?
Ana. A faithful Brother, if it pleaſe you.
Sub. What's that?
A Lullianiſt? a Ripley? *Filius artis*?
Can you ſublime and dulcifie? calcine?
Know you the Sapor Pontick? Sapor Stiptick?
Or what is homogene, or heterogene?
Ana. I underſtand no *Heathen* Language, truly.
Sub. Heathen, you *Knipper-Doling*? Is *Ars ſacra*,
Or Chryſopœia, or Spagyrica,
Or the Pamphyſick, or Panarchick Knowledge,
A *Heathen* Language? *Ana. Heathen Greek*, I take it.
Sub. How? *Heathen Greek*?
Ana. All's *Heathen* but the *Hebrew*.
Sub. Sirrah, my Varlet, ſtand you forth, and ſpeak to him,
Like a *Philoſopher*: Anſwer i' the Language.
Name the Vexations, and the Martyrizations
Of Metals in the work. *Fac.* Sir, Putrefaction,
Solution, Ablution, Sublimation,
Cohobation, Calcination, Ceration, and
Fixation. *Sub.* This is *Heathen Greek*, to you now?
And whence comes Vivification? *Fac.* After Mortification.
Sub. What's Cohobation. *Fac.* 'Tis the pouring on
Your *Aqua Regis*, and then drawing him off,
To the trine Circle of the *ſeven Spheares*.

Sub.

Sub. What's the proper paſſion of Metals?
Fac. Malleation.
Sub. What's your *ultimum ſupplicium auri*?
Fac. Antimonium.
Sub. This's *Heathen Greek* to you? And what's your *Mercury*?
Fac. A very fugitive, he willbe gone, Sir.
Sub. How know you him? *Fac.* By his Viſcoſitie,
His Oleoſity, and his Suſcitability.
Sub. How do you ſublime him?
Fac. With the calce of Egg-ſhels,
White marble, Chalk. *Sub.* Your *Magiſterium*, now?
What's that? *Fac.* Shifting, Sir, your Elements,
Dry into cold, cold into moiſt, moiſt into hot, hot into dry.
Sub. This's *Heathen Greek* to you ſtill?
Your *Lapis Philoſophicus*? *Fac.* 'Tis a Stone, and not
A Stone; a Spirit, a Soul, and a Body:
Which if you do diſſolve, it is diſſolv'd;
If you coagulate, it is coagulated;
If you make it to fly, it flieth, *Sub.* Enough.
This's *Heathen Greek* to you? What are you, Sir?
Ana. Pleaſe you, a Servant of the exil'd Brethren,
That deal with Widows, and with Orphans Goods;
And make a juſt Account unto the Saints:
A Deacon. *Sub.* O, you are ſent from Maſter *Wholſome*,
Your Teacher? *Ana.* From *Tribulation Wholſome*,
Our very zealous *Paſtor*. *Sub.* Good, I have
Some Orphans Goods to come here.
Ana. Of what kind, Sir?
Sub. Pewter, and Braſs, Andirons, and Kitchen-ware;
Metals, that we muſt uſe our Med'cine on:
Wherein the Brethren may have a penn'orth,
For ready money. *Ana.* Were the Orphans Parents
Sincere Profeſſors?
Sub. Why do you ask? *Ana.* Becauſe
We then are to deal juſtly, and give (in truth)
Their utmoſt value. *Sub.* 'Slid you'ld cozen elſe;
And if their Parents were not of the faithful?
I will not truſt you, now I think on't,

Till

'Till I ha' talk'd with your Paſtor. Ha' you brought money
To buy more Coals?
Ana. No ſurely. *Sub*. No? How ſo?
Ana. The Brethren bid me ſay to you, Sir,
Surely, they will not venture any more,
Till they may ſee projection.
Sub. How! *Ana*. Yo' have had,
For the Inſtruments, as Bricks, and Lome and Glaſſes,
Already thirty pound; and for Materials,
They ſay, ſome ninety more: And they have heard ſince
That one, at *Heidleberg*, made it of an Egg,
And a ſmall paper of Pin-duſt.
Sub. What's your Name?
Ana. My Name is *Ananias*.
Sub. Out, the Varlet
That cozen'd the Apoſtles! Hence, away,
Flee Miſchief; had your holy Conſiſtory
No Name to ſend me, of another Sound,
Than wicked *Ananias*? ſend your Elders
Hither to make Atonement for you, quickly,
And gi' me Satisfaction; or out goes
The Fire: And down th' Alembecks, and the fornace,
Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch,
Both *Sericon*, and *Bufo*, ſhall be loſt,
Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the Biſhops,
Or th' *Antichriſtian Hierarchy* ſhall periſh,
If they ſtay threeſcore Minutes. The Aqueity,
Terreity, and Sulphureity
Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,
Thou wicked *Ananias*. This will fetch 'em,
And make 'em haſte towards their gulling more.
A Man muſt deal like a rough Nurſe, and fright
Thoſe that are froward to an Appetite.

Face, Subtle, Drugger.

H'is buſie with his Spirits, but we'll upon him.
Sub. How now! What Mates? What Baiards ha' we here?
Fac. I told you, he would be furious. Sir, here's *Nab*,
Has brought you another piece of Gold to look on:

(We

(We muſt appeaſe him. Give it me) and prays you,
You would deviſe (what is it *Nab?*) *Dru.* A Sign, Sir.
Fac. I a good lucky one, a thriving ſign, Doctor.
Sub. I was deviſing now.
Fac. (Slight, do not ſay ſo,
He will repent he ga' you any more.)
What ſay you to his Conſtellation, Doctor?
The Ballance?
Sub. No, that way is ſtale, and common.
A Townſman born in *Taurus*, gives the Bull;
Or the Bulls-head: In *Aries*, the Ram.
A poor device. No, I will have his Name
Form'd in ſome myſtick Character; whoſe *Radii*,
Striking the Senſes of the paſſers by,
Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,
That may reſult upon the party owns it:
As thus——— *Fac. Nab!*
Sub. He ſhall have a Bell, that's *Abel*;
And by it ſtanding one whoſe Name is *Dee*,
In a Rug Gown; there's *D*, and *Rug*, thats *Drug*;
And right anenſt him a Dog ſnarling *Er*;
There's *Drugger*, *Abel Drugger*. That's his Sign.
And here's now Myſtery, and Hieroglyphick!
Fac. Abel, thou art made.
Dru. I do thank his Worſhip.
Fac. Six o'thy Legs more will not do it, *Nab*.
He has brought you a Pipe of Tobacco, Doctor.
Dru. Yes, Sir:
I have another thing I would impart———
Fac. Out with it, *Nab*.
Dru. Sir, there is lodg'd, hard by me
A rich young Widow——*Fac.* Good? a *bona roba*?
Dru. But nineteen at the moſt.
Fac. Very good, *Abel*.
Dru. Marry ſh'is not in Faſhion yet; ſhe wears
A hood; but 't ſtands a cop. *Fac.* No matter, *Abel*.
Dru. And I do now and then give her a *ſucus*———
Fac. What! doſt thou deal, *Nab*?
Sub. I did tell you, Captain.
Dru And Phyſick too ſometime, Sir: For which ſhe
truſts me

With

With all her Mind. She's come up here of purpoſe
To learn the Faſhion.
Fac. Good (his Match too!) on, *Nab*.
Dru. And ſhe do's ſtrangely long to know her fortune.
Fac. Gods lid, *Nab*, ſend her to the Doctor hither.
Dru. Yes, I have ſpoke to her of his Worſhip already:
But ſhe's afraid it will be blown abroad,
And hurt her Marriage. *Fac.* Hurt it? 'tis the way
To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more
Follow'd and ſought: *Nab*, thou ſhalt tell her this.
She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your Widows
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;
Their Honour is the multitude of Suitors:
Send her, it may be thy good Fortune. What?
Thou doſt not know. *Dru.* No, Sir, ſhe'll never marry
Under a Knight. Her Brother has made a Vow.
Fac. What, and doſt thou deſpair, my little *Nab*,
Knowing what the Doctor has ſet down for thee,
And ſeeing ſo many of the City dubb'd?
One Glaſs o' thy water, with a *Madam*, I know
Will have it done, *Nab*. What's her Brother? a Knight?
Dru. No, Sir, a Gentleman newly warm in his land, Sir,
Scarce cold in his one and twenty, that do's govern
His Siſter here; and is a Man himſelf
Of ſome three thouſand a year, and is come up
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his Wits,
And will go down again, and die i' the Country.
Fac. How! to quarrel? *Dru.* Yes, Sir, to carry Quarrels;
As Gallants do, to manage 'em by Line.
Fac. 'Slid, *Nab*! The Doctor is the only Man
In *Chriſtendom* for him. He has made a Table,
With *Mathematical* Demonſtrations,
Touching the Art of Quarrels. He will give him
An Inſtrument to quarrel by. Go, bring 'em both,
Him and his Siſter. And, for thee, with her
The Doctor happ'ly may perſuade. Go to.
'Shat gave his Worſhip a new Damask Suit
Upon the premiſſes.

Subt.

Sub. O, good Captain. *Fac.* He ſhall,
He is the honeſteſt fellow, Doctor. Stay not,
No Offers, bring the Damask, and the Parties.
Dru. I'll try my power, Sir.
Fac. And thy will too, *Nab.*
Sub. 'Tis good Tobacco, this! what is't an Ounce?
Fac. He'll ſend you a pound, Doctor.
Sub. O, no. *Fac.* He will do't.
It is the goodeſt Soul. *Abel*, about it.
(Thou ſhalt know more anon. Away, be gone.)
A miſerable Rogue, and lives with Cheeſe,
And has the worms. That was the Cauſe indeed
Why he came now. He dealt with me in private,
To get a Med'cine for 'em.
Sub. And ſhall, Sir. This works.
Fac. A wife, a wife for one on'us, my dear *Subtle*:
Well e'en draw Lots, and he that fails, ſhall have
The more in Goods, the other has in Tail.
Sub. Rather the leſs. For ſhe may be ſo light
She may want Grains.
Fac. I, or be ſuch a burden,
A Man would ſcarce endure her for the whole.
Sub. Faith, beſt let's ſee her firſt, and then determine.
Fac. Content. But *Dol* muſt ha' no breath on't.
Sub. Mum.
Away, you to your *Surly* yonder, catch him.
Fac. 'Pray God I ha' not ſtaid too long.
Sub. I fear it.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Tribulation, Ananias.

THeſe chaſtiſements are common to the Saints,
And ſuch rebukes we of the Separation
Muſt bear with willing ſhoulders, as the trials
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.

Ana:

Ana. In pure Zeal
I do not like the Man, he is a Heathen,
And ſpeaks the Language of *Canaan*, truly.
Tri. I think him a prophane Perſon indeed.
Ana. He bears
The viſible mark of the Beaſt in his fore-head.
And for his Stone, it is a work of darkneſs,
And with *Philoſophy* blinds the Eyes of Man.
Tri. Good Brother, we muſt bend unto all means
That may give furtherance to the holy Cauſe.
Ana. Which his cannot: The ſanctified Cauſe
Should have a ſanctified Courſe.
Tri. Not always neceſſary:
The Children of Perdition are oft-times
Made Inſtruments even of the greateſt works.
Beſide, we ſhould give ſomewhat to Mans nature,
The place he lives in, ſtill about the Fire,
And fume of Metals, that intoxicate
The brain of Man, and make him prone to Paſſion.
Where have you greater *Atheiſts* than your Cooks?
Or more prophane, or Cholerick, than your Glaſsmen?
More *Antichriſtian* than your Bell-founders?
What makes the Devil ſo deviliſh, I would ask you,
Sathan, our common Enemy, but his being
Perpetually about the Fire, and boiling
Brimſtone and *Arſnick*? We muſt give, I ſay,
Unto the Motives, and the ſtirrers up
Of Humours in the Blood. It may be ſo.
When as the work is done, the Stone is made,
This heat of his, may turn into a Zeal.
And ſtand up for the beauteous diſcipline,
Againſt the menſtruous Cloth, and Rag of *Rome*.
We muſt await his calling, and the coming
Of the good Spirit. You did fault, t'upbraid him
With the Brethrens bleſſing at *Heidelberg*, weighing
What need we have to haſten on the work,
For the reſtoring of the ſilenc'd Saints,
Which ne'er will be, but by the *Philoſophers Stone*.
And ſo a learned Elder, one of *Scotland*,
Aſſur'd me; *Aurum potabile* being
The only Med'cine, for the civil Magiſtrate,

T' incline him to a feeling of the Cauſe;
And muſt be daily us'd in the Diſeaſe.
Ana. I have not edified more, truly, by Man;
Not ſince the beautiful light firſt ſhone on me:
And I am ſad my Zeal hath ſo offended.
Tri. Let us call on him then.
Ana. The motion's good,
And of the Spirit; I will knock firſt: Peace be within.
Subtle, Tribulation, Ananias.
O 'are you come? 'Twas time. Your threeſcore minutes
Were at laſt thread, you ſee; and down had gone
Furnus acediæ, Turris circulatorius:
Lembek, Bolts-head, Retort, and *Pelicane*
Had all been Cinders. Wicked *Ananias*!
Art thou return'd? Nay then, it goes down yet.
Tri. Sir, be appeaſed, he is come to humble
Himſelf in Spirit, and to ask your patience,
If too much Zeal hath carried him aſide
From the due path. *Sub.* Why, this doth qualifie!
Tri. The Brethren had no purpoſe, verily,
To give you the leaſt grievance: But are ready,
To lend their willing hands to any project
The Spirit and you direct.
Sub. This qualifies more!
Tri. And for the Orphans goods, let them be valu'd,
Or what is needful elſe to the holy work,
It ſhall be numbred; here, by me, the Saints
Throw down their Purſe before you.
Sub. This qualifies moſt!
Why, thus it ſhould be, now you underſtand.
Have I diſcours'd ſo unto you of our Stone,
And of the good that it ſhall bring your Cauſe?
Shew'd you (beſide the main of hiring Forces
Abroad, drawing the *Hollanders*, your Friends,
From th' *Indies*, to ſerve you with all their Fleet)
That even the med'cinal uſe ſhould make you a Faction,
And party in the Realm? As, put the caſe,
That ſome great Man in State, he have the Gout,
Why, you but ſend three drops of your *Elixir*,
You help him ſtraight: There you have made a Friend.

Ano-

Another has the Palſie, or the Dropſie,
He takes of your incombuſtible ſtuff,
He's young again: There you have made a Friend.
A Lady that is paſt the feat of Body,
Tho' not of mind, and hath her Face decay'd
Beyond all cure of Paintings, you reſtore
With the Oyl of *Talek*; there you have made a Friend:
And all her Friends. A Lord that is a Leper,
A Knight that has the Bone-ach, or a Squire
That hath both theſe, you make 'em ſmooth and ſound,
With a bare fricace of your Med'cine: Still
You increaſe your Friends.

Tri. I, 'tis very pregnant.

Sub. And then the turning of this Lawyer's Pewter
To Plate at *Chriſtmaſs*———

Ana. Chriſt-tide, I pray you.

Sub. Yet *Ananias*?

Ana. I have done. *Sub.* Or changing
His parcel gilt to maſſie Gold. You cannot
But raiſe your friends. Withal, to be of power
To pay an Army in the Field, to buy
The King of *France* out of his Realms, or *Spain*
Out of the *Indies*. What can you not do
Againſt Lords ſpiritual and temporal,
That ſhall oppone you? *Tri.* Verily 'tis true.
We may be temporal Lords our ſelves, I take it.

Sub. You may be any thing, and leave off to make
Long-winded Exerciſes: Or ſuck up
Your ha, and hum, in a tune. I not deny,
But ſuch as are not graced in a State,
May, for their Ends, be adverſe in Religion,
And get a tune to call the Flock together:
For (to ſay ſooth) a tune does much with Women,
And other phlegmatick People, it is your Bell.

Ana. Bells are prophane: A tune may be religious.

Sub. No warning with you? then farewel my patience,
'Slight, it ſhall down: I will not be thus tortur'd.

Tri. I pray you, Sir.

Sub. All ſhall periſh. I have ſpoke it.

Tri. Let me find grace, Sir, in your Eyes: The Man
He ſtands corrected: Neither did his zeal

(But

(But as your ſelf) allow a tune ſomewhere,
Which now being to'ard the Stone, we ſhall not need.
Sub. No, nor your holy Vizard, to win widows
To give you Legacies; or make zealous wives
To rob their husbands for the Common Cauſe:
Nor take the ſtart of Bonds broke but one day,
And ſay, they were forfeited by Providence.
Nor ſhall you need o're night to eat huge meals,
To celebrate your next days Faſt the better:
The whilſt the Brethren and the Siſters humbled,
Abate the ſtiffneſs of the fleſh. Nor caſt
Before your hungry Hearers ſcrupulous Bones;
As whether a Chriſtian may hawk or hunt,
Or whether Matrons of the Holy Aſſembly
May lay their Hair out, or wear Doublets;
Or have that Idol Starch about their Linnen.
Ana. It is indeed an Idol.
Tri. Mind him not, Sir.
I do command thee, Spirit (of zeal, but trouble)
To Peace within him. Pray you, Sir, go on.
Sub. Nor ſhall you need to libel 'gainſt the Prelates,
And ſhorten ſo your Ears againſt the hearing
Of the next wire-drawn Grace. Nor of neceſſity
Rail againſt Plays, to pleaſe the Alderman,
Whoſe daily Cuſtard you devour. Nor lie
With zealous Rage till you are hoarſe. Not one
Of theſe ſo ſingular Arts. Nor call your ſelves
By Names of Tribulation, Perſecution,
Reſtraint, Long-Patience, and ſuch like affected
By the whole family, or wood of you,
Only for Glory, and to catch the Ear
Of the Diſciple. *Tri.* Truly, Sir, they are
Ways that the Godly Brethren have invented
For propagation of the glorious Cauſe,
As very notable means, and whereby alſo
Themſelves grow ſoon, and profitably famous.
Sub. O, but the Stone, all's idle to't! nothing!
The Art of Angels, Nature's Miracle,
The divine Secret that doth fly in Clouds
From Eaſt to Weſt; and whoſe tradition
Is not from Men, but Spirits.

Ana.

Ana. I hate Traditions:
I do not truſt them—*Tri*. Peace.
Ana. They are *Popiſh*, all.
I will not peace. I will not—*Tri*. *Ananias*.
Ana. Pleaſe the prophane, to grieve the godly, I may not.
Sub. Well, *Ananias*, thou ſhalt overcome.
Tru. It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, Sir.
But truly, elſe, a very faithful Brother,
A Botcher: and a man, by revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.
Sub. Has he a competent ſum there i' the Bag
To buy the Goods within? I am made Guardian,
And muſt, for Charity and Conſcience ſake,
Now ſee the moſt be made for my poor Orphan:
Tho' I deſire the Brethren too, good Gainers,
There they are within. When you have view'd, and bought 'em,
And tane the Inventory of what they are,
They are ready for Projection; there's no more
To do: Caſt on the Med'cine, ſo much Silver
As there is Tin there, ſo much Gold as Braſs,
I'll gi'it you in by weight. *Tri*. But how long time,
Sir, muſt the Saints expect yet? *Sub*. Let me ſee,
How's the Moon now? Eight, nine, ten days hence,
He will be Silver Potate; then three days
Before he Citroniſe: ſome fifteen days
The Magiſterium will be perfected.
Ana. About the ſecond day of the third week,
In the ninth month? *Sub*. Yes, my good *Ananias*.
Tri. What will the Orphans Goods ariſe to, think you?
Sub. Some hundred Marks, as much as fill'd three Cars,
Unladed now: you'll make ſix Millions of 'em.
But I muſt ha' more Coals laid in.
Tri. How! *Sub*. Another Load,
And then we will have finiſh'd. We muſt now increaſe
Our fire to *Ignis ardens*, we are paſt
Fimus equinus, *Balnei Cineris*,
And all thoſe lenter heats. If the holy Purſe
Should with this draught fall low, and that the Saints
Do need a preſent ſum, I have a trick

To

To melt the Pewter, you ſhall buy now, inſtantly,
And with a tincture make you as good *Dutch* Dollars
As any are in *Holland*. *Tri*. Can you ſo?
Sub. I, and ſhall 'bide the third Examination.
Ana. It will be joyful tidings to the Brethren.
Sub. But you muſt carry it ſecret. *Tri*. I, but ſtay,
This act of coyning, is it lawful? *Ana*. Lawful?
We know no Magiſtrate. Or, if we did,
This's foreign Coin.
Sub. It is no coining, Sir,
It is but caſting. *Tri*. Ha? you diſtinguiſh well.
Caſting of Money may be lawful. *Ana*. 'Tis, Sir.
Tri. Truly, I take it ſo.
Sub. There is no ſcruple,
Sir, to be made of it; believe *Ananias*:
This Caſe of Conſcience he is ſtudied in.
Tri. I'll make a queſtion of it to the Brethren.
Ana. The Brethren ſhall approve it lawful, doubt not.
Where ſhall it be done?
Sub. For that we'll talk anon. [*Knock without*.
There's ſome to ſpeak with me. Go in, I pray you,
And view the parcels. That's the Inventory.
I'll come to you ſtraight. Who is it? *Face*! Appear,
Subtle, Face, Dol.
How now? Good Prize?
Fac. Good Pox! Yond' cauſtive Cheater
Never came on. *Sub*. How then?
Fac. I ha' walk'd the round
Till now, and no ſuch thing.
Sub. And ha' you quit him?
Fac. Quit him? an hell would quit him too he were happy.
'Slight would you have me ſtalk like a Mill-Jade
All day, for one that will not yield us Grains?
I know him of old. *Sub*. O, but to ha' gull'd him,
Had been a maiſtry. *Fac*. Let him go, black Boy,
And turn thee, that ſome freſh news may poſſeſs thee,
A noble *Count*, a *Don* of *Spain* (my dear
Delicious Compeer, and my Party-bawd)
Who is come hither, private for his Conſcience,
And brought Munition with him, ſix great Sloops,

Big-

Bigger than three *Dutch* Hoys, beſide round trunks,
Furniſh'd with Piſtolets, and Pieces of Eight,
Will ſtreight be here, my Rogue, to have thy Bath,
(That is the colour) and to make his Battry
Upon our *Dol*, our Caſtle, our Cinque-Port,
Our *Dover* Pire, or what thou wilt. Where is ſhe?
She muſt prepare Perfumes, delicate Linnen,
The Bath in chief a Banquet, and her Wit,
For ſhe muſt milk his *Epididymis*.
Where is the *Doxy*? *Sub*. I'll ſend her to thee:
And but diſpatch my brace of little *John Leydens*,
And come again my ſelf. *Fac*. Are they within then?
Sub. Numbring the ſum. *Fac*. How much?
Sub. A hundred Marks, Boy.
Fac. Why, this's a lucky day! Ten Pounds of *Mammon*!
Three o' my Clark! A Portague o' my Grocer!
This o' the Brethren! beſide Reverſions,
And States to come i' the Widow, and my *Count*!
My ſhare to-day will not be bought for forty——
Dol. What?
Fac. Pounds, dainty *Dorothee*, art thou ſo near?
Dol. Yes, ſay Lord General, how fares our Camp?
Fac. As with the few that had intrench'd themſelves
Safe, by their Diſcipline, againſt a world, *Dol*.
And laugh'd within thoſe Trenches, and grew fat
With thinking on the Booties, *Dol*, brought in
Daily by their ſmall Parties. This dear hour
A doughty *Don* is taken with my *Dol*;
And thou maiſt make his Ranſom what thou wilt,
My *Donſabel*: He ſhall be brought here fetter'd
With thy fair looks before he ſees thee; and thrown
In a Down-bed, as dark as any Dungeon;
Where thou ſhalt keep him waking with thy Drum;
Thy Drum, my *Dol*; thy Drum; till he be tame,
As the poor Black-birds were i' the great Froſt,
Or Bees are with a Baſon; and ſo hive him
I' the Swan-ſkin Coverlid, and Cambrick Sheets,
Till he work Honey and Wax, my little *Gods-gift*.
Dol. What is he, General? *Fac*. An Adalantado,
A Grande, Girl. Was not my *Dapper* here yet?
Dol. No. *Fac*. Nor my *Drugger*?

Dol. Neither. *Fac.* A Pox on 'em,
They are ſo long a furniſhing! Such Stinkards
Would not be ſeen upon theſe feſtival days.
How now! ha' you done?
Sub. Done. They are gone. The Sum
Is here in bank, my *Face.* I would we knew
Another Chapman now would buy 'em out-right.
Fac. 'Slid, *Nab* ſhall do't againſt he ha' the widow,
To furniſh houſhold. *Sub.* Excellent well thought on.
Pray God he come. *Fac.* I pray he keep away
Till our new buſineſs be o're paſt. *Sub.* But, *Face,*
How cam'ſt thou by this Secret *Don*? *Fac.* A Spirit
Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my Circle
For *Surly,* I ha' my Flies abroad. Your Bath
Is famous, *Subtle,* by my means. Sweet *Dol,*
You muſt go tune your Virginal, no loſing
O' the leaſt time. And do you hear? good action.
Firk, like a Flounder; kiſs, like a Scallop, cloſe:
And tickle him with thy Mother-tongue. His great
Verdugoſhip has not a jot of Language:
So much the eaſier to be cozen'd; my *Dolly,*
He will come here in a hir'd Coach, obſcure,
And our own Coach-man, whom I have ſent as Guide,
No creature elſe. Who's that? [*One knocks.*
Sub. It is not he!
Fac. O no, not yet this hour.
Sub. Who is't? *Dol. Dapper,*
Your Clark. *Fac.* God's will then, Queen of *Fairy,*
On with your Tyre; and, Doctor, with your Robes.
Let's diſpatch him for God's ſake. *Sub.* 'Twill be long.
Fac. I warrant you, take but the Cues I give you,
It ſhall be brief enough. 'Slight, here are more!
Abel, and I think the angry Boy, the Heir,
That fain would quarrel.
Sub. And the Widow? *Fac.* No,
Not that I ſee. Away. O Sir, you are welcome.
Face, Dapper, Drugger, Kaſtril.
The Doctor is within moving for you;
(I have had the moſt ado to win him to it)
He ſwears you'll be the darling of the Dice:

He

He never heard her Highneſs dote till now (he ſays)
Your Aunt has giv'n you the moſt gracious words
That can be thought on. *Dap.* Shall I ſee her Grace?
Fac. See her, and kiſs her too. What, honeſt *Nab*!
Ha'ſt brought the Damask? *Nab.* No, Sir, here's *Tobacco*.
Fac. 'Tis well done, *Nab*: Thou'lt bring the Damask too?
Dru. Yes, here's the Gentleman, Captain, Maſter *Kaſtril*,
I have brought to ſee the Doctor.
Fac. Where's the Widow?
Dru. Sir, as he likes, his Siſter (he ſays) ſhall come.
Fac. O, is it ſo? Good time. Is your Name *Kaſtril*, Sir?
Kaſ. I, and the beſt of the *Kaſtrils*, I'ld be ſorry elſe,
By fifteen hundred a year. Where is the Doctor?
My mad Tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one
That can do things. Has he any Skill? *Fac.* Wherein, Sir?
Kaſ. To carry a buſineſs, manage a Quarrel fairly,
Upon fit terms. *Fac.* It ſeems, Sir, yo' are but young
About the Town, that can make that a Queſtion.
Kaſ. Sir, not ſo young, but I have heard ſome ſpeech
Of the angry Boys, and ſeen 'em take Tobacco;
And in his Shop: And I can take it too.
And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down
And practiſe i' the Country. *Fac*, Sir, for the *Duello*,
The Doctor, I aſſure you, ſhall inform you,
To the leaſt ſhadow of a hair: and ſhew you
An Inſtrument he has of his own making,
Wherewith no ſooner ſhall you make report
Of any Quarrel, but he will take the height on't
Moſt inſtantly, and tell in what degree
Of Safety it lies in, or Mortality;
And how it may be born, whether in a right Line,
Or a half Circle; or may elſe be caſt
Into an Angle blunt, if not acute:
All this he will demonſtrate. And then, Rules
To give and take the Lie by. *Kaſ.* How? to take it?
Fac. Yes, in Oblique he'll ſhew you, or in Circle;
But never in Diameter. The whole Town
Study his Theoremes, and diſpute them ordinarily

At the eating Academies. *Kaſ.* But does he teach
Living by the wits too? *Fac.* Any thing whatever.
You cannot think that Subtilty but he reads it.
He made me a Captain. I was a ſtark Pimp,
Juſt o' your ſtanding, 'fore I met with him:
It i' not two months ſince. I'll tell you his method:
Firſt, he will enter you at ſome Ordinary.
Kaſ. No, I'll not come there. You ſhall pardon me,
Fac. For why, Sir?
Kaſ. There's gaming there, and tricks.
Fac. Why, would you be
A Gallant, and not game? *Kaſ.* I, 'twill ſpend a man.
Fac. Spend you? It will repair you when you are ſpent.
How do they live by their wits there, that have vented
Six times your Fortunes?
Kaſ. What, three thouſand a year!
Fac. I, forty thouſand.
Kaſ. Are there ſuch? *Fac.* I, Sir.
And Gallants yet. Here's a young Gentleman
Is born to nothing, forty Marks a year,
Which I count nothing. He is to be initiated,
And have a flye o' the Doctor. He will win you
By unreſiſtible luck, within this fortnight,
Enough to buy a Barony. They will ſet him
Upmoſt at the Groom-Porters all the *Chriſtmaſs*!
And for the whole year through at every place
Where there is play, preſent him with the Chair;
The beſt Attendance, the beſt Drink; ſometimes
Two Glaſſes of Canary, and pay nothing;
The pureſt Linnen, and the ſharpeſt Knife,
The Partridge next his Trencher: and ſomewhere
The dainty Bed, in private with the dainty.
You ſhall ha' your Ordinaries bid for him,
As Play-houſes for a Poet; and the Maſter
Pray him aloud to name what Diſh he affects,
Which muſt be butter'd Shrimps: and thoſe that drink
To no mouth elſe, will drink to his, as being
The goodly, preſident Mouth of all the Board.
Kaſ. Do you not gull one?
Fac. 'Od s my life! Do you think it?
You ſhall have a caſt Commander, (can but get

In credit with a Glover, or a Spurrier,
For ſome two pair of either's ware, aforehand)
Will, by moſt ſwift Poſts dealing with him,
Arrive at competent means to keep himſelf,
His Punk, and naked Boy, in excellent faſhion,
And be admir'd for t. *Kaſ.* Will the Doctor teach this?
Fac. He will do more, Sir, when your Land is gone,
(As men of Spirit hate to keep Earth long)
In a vacation, when ſmall money is ſtirring,
And Ordinaries ſuſpended till the Term,
He'll ſhew a perſpective, where on one ſide
You ſhall behold the Faces and the Perſons
Of all ſufficient young Heirs in Town,
Whoſe Bonds are currant for Commodity;
On th' other ſide, the Merchants Forms, and others;
That without help of any ſecond Broker,
(Who would expect a ſhare) will truſt ſuch parcels.
In the third Square, the very Street, and Sign
Where the Commodity dwells, and does but wait
To be deliver'd, be it Pepper, Sope,
Hops, or Tobacco, Oat-meal, Wood, or Cheeſes.
All which you may ſo handle, to enjoy
To your own uſe, and never ſtand oblig'd.
Kaſ. I'faith! Is he ſuch a Fellow?
Fac. Why, *Nab* here knows him.
And then for making Matches for rich Widows,
Young Gentlewomen, Heirs, the fortunat'ſt man!
He's ſent to, far and near, all over *England*,
To have his Counſel, and to know their Fortunes.
Kaſ. Gods will, my Suſter ſhall ſee him.
Fac. I'll tell you, Sir,
What he did tell me of *Nab*. It's a ſtrange thing!
(By the way, you muſt eat no Cheeſe, *Nab*, it breeds Melancholy:
And that ſame Melancholy breeds Worms) but paſs it,
He told me, honeſt *Nab* here, was ne're at Tavern
But once in's life! *Dru.* Truth, and no more! was not.
Fac. And then he was ſo ſick—
Dru. Could he tell you that too?
Fac. How ſhould I know it?

Dru. In troth we had been a ſhooting,
And had a piece of fat Ram-mutton to ſupper,
That lay ſo heavy o' my ſtomach——
Fac. And he has no head
To bear any Wine; for what with the noiſe o' the Fidlers,
And care of his Shop, for he dares keep no Servants——
Dru. My head did ſo ake——
Fac. As he was fain to be brought home,
The Doctor told me. And then a good old woman——
Dru. (Yes, faith, ſhe dwells in *Sea-coal-lane*) did cure me,
With ſodden Ale, and Pellitory o' the Wall:
Coſt me but two pence. I had another ſickneſs
Was worſe than that. *Fac.* I, that was with the grief
Thou took'ſt for being ſeſs'd at eighteen pence,
For the Water-work. *Dru.* In truth, and it was like
T' have coſt me almoſt my life. *Fac.* Thy hair went off?
Dru. Yes, Sir, 'twas done for ſpight.
Fac. Nay, ſo ſays the Doctor.
Kaſ. Pray thee, Tobacco-boy, go fetch my Suſter,
I'll ſee this learned Boy before I go:
And ſo ſhall ſhe. *Fac.* Sir, he is buſie now:
But if you have a Siſter to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own pains may command her ſooner;
And he by that time will be free. *Kaſ.* I go.
Fac. Drugger, ſhe's thine: the Damask. (*Subtle* and I
Muſt wraſtle for her.) Come on, Maſter *Dapper*.
You ſee how I turn Clients here away,
To give your Cauſe diſpatch. Ha' you perform'd
The Ceremonies were enjoyn'd you?
Dap. Yes, o' the Vinegar,
And the clean Shirt.
Fac. 'Tis well: that Shirt may do you
More worſhip than you think. Your Aunt's afire,
But that ſhe will not ſhew it, t' have a ſight on you.
Ha' you provided for her Grace's Servants?
Dap. Yes, here are ſix ſcore *Edward* Shillings,
Fac. Good.
Dap. And an old *Harry*'s Soveraign. *Fac.* Very good.
Dap. And three *James* Shillings, and an *Elizabeth* Groat,

Juſt

Juſt twenty Nobles. *Fac.* O, you are too juſt.
I would you had had the other Noble in *Maries*.
Dap. I have ſome *Philip* and *Maries*. *Fac.* I thoſe ſame
Are beſt of all. Where are they? Hark, the Doctor.
Subtle, Face, Dapper, Dol.
Subtle *diſguis'd like a Prieſt of* Fairy.
Is yet her Graces Couſin come? *Fac.* He is come.
Sub. And is he faſting? *Fac.* Yes.
Sub. And hath cry'd *Hum*?
Fac. Thrice, you muſt anſwer. *Dap.* Thrice.
Sub. And as oft *Buz*?
Fac. If you have, ſay. *Dap.* I have. *Sub.* Then to her Cuz,
Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his Senſes,
As he was bid, the *Fairy Queen* diſpenſes,
By me, this Robe, the Petticoat of Fortune;
Which that he ſtraight put on, ſhe doth importune.
And though to Fortune near be her Petticoat,
Yet nearer is her Smock, the Queen doth note:
And therefore, even of that a piece hath ſent,
Which, being a Child, to wrap him in was rent;
And prays him for a Scarf he now will wear it
(With as much love as then her Grace did tear it)
About his Eyes, to ſhew he is fortunate.
[*They blind him with a Rag.*
And, truſting unto her to make his State,
He'll throw away all worldly Pelf about him;
Which that he will perform, ſhe doth not doubt him.
Fac. She need not doubt him, Sir. Alas, he has nothing,
But what he will part withal as willingly,
Upon her Graces word (throw away your Purſe.)
As ſhe would ask it: (Handkerchiefs and all)
She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.
(If you have a Ring about you, caſt it off,
Or a ſilver Seal at your Wriſt; her Grace will ſend
Her *Fairies* here to ſearch you, therefore deal
Directly with her Highneſs. If they find
That you conceal a Mite, you are undone.)
[*He throws away, as they bid him.*
Dap. Truly, there's all.
Fac. All what? *Dap.* My Money; truly,

Fac. Keep nothing that is tranſitory about you.
(Bid *Dol* play Muſick.) Look, the Elves are come
To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Adviſe you.
[Dol *enters with a Cittern; they pinch him.*
Dap. O, I have a Paper with a Spur-ryal in't. *Fac. Ti, ti.*
They knew't, they ſay. *Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti,* he has more yet.
Fac. Ti, ti-ti-ti. I'the t'other Pocket?
Sub. Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi.
They muſt pinch him, or he will never confeſs, they ſay.
Dap. O, o.
Fac. Nay, pray you hold. He is her Graces Nephew.
Ti, ti, ti? What care you? Good faith, you ſhall care.
Deal plainly, Sir, and ſhame the *Fairies*. Shew
You are an Innocent.
Dap. By this good Light, I ha' nothing.
Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti, to, ta. He does equivocate, ſhe ſays,
Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da; and ſwears by the Light when he is blinded.
Dap. By this good Dark, I ha' nothing but a Half-Crown
Of Gold, about my Wriſt, that my Love gave me;
And a Leaden Heart I wore ſin' ſhe forſook me.
Fac. I thought 'twas ſomething. And would you incur
Your Aunts diſpleaſure for theſe Trifles? Come,
I had rather you had thrown away twenty Half-crowns.
You may wear your Leaden Heart ſtill. How now?
Sub. What News, *Dol*?
Dol. Yonder's your Knight, Sr *Mammon*.
Fac. Gods lid, we never thought of him till now.
Where is he? *Dol.* Here hard by. He's at the Door.
Sub. And you are not ready now? *Dol*, get his Suit.
He muſt be ſent back. *Fac.* O, by no means.
What ſhall we do with this ſame Puffing here,
Now he's o' the Spit?
Sub. Why, lay him back a while,
With ſome Device. *Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, ti,* Would her Grace ſpeak with me?
I come. Help, *Dol*. *Fac.* Who's there? Sir *Epicure*,
[*He ſpeaks through the Key-hole, the other knocking.*
My Maſter's i' the way. Pleaſe you to walk
Three or four Turns, but till his back be turn'd,

And

And I am for you. Quickly, *Dol*. *Sub*. Her Grace
Commends her kindly to you, Maſter *Dapper*.
Dap. I long to ſee her Grace. *Sub*. She now is ſet
At Dinner in her Bed, and has ſent you
From her own private Trencher, a dead Mouſe,
And a piece of Gingerbread, to be merry withal,
And ſtay your Stomach, leſt you faint with faſting;
Yet if you could hold out till ſhe ſaw you (ſhe ſays)
It would be better for you. *Fac*. Sir, he ſhall
Hold out, and 'twere this two Hours, for her Highneſs;
I can aſſure you that. We will not loſe
All we ha' done — *Sub*. He muſt not ſee, nor ſpeak
To any body, till then. *Fac*. For that we'll put, Sir,
A Stay in's Mouth. *Sub*. Of what? *Fac*. Of Gingerbread.
Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her Grace
Thus far, ſhall not now crinkle for a little.
Gape, Sir, and let him fit you. *Sub*. Where ſhall we now
Beſtow him? *Dol*. I' the Privy. *Sub*. Come along, Sir,
I now muſt ſhew you Fortune's privy Lodgings.
Fac. Are they perfum'd, and his Bath ready? *Sub*. All.
Only the Fumigation's ſomewhat ſtrong.
Fac. Sir *Epicure*, I am yours, Sir, by and by.

ACT IV.

Face, Mammon, Dol.

O Sir, yo' are come i' the only fineſt time! —
Mam. Where's Maſter?
Fac. Now preparing for Projection, Sir.
Your Stuff will b' all chang'd ſhortly.
Mam. Into Gold?
Fac. To Gold and Silver, Sir. *Mam*. Silver I care not for.
Fac. Yes, Sir, a little to give Beggars.
Mam. Where's the Lady?
Fac. A hand here. I ha' told her ſuch brave things o'you,
Touching your Bounty, and your noble Spirit —
Mam. Haſt thou?
Fac. As ſhe is almoſt in her Fit to ſee you.

But, good Sir, no Divinity i' your Conference,
For fear of putting her in rage — *Mam.* I warrant thee.
Fac. Six Men will not hold her down. And then
If the old Man ſhould hear or ſee you — *Mam.* Fear not.
Fac. The very Houſe, Sir, would run mad. You know it,
How ſcrupulous he is, and violent,
'Gainſt the leaſt act of Sin. Phyſick, or Mathematicks,
Poetry, State, or Bawd'ry (as I told you)
She will endure, and never ſtartle: But
No word of Controverſie. *Mam.* I am ſchool'd, good ULEN.
Fac. And you muſt praiſe her Houſe, remember that,
And her Nobility. *Mam.* Let me alone:
No Herald, nor no Antiquary, Lungs,
Shall do it better. Go. *Fac.* Why, this is yet
A kind of modern Happineſs to have
Dol Common for a great Lady. *Mam.* Now, *Epicure*,
Heighten thy ſelf, talk to her, all in Gold;
Rain her as many Showers as *Jove* did Drops
Unto his *Danae*: Shew the God a Miſer,
Compar'd with *Mammon*. What? the Stone will do't.
She ſhall feel Gold, taſte Gold, hear Gold, ſleep Gold:
Nay, we will *concumbere* Gold. I will be puiſſant,
And mighty in my talk to her. Here ſhe comes.
Fac. To him, *Dol*, ſuckle him. This is the noble Knight,
I told your Ladyſhip — *Mam.* Madam, with your pardon,
I kiſs your Veſture. *Dol.* Sir, I were uncivil
If I would ſuffer that; my Lip to you, Sir.
Mam. I hope my Lord your Brother be in health, Lady.
Dol. My Lord, my Brother is, though I no Lady, Sir.
Fac. (Well ſaid, my *Guiny*-bird.)
Mam. Right noble Madam —
Fac. (O, we ſhall have moſt fierce Idolatry.
Mam. 'Tis your Prerogative.
Dol. Rather your Courteſie.
Mam. Were there nought elſe t'enlarge your Virtues to me,
Theſe Anſwers ſpeak your Breeding, and your Blood.
Dol. Blood we boaſt none, Sir, a poor Barons Daughter.

Mam.

Mam. Poor! and gat you? Prophane not. Had your father
Sleptall the happy remnant of my Life
After that Act, lien but there ſtill, and panted,
H' done enough to make himſelf, his Iſſue,
And his Poſterity Noble. *Dol.* Sir, although
We may be ſaid to want the Gilt and Trappings,
The Dreſs of Honour, yet we ſtrive to keep
The Seeds and the Materials. *Mam.* I do ſee
The old Ingredient, Virtue, was not loſt,
Nor the Drug Money us'd to make your Compound.
There is a ſtrange Nobility i' your Eye,
This Lip, that Chin! Methinks you do reſemble
One o' the *Auſtriack* Princes. *Fac.* Very like,
Her Father was an *Iriſh* Coſtarmonger.
Mam. The Houſe of *Valois* juſt had ſuch a Noſe,
And ſuch a Forehead, yet the *Medici*
Of *Florence* boaſt. *Dol.* Troth, and I have been lik'ned
To all theſe Princes. *Fac.* I'll be ſworn I heard it.
Mam. I know not how! it is not any one,
But e'en the very choice of all their Features.
Fac. I'll in, and laugh. *Mam.* A certain Touch, or Air,
That ſparkles a Divinity, beyond
An earthly Beauty! *Dol.* O, you play the Courtier.
Mam. Good Lady, gi' me leave———
Dol. In faith, I may not,
To mock me, Sir. *Mam.* To burn in this ſweet Flame;
The *Phœnix* never new a nobler Death.
Dol. Nay, now you court the Courtier, and deſtroy
What you would build. This Art, Sir, i' your words
Calls your whole Faith in queſtion. *Mam.* By my Soul——
Dol. Nay Oaths are made o' the ſame air, Sir.
Mam. Nature
Never beſtow'd upon Mortality
A more unblam'd, a more harmonious Feature:
She play'd the Step-dame in all Faces elſe.
Sweet Madam, le' me be particular———
Dol. Particular, Sir? I pray you know your Diſtance.
Mam. In no ill ſenſe, ſweet Lady, but to ask
How you fair Graces paſs the Hours? I ſee

Yo' are lodg'd here, i' the Houſe of a rare Man,
An excellent Artiſt; but what's that to you?
Dol. Yes, Sir; I ſtudy here the the *Mathematicks*,
And *Diſtillation*. *Mam.* O, cry you pardon.
He's a Devine Inſtructor, can extract
The Souls of all things by his Art; call all
The Virtues, and the Miracles of the Sun,
Into a temperate Furnace; teach dull Nature
What her own Forces are. A Man, the Emp'ror
Has courted, above *Kelly*; ſent his Medals
And Chains, t' invite him.
Dol. I, and for his Phyſick, Sir———
Mam. Above the Art of *Æſculapius*,
That drew the Envy of the Thunderer!
I know all this, and more. *Dol.* Troth, I am taken, Sir,
Whole with theſe Studies, that contemplate Nature.
Mam. It is a noble Humour: But this Form
Was not intended to ſo dark a uſe.
Had you been crooked, foul, of ſome courſe Mold,
A Cloyſter had done well; but ſuch a Feature
That might ſtand up the Glory of a Kingdom,
To live Recluſe! is a meer *Solæciſm*,
Though in a Nunnery, it muſt not be.
I muſe, my Lord your Brother will permit it!
You ſhould ſpend half my Land firſt, were I he.
Does not this Diamant better on my Finger,
That i' the Quarry? *Dol.* Yes. *Mam.* Why, you are like it.
You were created, Lady, for the Light!
Here, you ſhall wear it; take it, the firſt pledge
Of what I ſpeak, to bind you to believe me.
Dol. In Chains of Adamant?
Mam. Yes, the ſtrongeſt Bands.
And take a Secret too. Here, by your Side,
Doth ſtand, this Hour, the happieſt Man in *Europe*.
Dol. You are contented, Sir? *Mam.* Nay, in true being,
The Envy of Princes, and the Fear of States.
Dol. Say you ſo, Sir *Epicure*!
Mam. Yes, and thou ſhalt prove it,
Daughter of Honour. I have caſt mine Eye
Upon thy form, and I will rear this Beauty

Above

Above all Styles. *Dol.* You mean no Treaſon, Sir!
Mam. No, I will take away that Jealouſie.
I am the Lord of the *Philoſophers Stone*,
And thou the Lady. *Dol.* How, Sir! ha' you that?
Mam. I am the Maſter of the *Maſtery*.
This day the good old Wretch here o' the Houſe
Has made it for us: Now he's at *Projection*.
Think there thy firſt Wiſh now; let me hear it:
And it ſhall rain it to thy Lap, no ſhower,
But Floods of Gold, whole Cataracts, a Deluge,
To get a Nation on thee. *Dol.* You are pleas'd, Sir,
To work on the Ambition of our Sex.
Mam. I'm pleas'd the Glory of her Sex ſhou'd know,
This Nook, here, of the *Friers* is no Climate
For her to live obſcurely in, to learn
Phyſick and Surgery, for the Conſtable's Wife
Of ſome odd Hundred in *Eſſex*: but come forth,
And taſte the Air of palaces; eat, drink
The Toils of *Emp'ricks*, and their boaſted Practice;
Tincture of Pearl, and Corral, Gold and Amber;
Be ſeen at Feaſts and Triumphs; have it ask'd,
What Miracle ſhe is? Set all the Eyes
Of Court a fire, like a Burning-glaſs,
And work 'em into Cinders, when the Jewels
Of twenty Stars adorn thee, and the Light
Strikes out the Stars; that when thy Name is mention'd,
Queens may look pale; and we but ſhewing our Love,
Nero's *Poppæa* may be loſt in Story!
Thus will we have it. *Dol.* I could well conſent, Sir;
But, in a Monarchy, how will this be?
The Prince will ſoon take notice, and both ſeiſe
You and your *Stone*, it being a Wealth unfit
For any private Subject. *Mam.* If he knew it.
Dol. Your ſelf do boaſt it, Sir. *Mam.* To thee, my Life.
Dol. O, but beware, Sir! You may come to end
The remnant of your Days in a loath'd Priſon,
By ſpeaking of it. *Mam.* 'Tis no idle fear:
We'll therefore go withal, my Girl, and live
In a Free State, where we will eat our Mullets,
Sous'd in High Country Wines, ſup Pheaſants Eggs,

And

And have our Cockles, boil'd in Silver Shels,
Our Shrimps to ſwim again, as when they liv'd
In a rare Butter, made of Dolphins Milk,
Whoſe Cream does look like Opals; and with theſe
Delicate Meats ſet our ſelves high for Pleaſure,
And take us down again, and then renew
Our Youth and Strength, with drinking the *Elixir*,
And ſo enjoy a Perpetuity
Of Life and Luſt. And thou ſhalt ha' thy Wardrobe
Richer than *Natures*, ſtill to change thy ſelf,
And vary oftner, for thy Pride, than ſhe,
Or *Art*, her wiſe and almoſt-equal Servant.

Fac. Sir, you are too loud. I hear you ev'ry word
Into the Labaratory. Some fitter place;
The Garden, or great Chamber above. How like you her?

Mam. Excellent! *Lungs.* There's for thee.

Fac. But do you hear
Good Sir, beware, no mention of the *Rabbins*.

Mam. We think not on 'em.

Fac. O, it is well, Sir. *Subtle*!
Face, Subtle, Kaſtril, Dame Pliant.
Doſt thou not laugh?

Sub. Yes. Are they gone? *Fac.* All's clear.

Sub. The Widow is come.

Fac. And your quarelling Diſciple?

Sub. I. *Fac.* I muſt to my Captainſhip again then.

Sub. Stay, bring 'em in firſt.

Fac. So I meant. What is ſhe?
A *Bony-bell*? *Sub.* I know not. *Fac.* We'll draw Lots,
You'll ſtand to that?

Sub. What elſe? *Fac.* O, for a Suit,
To fall now like a Curtain, flap. *Sub.* To th' Door, Man.

Fac. You'll have the firſt Kiſs, 'cauſe I am not ready.

Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you thro' both the Noſtrils.

Fac. Who would you ſpeak with?

Kaſ. Where's the Captain? *Fac.* Gone, Sir,
About ſome Buſineſs.

Kaſ. Gone? *Fac.* He'll return ſtraight.
But Maſter Doctor, his Lieutenant is here.

Sub. Come near, my worſhipful Boy, my *Terræ Fili*,

That

That is, my Boy of Land; make thy Approaches:
Welcome: I know thy Luſt, and thy Deſires,
And I will ſerve and ſatisfie 'em. Begin,
Charge me from thence, or thence or in this Line;
Here is my Center: Ground thy Quarrel.

Kaſ. You lie.

Sub. How, Child of Wrath and Anger! the loud Lie?
For what, my ſudden Boy? *Kaſ.* Nay, that look you to,
I am afore-hand. *Sub.* O, this's no true *Gammar*,
And as ill *Logick*! You muſt render Cauſes, Child,
Your firſt and ſecond Intentions, know your Cannons,
And your Diviſions, Moods, Degrees, and Differences,
Your Predicaments, Subſtance, and Accident,
Series extern and intern, with their Cauſes,
Efficient, Material, Formal, Final,
And ha' your Elements perfect——*Kaſ.* What is this!
The angry Tongue he talks in? *Sub.* That falſe precept
Of being afore-hand, has deceiv'd a number,
And made 'em enter Quarrels, oftentimes
Before they were aware; and afterward
Againſt their Wills. *Kaſ.* How muſt I do then, Sir?

Sub. I cry this Lady mercy: She ſhould firſt
Have been ſaluted. I do call you Lady,
Becauſe you are to be one, ere't be long,
My ſoft and buxom Widow. [*He kiſſes her.*

Kaſ. Is ſhe, i' faith?

Sub. Yes, or my Art is an egregious Liar.

Kaſ. How know you?

Sub. By inſpection on her Forehead,
And ſubtlety of her Lip, which muſt be taſted
Often, to make a Judgment. 'Slight, ſhe melts
[*He kiſſes her again.*
Like a *Myrabolane*! Here is yet a Line
In *Rivo Frontis*, tells me, he is no Knight.

Pil. What is he then, Sir? *Sub.* Let me ſee your Hand.
O, your *Linea Fortunæ* makes it plain;
And *Stella* here in *Monte Veneris*:
But, moſt of all, *junctura annularis*.
He is a Soldier, or a Man of Art, Lady.
But ſhall have ſome great Honour ſhortly. *Pil.* Brother,
He's a rare Man, believe me. *Kaſ.* Hold your peace.

Here

Here comes the' tother rare Man. 'Save you, Captain.
Fac. Good Maſter *Kaſtril.* Is this your Siſter?
Kaſ. I, Sir.
Pleaſe to kuſs her, and be proud to know her?
Fac. I ſhall be proud to know you Lady. *Pli.* Brother,
He calls me Lady too. *Kaſ.* I, peace. I heard it.
Fac. The Count is come.
Sub. Where is he? *Fac.* At the Door.
Sub. Why, you muſt entertain him. *Fac.* What'll you do
With theſe the while?
Sub. Why, have 'em up, and ſhew 'em
Some fuſtian Book, or the dark Glaſs. *Fac.* 'Fore God,
She is a delicate Dab-chick! I muſt have her.
Sub. Muſt you? I, if your Fortune will, you muſt.
Come, Sir, the Captain will come to us preſently:
I'll ha' you to my Chamber of Demonſtrations,
Where I'll ſhew you both the *Grammar*, and *Logick*,
And *Rhetorick* of Quarrelling; my whole Method
Drawn out in Tables; and my Inſtrument,
That hath the ſeveral Scales upon't, ſhall make you
Able to quarrel, at a Straws-breadth by Moon-light.
And, Lady, I'll have you look in a Glaſs,
Some half an hour, but to clear your Eye-ſight,
Againſt you ſee your Fortune; which is greater
Than I may judge upon the ſudden, truſt me.
Face, Subtle, Surley.
Where are you, Doctor?
Sub. I'll come to you preſently.
Fac. I will ha' this ſame Widow, now I ha' ſeen her,
On any Compoſition. *Sub.* What do you ſay?
Fac. Ha' you diſpos'd of them? *Sub.* I ha ſent 'em *up*.
Fac. Subtle, in troth, I needs muſt have this *Widow*.
Sub. Is that the matter?
Fac. Nay, but hear me. *Sub.* Go to,
If you rebel once, *Dol* ſhall know it all.
Therefore be quiet, and obey your Chance.
Fac. Nay, thou art ſo violent now—Do but conceive,
Thou art old, and canſt not ſerve———
Sub. Who, cannot I?
'Slight, I will ſerve her with thee, for a—*Fac.* Nay,

But

But underſtand: I'll gi' you Compoſition.
Sub. I will not treat with thee: What, ſell my Fortune?
'Tis better than my Birth-right. Do not murmur.
Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, *Dol*
Knows it directly. *Fac.* Well, Sir, I am ſilent.
Will you go help to fetch in *Don* in ſtate?
Sub. I follow you, Sir: We muſt keep *Face* in awe,
Or he will over-look us like a Tyrant.
Brain of a Taylor! Who comes here? *Don John?*
[Surly *like a Spaniard.*
Sur. Sennores, beſo las manos, a vueſtras mercedes.
Sub. Would you had ſtoop'd a little, and kiſt our *anos*.
Fac. Peace, *Subtle*. *Sub.* Stab me; I ſhall never hold, man.
He looks in that deep Ruff, like a Head in a Platter,
Serv'd in by a ſhort Cloke upon two Treſſils.
Fac. Or, what do you ſay to a Collar of Brawn, cut down
Beneath the Souſe, and wriggled with a Kniſe?
Sub. 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a *Spaniard*.
Fac. Perhaps ſome *Fleming*, or ſome *Hollander* got him
In *d' Alva*'s time; *Count Egmont*'s Baſtard. *Sub.* *Don*,
Your ſcurvy, yellow, *Madrid* Face is welcome.
Sur. Gratia. Sub. He ſpeaks out of a Fortification:
Pray God he ha' no Squibs in thoſe deep Sets.
Sur. Por dios, Sennores, muy lind a caſa
Sub. What ſays he? *Fac.* Praiſes the Houſe, I think;
I know no more but's Action. *Sub.* Yes, the *Caſa*,
My precious *Diego*, will prove fair enough
To cozen you in. Do you mark? You ſhall
Be cozen'd *Diego*. *Fac.* Cozen'd, do you ſee?
My worthy *Donzel* cozen'd. *Sur. Entiendo.*
Sub. Do you intend it? So do we, dear *Don*.
Have you brought Piſtolets or Portagues,
My ſolemn *Don*? Doſt thou feel any? *Fac.* Full.
He feels his Pockets.
Sub. You ſhall be emptied, *Don*, pumped and drawn
Dry, as they ſay. *Fac.* Milked, in troth, ſweet *Don*.
Sub. See all the Monſters; the great Lion of all, *Don*.
Sur. Con licentia, ſe puede vera eſta Sennora?
Sub. What talks he now? *Fac.*

Fac. O, the *Sennora*. *Sub*. O, *Don*,
That is the Lioneſs, which you ſhall ſee
Alſo, my *Don*. *Fac*. 'Slid, *Subtle*, how ſhall we do?
Sub. For what?
Fac. Why *Dol*'s employ'd, you know. *Sub*. That's true.
'Fore Heaven, I know not: He muſt ſtay, that's all.
Fac. Stay! That he muſt not by no means.
Sub. No! Why?
Fac. Unleſs you'll mar all. 'Slight, he'll ſuſpect it:
And then he will not pay not half ſo well.
This is a travell'd Punk-maſter, and do's know
All the Delays; a notable hot Raſcal,
And looks already rampant. *Sub*. 'Sdeath, and *Mammon*
Muſt not be troubled. *Fac*. *Mammon!* in no caſe.
Sub. What ſhall we do then?
Fac. Think: You muſt be ſudden.
Sur. *Entiendo, qua la Sennora es tan hermoſa, que codicio tan*
a ver la, como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.
Fac. *Mi vida?* 'Slid *Subtle*, he puts me in mind o' the Widow.
What doſt thou ſay to draw her to't? ha?
And tell her it is her Fortune? All our venture
Now lies upon't. It is but one Man more,
Which on's chance to have her: and beſide,
There is no Maidenhead to be fear'd or loſt.
What doſt thou think on't *Subtle*?
Sub. Who, I? Why——
Fac. The Credit of our Houſe too is engag'd.
Sub. You made me an offer for my Share ere-while.
What wilt thou gi' me, i' faith? *Fac*. O, by that Light
I'll not buy now. You know your Doom to me.
E'en take your Lot, obey your Chance, Sir; win her,
And wear her out for me.
Sub. 'Slight, I'll not work her then.
Fac. It is the *Common Cauſe*; therefore bethink you.
Dol elſe muſt know it, as you ſaid. *Sub*. I care not.
Sur. *Sennores, por que ſe tarda tanta?*
Sub. Faith, I am not fit, I am old.
Fac. That's now no Reaſon, Sir.
Sur. *Puede ſer, de hazer burla de mi amor.*

Fac.

Fac. You hear the *Don* too? By this Air, I call,
And looſe the Hinges: *Dol. Sub.* A Plague of Hell——
Fac. Will you then do? *Sub.* Yo'are a *terrible Rogue*,
I'll think of this: Will you, Sir, call the Widow?
Fac. Yes, and I'll take her too, with all her Faults,
Now I do think on't better. *Sub.* With all my Heart, Sir:
Am I diſcharg'd o' the Lot? *Fac.* As you pleaſe.
Sub. Hands.
Fac. Remember now, that upon any Change,
You never claim her.
Sur. Much good Joy, and Health to you, Sir.
Marry a Whore? *Fate*, let me wed a Witch firſt.
Sur. Por eſtas honrada's barbas——
Sub. He ſwears by his Beard.
Diſpatch, and call the Brother too.
Sur. Tiengo, duda, Sennores,
Que no me hogan alguna traycion.
Sub. How, iſſue on? Yes, *Præſto Sennor.* Pleaſe you
Enthratha the *Chambrata*, worthy *Don*?
Where it you pleaſe the *Fates*, in your *Bathada*,
You ſhall be ſoak'd, and ſtroak'd, and tub'd, and rub'd,
And ſcrub'd and fub'd, dear *Don*, before you go.
You ſhall in faith, my ſcurvy Baboon *Don*,
Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed,
I will the heartlier go about it now,
And make the Widow a Punk ſo much the ſooner,
To be reveng'd on this impetuous *Face*:
The quickly doing of it, is the Grace.
Face, Kaſtril, Da. Pliant, Subtle, Surly.
Fac. Come, Lady: I knew the Doctor would not leave,
Till he had found the very nick of her Fortune.
Kaſ. To be a Counteſs, ſay you? A *Spaniſh* Counteſs, Sir?
Pli. Why, is that better than an *Engliſh* Counteſs?
Fac. Better? 'Slight make you that a Queſtion, Lady?
Kaſ. Nay, ſhe is a Fool, Captain, you muſt pardon her.
Fac. Ask from your Courtier, to your Inns-of-Court-man,
To your meer Millener; they will tell you all,
Your *Spaniſh* Gennet is the beſt Horſe; your *Spaniſh*
Stoup is the beſt Garb; your *Spaniſh* Beard
Is the beſt Cut; your *Spaniſh* Ruffs are the beſt

Wear;

Wear; your *Spaniſh* Pavin the beſt dance;
Your *Spaniſh* Titillation in a Glove,
The beſt Perfume. And for your *Spaniſh* Pike,
And *Spaniſh* Blade, let your poor Captain ſpeak.
Here comes the Doctor. *Sub.* My moſt honour'd Lady,
(For ſo I am now to ſtile you, having found
By this my Scheme, you are to undergo
An honourable Fortune, very ſhortly.)
What will you ſay now, if ſome——
Fac. I had told her all, Sir;
And her right worſhipful Brother here, that ſhe ſhall be
A Counteſs; do not delay 'em, Sir: A *Spaniſh* Counteſs.
Sub. Still, my ſcarce worſhipful Captain, you can keep
No Secret. Well, ſince he has told you, Madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.
Kaſ. She ſhall do that, Sir.
I'll look to t, 'tis my Charge.
Sub. Well then: Nought reſts
But that ſhe fit her Love now to her Fortune.
Pli. Truly I ſhall never brook a *Spaniard*. *Sub.* No?
Pli. Never ſin' Eighty-eight could I abide 'em,
And that was ſome three year afore I was born, in truth.
Sub. Come, you muſt love him, or be miſerable;
Chuſe which you will.
Fac. By this good Ruſh, perſwade her,
She will cry Strawberries elſe, within this Twelvemonth.
Sub. Nay, Shads and Makarel, which is worſe.
Fac. Indeed, Sir?
Kaſ. Gods lid, you ſhall love him, or I'll kick you.
Pli. Why?
I'll do as you will ha' me, Brother. *Kaſ.* Do,
Or by this Hand I'll maul you. *Fac.* Nay, good Sir,
Be not ſo fierce. *Sub.* No, my enraged Child,
She will be rul'd. What, when ſhe comes to taſte
The Pleaſures of a Counteſs! to be courted——
Fac. And kiſt, and ruffled!
Sub. I, behind the Hangings.
Fac. And then come forth in Pomp!
Sub. And know her State!

Fac.

Fac. Of keeping all th' Idolaters o' the Chamber
Barer to her, than at their Prayers! *Sub.* Is ſerv'd
Upon the Knee! *Fac.* And has her Pages, Uſhers,
Footmen, and Coaches——
Sub. Her ſix Mares—— *Fac.* Nay, eight!
Sub. To hurry her through *London*, to th' *Exchange*,
Bet'lem, the *China-houſe*,—— *Fac.* Yes, and have
The Citizens gape at her, and praiſe her Tires!
And my Lords Gooſe-tur'd Bands, that rides with her!
Kaſ. Moſt brave! By this Hand you are not my Siſter,
If you refuſe. *Pli.* I will not refuſe, Brother.
Sub. Que es eſto, Sennores, que non ſe venga?
Eſta tardanza me mata. *Fac.* It is the Count come:
The Doctor knew he would be here, by his Art.
Sub. En gallanta Madama, Don! gallantiſſima!
Sur. Por todos los dioſes, le mas acabada
Hermoſura, que he viſto en mi vida!
Fac. Is't not a gal ant Language that they ſpeak?
Kaſ. An admirable Language! Is't not *French*?
Fac. No, *Spaniſh*, Sir. *Kaſ.* It goes like Law-*French*,
And that, they ſay, is the Courtlieſt Language.
Fac. Liſt, Sir.
Sur. El Sol va perdido ſu lumbre, con el
Reſplandor que trae eſta dama. Valgame dios!
Fac. He admires your Siſter.
Kaſ. Muſt not ſhe make Curt'ſie?
Sub. 'Ods will ſhe muſt go to him Man, and kiſs him;
It is the *Spaniſh* Faſhion, for the Women
To make firſt Court. *Fac.* 'Tis true he tells you, Sir:
His Art knows all. *Sur. Por que noſe acude?*
Kaſ. He ſpeaks to her, I think. *Fac.* That he does,
Sir.
Sur. Por el amor de dios, que es eſto, que ſe tarda?
Kaſ. Nay, ſee: ſhe will not underſtand him! Gull,
Noddy. *Pli.* What ſay you Brother? *Kaſ.* Aſs, Suſter,
Go kuſs him, as the cunning Man will ha' you,
I'll thruſt a Pin i' your Buttocks elſe. *Fac.* O, no Sir.
Sur. Sennora mia, mi perſona muy indigna eſta
Allegar a tanta Hermoſura.
Fac. Does he not uſe her bravely? *Kaſ.* Bravely i'faith!

Fac.

Fac. Nay, he will uſe her better. *Kaſ.* Do you think ſo?

Sur. Sennora, ſi ſera ſervida, entremus.

Kaſ. Where does he carry her?

Fac. Into the Garden, Sir;
Take you no Thought: I muſt interpret for her.

Sub. Give *Dol* the Word. Come, my fierce Child, advance,
We'll to our quarrelling Leſſon again. *Kaſ.* Agreed,
I love a *Spaniſh* Boy with all my Heart.

Sub. Nay, and by this means, Sir, you ſhall be Brother
To a great Count. *Kaſ.* I, I knew that at firſt.
This Match will advance the Houſe of the *Kaſtrils*.

Sub. 'Pray God your Siſter prove but pliant.

Kaſ. Why,
Her Name is ſo by her other Husband. *Sub.* How!

Kaſ. The Widow *Pliant*. Knew you not that?

Sub. No faith, Sir:
Yet by erection of her Figure, I gueſt it.
Come let's go practice. *Kaſ.* Yes, but do you think, Doctor,
We're ſhall quarrel well? *Sub.* I warrant you.

Dol, Mammon, Face, Subtil.

For, after *Alexanders* Death———
[*In her fit of talking.*

Mam. Good Lady———

Dol. That *Perdiccas* and *Antigonus* were ſlain,
The two that ſtood, *Seleuc'*, and *Ptlomee*———

Mam. Madam. *Dol.* Made up the two Legs, and the fourth Beaſt,
That was Gog-north, and Egypt-ſouth: Which after
Was call'd Gog-Iron-leg, and South-Iron-leg——*Mam.* Lady———

Dol. And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too.
Then Egypt clay-leg, and Gog clay-leg———

Mam. Sweet, Madam.

Dol. And laſt Gog-duſt, and Egypt duſt which fall
In the laſt link of the fourth Chain. And theſe
Be Stars in Story, which none ſee, or look at———

Mam. What ſhall I do? *Dol.* For, as he ſays, except
We call the Rabbins, and the Heathen Greeks———

Mam.

Mam. Dear Lady. *Dol.* To come from *Salem*, and
from *Athens*,
And teach the People of *Great-Britain*.
Fac. What's the matter, Sir?
Dol. To ſpeak the Tongue of *Eber* and *Javan*——
Mam. O,
She's in her Fit. *Dol.* We ſhall know nothing—— *Fac.*
Death, Sir,
We are undone. *Dol.* Where then a learned Linguiſt
Shall ſee the ancient us'd communion
Of Vowels and Conſonants—*Fac.* My Maſter will hear
Dol. A Wiſdom which *Pythagoras* held moſt high——
Mam. Sweet honourable Lady. *Dol.* To comprize
All ſounds of Voices, in few marks of Letters——
Fac. Nay, you muſt never hope to lay her now.
Dol. And ſo we may arrive by *Talmud* Skill,
And prophane *Greek*, to raiſe the building up
Of *Helens* Houſe againſt the *Iſmaelite*,
King of *Thogarna*, and his *Habergions*
Brimſtony, blue, and fiery; and the force
Of King *Abaddon*, and the Beaſt of *Cittim*;
Which *Rabbi David Kimchi*, *Onkelos*,
And *Aben Ezra* do interpret *Rome*.
Fac. How did you put her into't? *Mam.* Alas, I talk'd
Of a fifth Monarcy I would erect,
[*They ſpeak together.*
With the Philoſophers (by chance) and ſhe
Falls on the other four ſtrait. *Fac.* Out of *Broughton*!
I told you ſo. 'Slid ſtop her Mouth. *Mam.* Is't beſt?
Fac. She'll never leave elſe. If the old Man hear her,
We are but *faces*, Aſhes. *Sub.* What's to do there?
Fac. O, we are loſt. Now ſhe hears him ſhe is quiet.
Mam. Where ſhall I hide me?
[*Upon* Subtle's *entrance they diſperſe.*
Sub. How! What Sight is here!
Cloſe deeds of darkneſs, and that ſhun the Light!
Bring him again, Who is he? what my Son!
O, I have liv'd too long. *Mam.* Nay, good dear Father,
There was no unchaſt purpoſe. *Sub.* Not? and flee me,
When I come in? *Mam.* That was my Error. *Sub.* Error?

Guilt,

Guilt, guilt, my Son. Give it the right Name. No marvel,
If I found Cheek in our great work within,
When ſuch Affairs as theſe were managing!
Mam. Why, have you ſo?
Sub. It has ſtood ſtill this half hour:
And all the reſt of our leſs Works gone back.
Where is the Inſtrument of wickedneſs,
My lewd falſe drudge? *Mam.* Nay, good Sir, blame not him.
Believe me, 'twas againſt his will, or knowledge.
I ſaw her by chance. *Sub.* Will you commit more ſin,
T' excuſe a varlet? *Mam.* By my hope 'tis true, Sir.
Sub. Nay, then I wonder leſs, if you, for whom
The bleſſing was prepar'd, would ſo tempt Heaven:
And loſe your Fortunes. *Mam.* Why, Sir?
Sub. This 'll retard
The Work, a Month at leaſt. *Mam.* Why, if it do,
What remedy? but think it not, good Father:
Our Purpoſes were honeſt. *Sub.* As they were,
So the reward will prove. How now! aye me.
God, and all Saints be good to us. What's that?
[*A great Crack and Noiſe within.*
Fac. O Sir, we are defeated! all the works
Are flown *in fumo*: Every Glaſs is burſt.
Furnace and all rent down! as it a Bolt
Of Thunder had been driven through the Houſe.
Retorts, Receivers, Pellicanes, Bolt-heads,
All ſtruck in ſhivers! Help, good Sir! Alas,
[Subtle *falls down as in a ſwoon.*
Coldneſs and Death invades him. Nay, Sir *Mammon*,
Do the fair Offices of a Man! You ſtand,
As you were readier to depart than he.
Who's there? My Lord her Brother is come.
Mam. Ha, *Lungs*?
Fac. His Coach is at the Door. Avoid his ſight,
[*One knocks.*
For he's as furious as his Siſter is mad.
Mam. Alas!
Fac. My Brain is quite undone with the fume, Sir.
I ne'er muſt hope to be mine own Man again.

Mam.

Mam. Is all loſt, *Lungs*? Will nothing be preſerv'd,
Of all our coſt? *Fac.* Faith, very little, Sir.
A peck of Coals, or ſo, which is cold Comfort, Sir.
Mam. O my voluptuous mind! I am juſtly puniſh'd.
Fac. And ſo am I, Sir.
Mam. Caſt from all my hopes——
Fac. Nay, certainties, Sir.
Mam. By mine own baſe affections.
Sub. O, the curſt fruits of Vice and Luſt!
[Subtle *ſeems come to himſelf*.
Mam. Good Father,
It was my ſin. Forgive it. *Sub.* Hangs my Roof
Over us ſtill, and will not fall, O Juſtice,
Upon us for this wicked Man!
Fac. Nay, look, Sir,
You grieve him now with ſtaying in his Sight:
Good Sir, the noble Man will come too, and take you,
And that may breed a Tragedy. *Mam*, I'll go.
Fac. I, and repent at home, Sir. It may be,
For ſome good Penance you may ha't yet;
A hundred Pound to the Box at *Bet'lem*——*Mam.* Yes.
Fac. For the reſtoring ſuch as ha' their Wits.
Mam. I'll do't.
Fac. I'll ſend one to you to receive it. *Mam.* Do.
Is no projection left?
Fac. All flown, or ſtinks, Sir.
Mam. Will nought be ſav'd, that's good for Med'cine,
think'ſt thou?
Fac. I cannot tell, Sir. There will be, perhaps,
Something, about the ſcraping of the Shardes,
Will cure the Itch, tho' not your itch of mind, Sir,
It ſhall be ſav'd for you, and ſent home. Good Sir,
This way, for fear the Lord ſhould meet you. *Sub. Face.*
Fac. I. *Sub.* Is he gone? *Fac.* Yes, and as heavily
As all the Gold he hop'd for, were in his Blood.
Let us be light though. *Sub.* I, as Balls, and bound,
And hit our Heads againſt the Roof for joy:
There's ſo much of our care now caſt away.
Fac. Now to our *Don*.
Sub. Yes, your young widow, by this time
Is made a *Counteſs*, *Face*: Sh' has been in travail

Of

Of a young Heir for you.
Fac. Good, Sir. *Sub.* Off with your Caſe,
And greet her kindly, as a Bridegroom ſhould,
After theſe common hazards. *Fac.* Very well, Sir,
Will you go fetch *Don Diego* off, the while?
Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, Sir:
Would *Dol* were in her place, to pick his Pockets now.
Fac. Why, you can do it as well, if you would ſet to't:
I pray you prove your Vertue. *Sub.* For your ſake, Sir.
Surly, Da. Pliant, Subtle, Face.
Lady you ſee into what Hands you are fal'n;
'Mong'ſt what a neſt of Villains! and how near
Your honour was t' have catch'd a certain clap
(Thro' your credulity) had I but been
So punctually forward, as place, time,
And other Circumſtances would ha' made a Man:
For yo' are a handſome Woman: Would yo' were wiſe too.
I am a Gentleman come here diſguis'd,
Only to find the Knaveries of this Citadel,
And where I might have wrong'd your honour, and ha' not,
I claim ſome Intereſt in your Love. You are,
They ſay, a widow rich: And I am a Batchelor,
Worth nought: Your Fortunes may make me a Man,
As mine ha' preſerv'd you a Woman. Think upon it,
And whether I have deſerv'd you, or no.
Pli. I will, Sir.
Sur. And for theſe Houſhold-rogues, let me alone
To treat with them.
Sub. How doth my noble *Diego*?
And my dear Madam Counteſs? hath the Count
Been courteous, Lady? liberal? and open?
Donzel, methinks you look melancholick,
After your *coitum*, and ſcurvy! True-ly,
I do not like the dulneſs of your Eye:
It hath a heavy caſt, 'tis *upſee Dutch*,
And ſays you are a lumpiſh Whore-maſter.
Be lighter, I will make your Pockets ſo.
[*He falls to picking of them.*
Sur. Will you, *Don* Bawd, and pick-purſe? How now!
Reel you?

Stand

Stand up Sir, you ſhall find ſince I am ſo heavy,
I'll gi' you equal weight. *Sub.* Help, murder!
Sur. No, Sir. There's no ſuch thing intended. A good Cart,
And a clean Whip ſhall eaſe you of that fear.
I am the *Spaniſh Don*, that ſhould be cozened,
Do you ſee? cozened? where's your Captain *Face*?
That parcel-broker, and whore-bawd, all Raskal.
Fac. How, *Surly*! *Sur.* O, make your approach, good Captain.
I' have found from whence your Copp.. Rings, and Spoons
Come, now, wherewith you cheat abroad in Taverns.
'Twas here you learn'd t' anoint your Boot with Brimſtone,
Then rub Mens Gold on't, for a kind of touch,
And ſay 'twas naught, when you had chang'd the Colour,
That you might ha't for nothing. And this Doctor,
Your ſooty, ſmoaky-bearded compeer, he
Will cloſe you ſo much Gold, in a Bolts-head,
And, on a turn convey (i' the ſtead) another
With *ſublim'd Mercury*, that ſhall burſt i' the heat,
And fly out all *in fumo*? Then weeps *Mammon*:
Then ſwoons his Worſhip. Or, he is the *Fauſtus*,
That caſteth Figures, and can conjure, cures
Plagues, Piles, and Pox, by the *Ephemerides*,
And holds intelligence with all the Bawds,
And Midwives of three Shires? While you ſend in——
Captain, (what is he gone?) Dam'ſels with Child,
Wives that are barren, or the waiting Maid
With the green Sickneſs? Nay, Sir, you you muſt tarry
Tho' he be ſcap't; and anſwer, by the Ears, Sir.
Face, Kaſtril, Surly, Subtle, Drugger, Ananias, Dame Pliant, Dol.
Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel
Well (as they ſay) and be a true-born Child.
The Doctor, and your Siſter both are abus'd.
Kaſ. Where is he? which is he? he is a Slave
What e're he is, and the Son of a Whore. Are you
The Man, Sir, I would know? *Sur.* I ſhould be loth, Sir,
To confeſs ſo much. *Kaſ.* Then you lie i' your Throat.
Sur. How?

Fac. A very arrant Rogue, Sir, and a cheater,
Employ'd here by another Conjurer,
That does not love the Doctor, and would croſs him,
If he knew how—*Sur.* Sir, you are abus'd. *Kaſ.* You
lye:
And 'tis no matter. *Fac.* Well ſaid, Sir. He is
The impudent'ſt Raskal———
Sur. You are indeed. Will you hear me, Sir?
Fac. By no means: Bid him be gone. *Kaſ.* Be gone,
Sir, quickly.
Sur. This's ſtrange, Lady! do you inform your Brother,
Fac. There is not ſuch a foiſt in all the Town,
The Doctor had him preſently: And finds yet,
The *Spaniſh* Count will come here. Bear up *Subtle.*
Sub. Yes, Sir, he muſt appear within this hour.
Fac. And yet this Rogue will come in a diſguiſe,
By the temptation of another Spirit,
To trouble our Art, tho' he could not hurt it. *Kaſ.* I,
I know—away, you talk like a fooliſh Mauther.
Sur. Sir, all is truth, ſhe ſays. *Fac.* Do not believe him,
Sir.
He is the lying'ſt Swabber! Come your ways, Sir.
Sur. You are valiant out of Company. *Kaſ.* Yes, how then,
Sir?
Fac. Nay, here's an honeſt fellow too, that knows him,
And all his tricks. (Make good what I ſay, *Abel.*)
This cheater would ha' cozen'd thee o' the Widow,
He owes this honeſt *Drugger*, here, ſeven Pound,
He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of Tobacco.
Dru. Yes Sir. And he has damn'd himſelf three terms to
pay me. *Fac.* And what does he owe for *Lotium*? *Dru.* 30
Shillings, Sir.
And for ſix Syringes. *Sur.* *Hydra* of villany!
Fac. Nay, Sir, you muſt quarrel him out o' the Houſe.
Kaſ. I will.—Sir, if you get not out o' Doors, you lie;
And you are a Pimp. *Sur.* Why this is madneſs, Sir,
Not valor in you: I muſt laugh at this.
Kaſ. It is my humour: You are a Pimp, and a Trig,
And an *Amadis de Gaule*, or a *Don Quixot.*
Dru. Or a Knight o' the curious Cox-comb. Do you ſee?
Ana. Peace to the Houſhold. *Kaſ.* I'll keep peace for no
Man.

Ana,

Ana. Caſting of Dollers is concluded lawful.
Kaſ. Is he the Conſtable? *Sub.* Peace *Ananias*. *Fac.* No, Sir.
Kaſ. Then you are an *Otter*, and a *Shad*, a *Whit*,
A very *Tim*. *Sur.* You'll hear me, Sir? *Kaſ.* I will not.
Ana. What is the Motive? *Sub.* Zeal in the young Gentleman,
Againſt his *Spaniſh* ſlops——— *Ana.* They are prophane,
Lewd, Superſtitious, and idolatrous Breeches.
Sur. New Raſcals! *Kaſ.* Will you be gone, Sir? *Ana.* Avoid *Satan*.
Thou art not of the light. That Ruff of Pride,
About thy Neck, betrays thee: 'and is the ſame
With that which the unclean Birds in *ſeventy-ſeven*,
Were ſeen to prank it with, on divers Coaſts.
Thou look'ſt like *Anti-chriſt*, in the lewd Hat.
Sur. I muſt give way. *Kaſ.* Be gone, Sir. *Sur.* But I'll take
A courſe with you—— *Ana.* Depart, proud *Spaniſh* Fiend.
Sur. Captain and Doctor— *Ana.* Child of Perdition.
Kaſ. Hence, Sir.
Did I not quarrel bravely? *Fac.* Yes, indeed, Sir.
Kaſ. Nay, an' I give my Mind to't, I ſhall do't.
Fac. O, you muſt follow, Sir, and threaten him tame.
He'll turn again elſe. *Kaſ.* I'll return him then.
Fac. *Drugger*, this Rogue prevented us, for thee:
We had determin'd that thou ſhould'ſt ha' come,
In a *Spaniſh* Suit, and ha' carried her ſo; and he,
A brokerly Slave, goes, puts it on himſelf.
Haſt' brought the Damask? *Dru.* Yes, Sir. *Fac.* Thou muſt borrow
A *Spaniſh* Suit. Haſt thou no credit with the Players?
Dru. Yes, Sir: did you never ſee me play the Fool?
Fac. I know not, *Nab*: thou ſhalt, if I can help it.
Hieronymo's old Cloak, Ruff, and Hat will ſerve,
[Subtle *hath whiſpered with him this while.*
I'll tell thee more when thou bring'ſt 'em. *Ana.* Sir, I know
The *Spaniard* hates the *Brethren*, and hath Spies
Upon their Actions: and that this was one
I make no ſcruple. But the holy Synod

Have been in Prayer, and Meditation for it.
And 'tis reveal'd no leſs to them than me,
That caſting of Mony is moſt lawful. *Sub.* True:
But here I cannot do it; if the Houſe
Shou'd chance to be ſuſpected, all would out,
And we be lock'd up in the *Tower* for ever,
To make Gold there (for th' State) never come out:
And then are you defeated. *Ana.* I will tell
This to the *Elders*, and the weaker *Brethren*,
That the whole Company of the *Separation*
May join in humble Prayer again. *Sub.* And (Faſting).
Ana. Yea, for ſome fitter Place. The Peace of Mind
Reſt with theſe Walls. *Sub.* Thanks, courteous *Ananias*.
Fac. What did he come for? *Sub.* About caſting Dollers,
Preſently out of Hand. And ſo I told him,
A *Spaniſh* Miniſter came here to Spie,
Againſt the faithful—— *Fac.* I conceive. Come *Subtle*,
Thou art ſo down upon the leaſt diſaſter!
How wouldſt tho' ha' done, if I had not helpt thee out?
Sub. I thank thee *Face*, for the angry Boy, i-faith.
Fac. Who would ha' lookt it ſhould ha' been that Raskal
Surly? He had dy'd his Beard and all. Well, Sir,
Here's Damask come to make you a Suit. *Sur.* Where's
Drugger?
Fac. He is gone to borrow me a *Spaniſh* Habit;
I'll be the *Count*, now. *Sub.* But where's the Widow?
Fac. Within, with my Lord's Siſter, Madam *Dol*
Is entertaining her. *Sub.* By your favour, *Face*,
Now ſhe is honeſt I will ſtand again.
Fac. You will not offer it? *Sur.* Why? *Fac.* Stand to your
Word
Or—— here comes *Dol*. She knows—— *Sub.* Yo'are ty-
rannous ſtill.
Fac. Strict for my right. How now, *Dol*? Haſt' told
her,
The *Spaniſh Count* will come? *Dol.* Yes, but another is
come,
You little look'd for! *Fac.* Who's that? *Dol.* Your Ma-
ſter:
The Maſter of the Houſe. *Sub.* How, *Dol*! *Fac.* She
lyes,

This

This is ſome trick. Come, leave your quiblins, *Dorothee*.
Dol. Look out, and ſee. *Sub.* Art thou in earneſt. *Dol.* Slight.
Forty o' the Neighbours are about him, talking.
Fac. 'Tis he, by this good Day. *Dol.* 'Twill prove ill Day.
For ſome on us. *Fac.* We are undone, and taken.
Dol. Loſt, I' am afraid. *Sub.* You ſaid he would not come,
While there died one a Week, within the Liberties.
Fac. No: 'twas within the Walls. *Sub.* Was't ſo? Cry'you mercy.
I thought the Liberties. What ſhall we do now, *Face*?
Fac. Be ſilent: Not a word, if he call or knock.
I'll into mine old ſhape again and meet him,
Of *Jeremy* the Butler. I' the mean time,
Do you two pack up all the goods, and purchaſe,
That we can carry i' the two Trunks. I'll keep him
Off for to Day, if I cannot longer: And then
At Night, I'll Ship you both away to *Ratcliff*,
Where we'll meet to Morrow, and there we'll ſhare.
Let *Mammon*'s Braſs and Pewter keep the Cellar:
We'll have another time for that. But, *Dol*,
'Pr'y thee go heat a little Water quickly,
Subtle muſt ſhave me. All my Captains Beard
Muſt off, to make me appear ſmooth *Jeremy*.
You'll do't? *Sub.* Yes, I'll ſhave you as well as I can.
Fac. And not cut my Throat, but trim me? *Sub.* You ſhall ſee, Sir.

ACT V.

Love-Wit, Neighbours.

HAS there been ſuch reſort, ſay you? *Nei.* 1. Daily, Sir.
Nei. 2. And Nightly, too. *Nei.* 3. I, ſome as brave as Lords.
Nei. 4. Ladies, and Gentlewomen. *Nei.* 5. Citizens Wives.
Nei. 1. And Knights. *Nei.* 6. In Coaches.
Nei. 2. Yes, and Oyſter-women.
Nei. 1. Beſide other Gallants. *Nei.* 3. Sailors Wives.
Nei. 4. Tobacco-men, *Nei.* 5. Another *Pimlico*!

Lov.

Lov. What ſhould my Knave advance,
To draw this Company? He hung out no Banners
Of a ſtrange Calf, with five Legs, to be ſeen?
Or a huge Lobſter, with ſix Claws? *Nei.* 6. No, Sir.
Nei. 3. We had gone in then, Sir: *Lov.* He has no Gift
Of teaching i'the Noſe, that e'er I knew of.
You ſaw no Bills ſet up that promis'd cure
Of Agues, or the Tooth-ach? *Nei.* 2. No ſuch thing, Sir.
Lov. Nor heard a Drum ſtrook, for Baboons or Puppets?
Nei. 5. Neither, Sir.
Lov. What device ſhould he bring forth now?
I love a teeming Wit as I love my nouriſhment:
'Pray God he ha' not kept ſuch open Houſe,
That he hath ſold my Hangings, and my Bedding:
I left him nothing elſe: If he have eat 'em,
A Plague o' the Mouth, ſay I: Sure he has got
Some bawdy Pictures, to call this ging;
The Frier, and the Nun; or the new Motion
Of the Knights Courſes, covering the Parſons Mare;
The Boy of ſix Year old, with the great Thing:
Or't may be, he has the Fleas that run at Tilt,
Upon a Table, or ſome Dog to dance?
When ſaw you him? *Nei.* 1. Who Sir, *Jeremy*?
Nei. 2. *Jeremy* Butler?
We ſaw him not this Month. *Lov.* How!
Nei. 4. Not theſe five Weeks, Sir.
Nei. 6. Theſe ſix Weeks, at the leaſt
Lov. Yo'amaze me, Neighbours!
Nei. 5. Sure, if your Worſhip know not where he is,
He's ſlipt away: *Nei.* 6: Pray God, he be not made away.
[*He knocks.*
Lov. Ha? It's no time to queſtion, then. *Nei.* 6.
About
Some three Weeks ſince, I heard a doleful cry,
As I ſat up, a mending my Wives Stockings.
Lov. This's ſtrange! that none would anſwer!
Didſt thou hear
A cry, ſaiſt thou? *Nei.* 6. Yes, Sir, like unto a Man
That had been ſtrangled an Hour, and could not ſpeak.
Nei. 2. I heard it too, juſt this Day three Weeks, at 2 a
Clock

Next

Next Morning. *Lov*. Theſe be Miracles, or you make 'em ſo!
A Man an Hour ſtrangled, and could not ſpeak,
And both you heard him cry? *Nei*. 3. Yes, downward, Sir.
Lov. Thou art a wiſe Fellow: Give me thy Hand I pray thee.
What Trade art thou on?
Nei. 3. A Smith, an't pleaſe your Worſhip. (open.
Lov. A Smith? Then lend me thy help to get this Door
Nei. 3. That I will preſently, Sir, but fetch my Tools.
Nei. 1. Sir, beſt to knock again, afore you break it.
Love-wit, Face, Neighbour.
I Will: *Fac*. What mean you, Sir? *Nei*. 1,2,4. O, here's *Jeremy*!
Fac. Good Sir, come from the Door.
Lov. Why! what's the matter?
Fac. Yet farther, you are too near yet.
Lov. I' the name of Wonder! What means the Fellow?
Fac. The Houſe, Sir, has been viſited.
Lov. What, with the Plague? ſtand thou then farther.
Fac. No, Sir, I had it not: *Lov*. Who had it then? I left
None elſe, but thee, i' the Houſe! *Fac*. Yes, Sir, my Fellow,
The Cat, that kept the Buttry, had it on her
A Week before I ſpied it: but I got her
Convey'd away, i' the Night. And ſo I ſhut
The Houſe up for a Month———
Lov How! *Fac*. Purpoſing then, Sir,
T'have burnt roſe-vinegar, Treacle, and Tar,
And ha' made it ſweet, that you ſhould ne'er ha' known it:
Becauſe I knew the News would but afflict you, Sir.
Lov. Breatheleſs, and farther off. Why, this is ſtranger!
The Neighbours tell me all, here, that the Doors
Have ſtill been open———*Fac*. How, Sir!
Lov. Gallants, Men, and Women,
And of all ſorts, tag-rag, been ſeen to flock here
In threaves, theſe ten Weeks, as to a ſecond *Hogs-den*,
In Days of *Pimlico*, and *Eye-bright*! *Fac*. Sir,
Their wiſdoms will not ſay ſo! *Lov*. To Day, they ſpeak
Of Coaches, and Gallants; one in a *French*-hood,
Went in, they tell me: and another was ſeen

In a Velvet Gown at the Window! divers more
Paſs in and out! *Fac.* They did paſs thro' the Doors then,
Or Walls, I aſſure their Eye-ſights, and their Spectacles;
For here, Sir, are the Keys: and here have been,
In this my Pocket, now above twenty Days;
And for before, I kept the Fort alone there.
But that 'tis yet not deep i' the Afternoon,
I ſhould believe my Neighbours had ſeen double
Thro' the black-pot, and made theſe Apparitions!
For, on my Faith to your Worſhip, for theſe three Weeks,
And upwards, the Door has not been open'd. *Lov.* Strange!
Nei. 1. Good faith, I think I ſaw a Coach! *Nei.* 2. And I too,
I'lld ha'-been Sworn! *Lov.* Do you but think it now?
And but one Coach? *Nei.* 4. We cannot tell, Sir: *Jeremy*
Is a very honeſt Fellow. *Fac.* Did you ſee me at all?
Nei. 1. No, that we are ſure on. *Nei.* 2. I'll be Sworn I o' that.
Lov. Fine Rogues to have your Teſtimonies built on!
Nei. 3. Is *Jeremy* come? *Nei.* 1. O, yes, you may leave your Tools,
We were deceiv'd, he ſays. *Nei.* 2. He has had the Keys:
And the Door has been ſhut theſe 3 Weeks. *Nei.* 3. Like enough.
Lov. Peace, and get hence, you Changelings. *Fac.* *Surly* come!
And *Mammon* made acquainted? They'll tell all.
(How ſhall I beat them off? What ſhall I do?)
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty Conſcience.
Surly *Mammon*, *Love-wit*, *Face*, *Neighbours*, *Kaſtril*, *Anabaptiſts*, *Tribulation*, *Dapper*, *Subtle*.
No, Sir, he was a great Phyſician. This,
It was no bawdy-houſe: but a meer *Chancel*.
You knew the Lord, and his Siſter. *Mam.* Nay, good *Surly*—
Sur. The happy Word, *Be Rich*—*Mam.* Play not the Tyran———
Sur. Should be to Day pronounc'd to all your Friends.
And where be your Andirons now? and your Braſs-pots,
That ſhould ha' been Golden Flaggons, and great Wedges?
Mam. Let me but Breathe. What! they ha' ſhut their Doors,

Me-

Me-thinks! *Sur.* I, now 'tis Holy-day with them.
Mam. Rogues,
Cozeners, Impoſtors, Bawds. *Fac.* What mean you, Sir?
[Mammon *and* Surly *knock.*
Mam. To enter, if we can *Fac.* Another Man's Houſe?
Here is the Owner, Sir. Turn you to him,
And ſpeak your Buſineſs. *Mam.* Are you, Sir, the Owner?
Lov. Yes, Sir.
Mam. And are thoſe Knaves within your Cheaters?
Lov. What Knaves? what Cheaters? *Mam. Subtle*, and his *Lungs*.
Fac. The Gentleman is diſtracted, Sir! No Lungs,
Nor Lights ha' been ſeen here theſe three Weeks, Sir,
Within theſe Doors, upon my Word! *Sur.* Your Word,
Groom arrogant? *Fac.* Yes, Sir, I am the Houſe-keeper,
And know the Keys ha' not been out o' my Hands.
Sur. This's a new *Face*.
Fac. You do miſtake the Houſe, Sir!
What Sign was't at? *Sur.* You Raskal! This is one
O' the Confederacy. Come, let's get Officers,
And force the Door. *Lov.* 'Pray you ſtay, Gentlemen.
Sur. No, Sir, we'll come with Warrant.
Mam. I, and then
We ſhall ha' your Doors open. *Lov.* What means this?
Fac. I cannot tell, Sir.
Nei. 1. Theſe are two o' the Gallants,
That we do think we ſaw. *Fac.* Two of the Fools?
You talk as idly as they. Good faith, Sir,
I think the *Moon* has cras'd 'em all! (O me,
The angry Boy come too? He'll make a noiſe,
And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all.)
Kaſ. What Rogues, Bawds, Slaves, you'll open the Door anon. [Kaſtril *knocks.*
Punk, Cocatrice, my Suſter. By this light
I'll fetch the Marſhal to you. You are a Whore,
To keep your Caſtle——
Fac. Who would you ſpeak with, Sir?
Kaſ. The bawdy Doctor, and the cozening Captain,
And Pus my Suſter. *Lov.* This is ſomething, ſure!
Fac. Upon my truſt, the Doors were never open, Sir.
Kaſ. I have heard all their tricks told me twice over,

By the fat Knight, and the lean Gentleman.
Lov. Here comes another. *Fac. Ananias* too
And his Paſtor? *Tri.* The Doors are ſhut againſt us.
[*They beat too at the Door.*
Ana. Come forth, you Seed of Sulphur, Sons of Fire,
Your ſtench it is broke forth: Abomination
Us in the Houſe. *Kaſ.* I, my Suſter's there. *Ana.* The place,
It is become a Cage of unclean Birds.
Kaſ. Yes, I will fetch the Scavenger, and the Conſtable.
Tri. You ſhall do well.
Ana. We'll join to weed them out.
Kaſ. You will not come then? Punk, device, my Suſter!
Ana. Call her not Siſter. She's a Harlot, verily.
Kaſ. I'll raiſe the Street.
Lov. Good Gentlemen, a Word.
Ana. Satan avoid, and hinder not our Zeal.
Lov. The World's turn'd *Bet'lem.*
Fac. Theſe are all broke looſe,
Out of S. *Kather'nes*, where they uſe to keep
The better ſort of Mad-folks. *Nei.* 1. All theſe Perſons
We ſaw go in and out here. *Nei.* 2. Yes, indeed, Sir.
Nei. 3. Theſe were the Parties. *Fac.* Peace, you Drunkards. Sir,
I wonder at it! Pleaſe you to give me leave
To touch the Door, I'll try an' the Lock be chang'd.
Lov. It mazes me! *Fac.* Good faith, Sir, I believe
There's no ſuch thing. 'Tis all *deceptio viſus.*
Would I could get him away. [Dapper *cries out within.*
Dap. Maſter Captain, Maſter Doctor. *Lov.* Who's that?
Fac. (Our Clerk within, that I forgot!) I know not, Sir.
Dap For God's ſake, when will her Grace be at leiſure?
Fac. Ha!
Illuſions, ſome Spirit o' the Air: (his Gag is melted,
And now he ſets out the Throat.) *Dap.* I am almoſt ſtifled——
Fac. (Would you were altogether.)
Lov. 'Tis i' the Houſe.
Ha! Liſt. *Fac.* Believe it, Sir, i' the Air!
Lov. Peace, you———
Dap. Mine Aunt's Grace does not uſe me well.
Sub. You Fool,
Peace, you'll mar all. *Fac.*

Fac. Or you will elſe, you Rogue.
Lov. O, is it ſo? Then you converſe with Spirits!
Come, Sir. No more o' your tricks, good *Jeremy*,
The truth, the ſhorteſt way. *Fac.* Diſmiſs this Rabble, Sir.
What ſhall I do? I am catch'd.
Lov. Good Neighbours,
I thank you all. You may depart. Come, Sir,
You know that I am an indulgent Maſter:
And therefore conceal nothing. What's your Med'cine,
To draw ſo many ſeveral ſorts of wild Fowl?
Fac. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit:
(But here's no place to talk on't i' the Street.)
Give me but leave to make the beſt of my Fortune,
And only pardon me th' abuſe of your Houſe:
It's all I beg. I'll help you to a Widow,
In recompence, that you ſhall gi' me thanks for,
Will make you ſeven Years younger, and a rich one,
'Tis but your putting on a *Spaniſh* Cloak.
I have her within. You need not fear the Houſe,
It was not viſited. *Lov.* But by me, who came
Sooner than you expected. *Fac.* It is true, Sir.
'Pray you forgive me.
Lov. Let's ſee your Widow.
Subtle, Dapper, Face, Dol.
How! ha' you eaten your Gag?
Dap. Yes faith, it crumbled
Away i' my Mouth.
Sub. You ha' ſpoil'd all then. *Dap.* No,
I hope my Aunt of *Fairy* will forgive me.
Sub. Your Aunt's a gracious Lady: but in troth
You were to blame. *Dap.* The Fume did overcome me,
And I did do't to ſtay my Stomach. 'Pray you
So ſatisfie her Grace. Here comes the Captain.
Fac. How now! Is his Mouth down?
Sub. I! he has ſpoken!
Fac. (A Pox, I heard him, and you too.) He's undone then.
(I have been fain to ſay, the Houſe is haunted
With Spirits, to keep Churle back.
Sub. And haſt thou done it?
Fac. Sure, for this night.

Sub. Why, then triumph and ſing
Of *Face* ſo famous, the precious King
Of preſent wits. *Fac.* Did you not hear the coil,
About the Door? *Sub.* Yes, and I dwindled with it.)
Fac. Shew him his Aunt, and let him be diſpatch'd:
I'll ſend her to you. *Sub.* Well, Sir, your Aunt her Grace,
Will give you Audience preſently, on my Suit,
And the Captain's word, that you did not eat your Gag
In any Contempt of her Highneſs.
Dap. Not I, in troth, Sir. [Dol *like the Queen of* Fairy.
Sub. Here ſhe is come. Down o' your Knees and wriggle:
She has a ſtately preſence. Good. Yet nearer
And bid, God ſave you. *Dap.* Madam.
Sub. And your Aunt.
Dap. And my moſt gracious Aunt, God ſave your Grace.
Dol. Nephew, we thought to have been angry with you:
But that ſweet Face of yours hath turn'd the Tide,
And made it flow with Joy, that ebb'd of Love.
Ariſe, and touch our Velvet Gown. *Sub.* The Skirts,
And kiſs 'em. So. *Dol.* Let me now ſtroke that Head.
Much, Nephew, ſhalt thou win; much ſhalt thou ſpend;
Much ſhalt thou give away; much ſhalt thou lend.
Sub. (I, much indeed.) Why do you not thank her Grace.
Dap. I cannot ſpeak for joy.
Sub. See, the kind wretch!
Your Graces Kinſman right. *Dol.* Give me the Bird.
Here is your Fly in a Purſe, about your Neck, Couſin,
Wear it, and feed it about this Day ſev'night,
On your right Wriſt—*Sub.* Open a Vein with a Pin,
And let it ſuck but once a week: till then,
You muſt not look on't. *Dol.* No. And, Kinſman,
Bear your ſelf worthy of the Blood you come on.
Sub. Her grace would ha' you eat no more *Woolſack* Pies,
Nor *Dagger* Frum'ty. *Dol.* Nor break his faſt,
In Heaven and Hell. *Sub.* She's with you every where!
Nor play with Coſtar-mongers, at mum-chance, tray-trip.
God make you rich, (when as your Aunt has done it:) but keep
The gallant'ſt Company, and the beſt Games—*Dap.* Yes,
Sir. *Sub.*

Sub. *Gleek* and *Primero*: and what you get, be true to us.
Dap. By this Hand, I will.
Sub. You may bring's a thouſand Pound
Before to-morrow night, (if but three thouſand
Be ſtirring) an' you will. *Dap*. I ſwear, I will then.
Sub. Your Grace will command him no more duties?
Dol. No:
But come and ſee me often. I may chance
To leave him three or four hundred Cheſts of Treaſure,
Add ſome twelve thouſand Acres of *Fairy* Land,
If he game well, and comely, with good Gameſters.
Sub There's a kind Aunt! kiſs her departing part.
But you muſt ſell your forty Mark a year, now.
Dap. I, Sir, I mean. *Sub*. Or, gi't away: Pox on't.
Dap. I'll gi't mine Aunt. I'll go and fetch the Writings.
Sub. 'Tis well, away. *Fac*. Where's *Subtle*?
Sub. Here. What News?
Fac. *Drugger* is at the Door, go take his Suit,
And bid him fetch a Parſon, preſently:
Say, he ſhall marry the widow. Thou ſhalt ſpend
A hundred pound by the ſervice! Now, Queen *Dol*,
Ha' you pack'd up all? *Dol*. Yes. *Fac*. And how do you like
The Lady *Pliant*? *Dol*. A good dull innocent.
Sub. Here's your *Hieronimo*'s Cloke, and Hat.
Fac. Give me 'em. *Sub*. And the Ruff too?
Fac. Yes, I'll come to you preſently.
Sub. Now he is gone about his project *Dol*,
I told you of, for the widow. *Dol*. 'Tis direct
Againſt our Articles. *Sub*. Well, we'll fit him, wench.
Haſt thou gull'd her of her Jewels, or her Bracelets?
Dol. No, but I will do't. *Sub*. Soon at night, my *Dolly*,
When we are ſhipt, and all our Goods aboard,
Eaſt-ward for *Ratcliff*: we will turn our courſe
To *Brainford*, weſtward, if thou ſaiſt the word,
And take our leaves of this ore-weening Raskal,
This peremptory *Face*. *Dol*. Content, I'am weary of him.
Sub. Thou'haſt cauſe, when the ſlave will run a wiving, *Dol*,
Againſt the Inſtrument that was drawn between us.
Dol. I'll pluck his Bird as bare as I can. *Sub*. Yes, tell her,

She muſt by any means addreſs ſome preſent
To th' cunning Man; make him amends for wronging
His Art with her Suſpicion; ſend a Ring,
Or Chain of Pearl; ſhe will be tortur'd elſe
Extremely in her ſleep, ſay: and ha' ſtrange things
Come, to her. Wilt thou, *Dol.* Yes. *Sub.* My fine flitter-mouſe,
My Bird o' the night; we'll tickle it at the *Pigeons*,
When we have all, and may unlock the Trunks,
And ſay, this's mine, and thine; and thine and mine.
[*They kiſs.*
Fac. What now, a billing? *Sub.* Yes, a little exalted
In the good paſſage of our ſtock-affairs.
Fac. *Drugger* has brought his Parſon; take him in, *Subtle*,
And ſend *Nab* back again to waſh his Face.
Sub. I will: and ſhave himſelf. *Fac.* If you can get him.
Dol. You are hot upon it, *Face*, what ere it is!
Fac. A trick, that *Dol* ſhall ſpend ten pound a Month by.
Is he gone? *Sub.* The Chaplain waits you i' the Hall, Sir.
Fac. I'll go beſtow him. *Dol.* He'll now marry her, inſtantly.
Sub. He cannot, yet, he is not ready. Dear *Dol*,
Cozen her all thou canſt. To deceive him
Is no Deceit, but Juſtice, that would break
Such an inextricable tye as ours was.
Dol. Let me alone to fit him. *Fac.* Come, my ventures,
You ha' packt up all? Where be the Trunks? Bring forth.
Sub. Here. *Fac.* Let's ſee 'em. Where's the Money?
Sub. Here.
The Brethrens money, this. *Druggers*, and *Dappers*,
What Paper's that? *Dol.* The Jewel of the waiting Maids,
That ſtole it from her Lady, to know certain——
Fac. If ſhe ſhould have precedence of her Miſtreſs?
Dol. Yes.
Fac. What Box is that? *Sub.* The Fiſh-wives Rings, I think.
And th' Ale-wives ſingle money. Is't not *Dol*?
Dol. Yes: and the whiſtle, that the Sailors Wife
Brought you to know an' her Husband were with *Ward*.
Fac. We'll wet it to-morrow: and our Silver-beakers,
And Tavern Cups. Where be the *French* Peti-coats,

And

And Girdles, and Hangers? *Sub.* Here, i' the Trunk,
And the Bolts of Lawn. *Fac.* Is *Druggers* Damask there?
And the *Tobacco*? *Sub.* Yes. *Fac.* Give me the Keys.
Dol. Why you the Keys? *Sub.* No matter, *Dol*, becauſe
We ſhall not open 'em, before he comes.
Fac. 'Tis true, you ſhall not open them, indeed:
Nor have 'em forth. Do you ſee? Not forth, *Dol*. *Dol.* No!
Foc. No, my ſmock-rampant. The right is, my Maſter
Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep 'em;
Doctor, 'tis true (you look) for all your Figures:
I ſent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good Partners,
Both he, and ſhe, be ſatisfied: for here
Determines the Indenture tripartite,
'Twixt *Subtle*, *Dol* and *Face*. All I can do
Is to help you over the Wall, o' the back-ſide;
Or lend you a Sheet to ſave your Velvet Gown, *Dol*.
Here will be Officers preſently, bethink you,
Of ſome courſe ſuddenly to ſcape the Dock:
For thither you'll come elſe. Hark you, Thunder.

[*Some knock.*

Sub. You are a precious Fiend! *Off.* Open the Door.
Fac. *Dol*, I am ſorry for thee i' faith. But hearſt thou?
It ſhall go hard, but I will place thee ſome-where:
Thou ſhalt ha' my Letter to Miſtreſs *Amo*. *Dol.* Hang you—
Fac. Or Madam *Cæſarean*. *Dol.* Pox upon you, Rogue,
Would I had but time to beat thee. *Fac.* *Subtle*,
Let's know where you ſet up next: I'll ſend you
A cuſtomer, now and then, for old acquaintance:
What new courſe ha' you? *Sub.* Rogue, I'll hang my ſelf:
That I may walk a greater Devil than thou,
And haunt thee i' thee Flock-bed, and the Buttery.

Love-wit, Officers, Mammon, Surly, Face, Kaſtril, Ananias, Tribulation, Drugger, Da. Pliant.

What do you mean, my Maſters? *Mam.* Open your Door,
Cheaters, Bawds, Conjurers. *Off.* Or we'll break it open.
Lov. What Warrant have you? *Off.* Warrant enough,
Sir, doubt not.
If you'll not open it. *Lov.* Is there an Officer there?
Off. Yes, two or three for failing. *Lov.* Have but patience,
And I will open it ſtraight. *Fac.* Sir, ha' you done?

Is it a marriage? perfect? *Lov.* Yes, my Brain.
Fac. Off with your Ruff, and Cloke then; be your ſelf, Sir.
Sur. Down with the Door. *Kaſ.* Slight, ding it open.
Lov. Hold,
Hold, Gentlemen, what means this violence?
Mam. Where is this Colliar? *Sur.* And my Captain *Face*?
Mam. Theſe day-Owls. *Sur.* That are birding in Mens Purſes.
Mam. Madam *Suppoſitory*. *Kaſ.* *Doxey*, my Siſter. *Ana.* Locuſts
Of the foul Pit. *Tri.* Prophane as *Bel* and the *Dragon*.
Ana. Worſe than the Graſhoppers, or the Lice of *Egypt*.
Lov. Good Gentlemen, hear me. Are you Officers,
And cannot ſtay this violence? *Off.* Keep the Peace.
Lov. Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom do you ſeek?
Mam. The Chimical cozener. *Sur.* And the Captain *Pander*.
Kaſ. The *Nun* my Suſter. *Mam.* Madam *Rabbi*. *Ana.* Scorpions,
And Caterpillars. *Lov.* Fewer at once, I pray you.
Off. One after another, Gentlemen, I charge you,
By vertue of my ſtaff—*Ana.* They are the veſſels
Of Pride, Luſt, and the Cart. *Lov.* Good Zeal, lie ſtill,
A little while. *Tri.* Peace, Deacon *Ananias*.
Lov. The Houſe is mine here, and the Doors are open:
If there be any ſuch Perſons you ſeek for,
Uſe your authority, ſearch on o' Gods Name.
I am but newly come to Town, and finding
This tumult 'bout my Door (to tell you true)
It ſomewhat maz'd me; 'till my Man, here, (fearing
My more diſpleaſure) told me he had done
Somewhat an inſolent part, let out my Houſe
(Belike, preſuming on my known averſion
From any Air o' the Town, while there was Sickneſs)
To a Doctor, and a Captain: who, what they are,
Or where they be, he knows not. *Mam.* Are they gone?
[*They enter.*
Lov. You may go in and ſearch, Sir. Here, I find
The empty Walls worſe than I left 'em, ſmok'd,

A few crack'd Pots, and Glaſſes, and a Furnace;
The Ceiling fill'd with *Poeſies* of the Candle:
And *Madam*, with a *Dildo*, writ o' the Walls.
Only one Gentlewoman, I met here,
That is within, that ſaid ſhe was a widow——
Kaſ. I, that's my Suſter. I'll go thump her. Where is ſhe?
Lov. And ſhould ha' married a *Spaniſh Count*, but he,
When he came to't, neglected her ſo groſly,
That I, a widower, am gone through with her.
Sur. How! Have I loſt her then?
Lov. Were you the *Don*, Sir?
Good faith, now, ſhe do's blame yo' extremely, and ſays
You ſwore, and told her, you had tane the pains
To dye your Beard, and umbre o'er your Face,
Borrow'd a Suit, and Ruff, all for her love;
And then did nothing. What an Over-ſight,
And want of putting forward, Sir, was this!
Well fare and old Harquebuzir, yet,
Could prime his Powder, and give fire, and hit,
All in a twinkling. *Mam.* The whole neſt are fled!
Lov. What ſort of Birds were they?
[Mammon *comes forth.*
Mam. A kind of Coughs,
Or thieviſh, Daws, Sir, that have pickt my Purſe
Of eight-ſcore and ten pounds, within theſe five Weeks,
Beſide my firſt Materials; and my Goods,
That lie i' the Cellar: which I am glad they ha' left.
I may have home yet. *Lov.* Think you ſo, Sir? *Mam.* I.
Lov. By order of Law, Sir, but not otherwiſe.
Mam. Not mine own ſtuff? *Lov.* Sir, I can take no knowledge,
That they are yours, but by publick means.
If you can bring Certificate, that you were gull'd of 'em;
Or any formal Writ out of a Court,
That you did cozen your ſelf, I will not hold them.
Mam. I'll rather loſe 'em. *Lov.* That you ſhall not, Sir,
By me, in troth. Upon theſe terms they are yours.
What ſhould they ha' been, Sir, turn'd into Gold all? *Mam.* No.
I cannot tell. It may be they ſhould. What then?

Lov.

Lov. What a great loſs in Hope have you ſuſtain'd?
Mam. Not I, the Commonwealth has. *Fac.* I, he would ha' built
The City new; and made a Ditch about it
Of Silver, ſhould have run with Cream from *Hogſden*,
That every Sunday in *Moorfields*, the youngkers,
And tits, and tom-boys ſhould have fed on *gratis*.
Mam. I will go mount a Turnip-cart, and preach
The end o' the world, within theſe two Months. *Surly*,
What! in a dream? *Sur.* Muſt I needs cheat my ſelf,
With that fooliſh vice of Honeſty!
Come, let us go, and hearken out the Rogues.
That *Face* I'll mark for mine if e'er I meet him.
Fac. If I can hear of him, Sir, I'll bring you word,
Unto your Lodging; for in troth, they were ſtrangers
To me, I thought 'em honeſt, as my ſelf, Sir.
[*They come forth.*
Tri. 'Tis well, the *Saints* ſhall not loſe all yet. Go.
And get ſome Carts--*Lov.* For what, my zealous Friends?
Ana. To bear away the portion of the righteous
Out of this Den of Thieves. *Lov.* What is that portion?
Ana. The Goods, ſometimes the Orphans, that the Brethren
Bought with their Silver Pence. *Lov.* What, thoſe i' the Cellar,
The Knight Sir *Mammon* claims? *Ana.* I do defie
The wicked *Mammon*, ſo do all the Brethren.
Thou prophane Man, I ask thee, with what conſcience
Thou canſt advance that Idol againſt us,
That have the Seal? Were not the Shillings numbred,
That made the Pounds? Were not the Pounds told out,
Upon the ſecond day of the fourth week,
In the eighth month, upon the Table dormant,
The Year of the laſt patience of the *Saints*,
Six hundred and ten?
Lov. Mine earneſt vehement Botcher,
And Deacon alſo, I cannot diſpute with you;
But if you get you not away the ſooner,
I ſhall confute you with a Cudgel. *Ana.* Sir.
Tri. Be patient *Ananias*. *Ana.* I am ſtrong,
And will ſtand up, well girt, againſt an Hoſt,

That threaten *Gad* in exile. *Lov.* I ſhall ſend you
To *Amſterdam* to your Cellar. *Ana.* I will pray there,
Againſt thy Houſe: may Dogs defile thy Walls,
And Waſps, and Hornets breed beneath thy Roof,
This ſeat of falſhood, and this cave of coz'nage.
Lov. Another too? *Dru.* Not I Sir, I, am no Brother.
[Drugger *enters, and he beats him away.*
Lov. Away you *Harry Nicholas*, do you talk?
Fac. No, this was *Abel Drugger*. Good Sir, Go.
[*To the Parſon.*
And ſatisfie him; tell him, all is done:
He ſtaid too long a waſhing of his Face.
The Doctor, he ſhall hear of him at *Weſtcheſter*;
And of the Captain, tell him, at *Yarmouth*, or
Some good Port-town elſe, lying for a wind.
If you get off the angry Child, now, Sir——
Kaſ. Come on, you yew, you have match'd moſt ſweetly, ha' you not? [*To his Siſter.*
Did not I ſay, I would never ha' you tupt
But by a dubb'd Boy, to make you a Lady-*Tom*?
'Slight, you are a Mammet! O, I could touſe you, now.
Death, mun you marry with a Pox? *Lov.* You lye, Boy;
As ſound as you: and I am afore-hand with you. *Kaſ.* Anon?
Lov. Come, will you quarrel? I will ſeize you, Sirrah.
Why do you not buckle to your Tools? *Kaſ.* Gods light!
This is a fine old Boy, as ere I ſaw!
Lov. What, do you change your Copy, now? Proceed,
Here ſtands my Dove: ſtoop at her if you dare.
Kaſ. 'Slight, I muſt love him! I cannot chuſe, i-faith;
And I ſhould be hang'd for't. Suſter, I proteſt,
I honour thee for this match. *Lov.* O, do you ſo, Sir.
Kaſ. Yes, an' thou canſt take *Tobacco*, and drink, old Boy,
I'll give her five hundred Pound more to her marriage,
Than her own State. *Lov.* Fill a Pipe-full, *Jeremy*.
Fac. Yes, but go in, and take it, Sir. *Lov.* We will.
I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, *Jeremy*.
Kaſ. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound! thou art a *Jovy* Boy!
Come let's in, I pr'ythee, and take our whifs.
Lov. Whiff in with your Siſter, Brother Boy. That Maſter,

That had receiv'd ſuch happineſs by a Servant,
In ſuch a Widow, and with ſo much Wealth,
Were very ungrateful, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that Servant's Wit,
And help his Fortune, though with ſome ſmall ſtrain
Of his own Candour. Therefore, Gentlemen,
And kind Spectators, if I have out-ſtript
An old Man's gravity, or ſtrict Canon, think
What a young Wife, and a good Brain may do:
Stretch ages truth ſometimes, and crack it too.
Speak for thy ſelf, Knave. *Fac.* So I will, Sir. Gentlemen,
My part a little fell in this laſt *Scene*,
Yet 'twas *decorum*. And though I am clean
Got off from *Subtle*, *Surly*, *Mammon*, *Dol*,
Hot *Ananias*, *Dapper*, *Drugger*, all
With whom I traded; yet I put my ſelf
On you, that are my Country: and this Pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, reſts
To feaſt you often, and invite new Gueſts.

FINIS.